

T H E
PURPLE ISLAND,
O R
THE ISLE OF MAN.

A - N
ALLEGORICAL POEM.
By PHINEAS FLETCHER, K

ESTEEMED THE SPENSER OF HIS AGE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
C H R I S T'S
VICTORY AND TRIUMPH,

A POEM, in Four Parts.
By G I L E S F L E T C H E R.

Both written in the last Century.

"It grieves me to think these Pieces should be lost to the World, and be for ever buried in Obscurity."—"The PURPLE ISLAND abounds with picturesque, useful, and striking Sentiments."—See the Rev. Mr. JAMES HERVEY's Letters to his Friends, Vol. II. Letter 51.

A NEW EDITION,
Corrected and revised; with additional Notes by the Editor.

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M DCC LXXXIII.

PURPLE ISLAND

THE ISLE OF MAN.

BY PHINEAS FLETCHER.

VICTORY
TRINITY



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P R E F A C E
TO THE
NEW EDITION
OF THE
P U R P L E I S L A N D .

IT has often been lamented by wise and good Men, that whilst such a Number of useless and pernicious Writings are daily issuing from the Press, so many valuable Authors of the last Century should continue to remain in Obscurity. No one appears to have been more sensible of this, than the late excellent Mr. JAMES HERVEY, Author of the *Meditations among the Tombs*, &c. by whom several scarce and useful Books were rescued from the Pit of Oblivion. In the *Letters* written to his Friends, we find mention made of this very Poem; which was put into his Hands a few Weeks before his Decease: with which he was so well pleased, that he intended revising it for the Press; and to add another Poem entitled CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH*. To this he says, he "was more particularly inclined, there "being so few Scriptural Poems in our Language, wrote "by Men of Genius."

* Written by GILES FLETCHER, Brother to the Author of the *Purple Island*.
It was first printed at Cambridge in 1610.

Concerning

Concerning the Author, little Information can now be obtained. He was the Son of GILES FLETCHER, L. L. D. (who was Brother to Dr. RICHARD FLETCHER, *Bishop of London* in 1594*) of whom we have the following Account in the *Biographical Dictionary*. “He was a very
 “ingenious and learned Man; was born in *Kent*, and
 “received his Education at *Eton*; from thence he
 “went to *King’s College, Cambridge*. Was an excellent
 “Poet, and very accomplished Person; whose Abilities
 “recommended him to *Queen ELIZABETH*, by whom he
 “was employed as a Commissioner to *Scotland, Germany,*
 “and the *Low Countries*. In 1588, he was sent Am-
 “bassador to *Muscovy*, from whence he returned to
 “*England* with Safety and Honour. He left two Sons,
 “GILES and PHINEAS, both learned Men.”

PHINEAS was educated at *King’s College, Cambridge*, and beneficed at *Hilgay* in *Norfolk*. This Poem procured him the Title of *The SPENSER of the Age*, from his Cotemporaries; particularly by *QUARLES*, Author of the *Emblems*, &c†. Some may consider this as paying him too high a Compliment; yet it is acknowledged by all, that in this Piece there is great Fertility of Invention, a glowing Imagination, a Display of much Learning, and a Vein of Piety. This Poem being allegorical, it may be necessary to say something concerning that Species of Writing. An Allegory is a figurative Speech, in

* Dr. RICHARD FLETCHER was the Father of JOHN FLETCHER the celebrated Dramatic Writer.

† See his Verses addressed to the Author, Page xii.

which more is contained than what the literal Meaning conveys. Thus the *Roman Commonwealth* is addressed by *Horace* under the Picture of a Ship. The Fables of *Esop*, the *Iliad* and *Odysssey* of *Homer*, and the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, are all reckoned of this Kind. The Use of it is of very early Date, and both *Plato* and *Socrates*, who are considered as the wisest amongst the Heathens, recommended it. But what fully evinces its Excellence and Utility is the frequent Use made of it in the Scriptures, and by our blessed LORD himself.

We have several Examples of allegorical Writing in the English Language both in Prose and Verse: amongst the latter, the following Piece has been greatly admired by those into whose Hands it has fallen; and which many wished to see reprinted, being exceeding scarce, and seldom to be purchased at any Rate.

As the *Stanza* used by the Author (nearly as in SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*) is very different from the Measure in which most modern Poetry is written, it may seem awkward at first to some Persons. This the Editor found to be the Case with some of his Acquaintance; but who, after reading a few Pages, acknowledged it became both familiar and pleasing. It is requested of the Reader, to peruse all the Pieces prefixed to the Poem; and pay particular Attention to the Notes as they occur in the II. III. IV. and V. Cantos, which contain a full Description of that wonderful Structure the human Body. As this Poem was written near Two Hundred Years ago,

ago, the Reader will not be surpris'd, if he should meet with an obsolete Word; which as Mr. HERVEY, on a similar Occasion, beautifully remarked, " may be " likened to a Hair adhering to a fine Suit of Velvet, or " like a Mote dropped upon a Globe of Crystal *." For which Blemishes, and the Deficiency of the Rhyme in a few Instances, no further Apology will be necessary. Respecting the Luxuriance of the Descriptions in some Parts, we hope for the Allowance of Candour and Benevolence.

This Undertaking has been encouraged by many worthy and learned Divines, and other respectable Persons. And that the Divine Blessing, for the advancing the Interests of Learning and Piety, may attend it, is the earnest Desire of the

EDITOR.

LONDON, June 16, 1783.

* See his Preface to JANK's Meditations, 2 Vols. 8vo.

DEDICATION,

By the AUTHOR.

To my MOST WORTHY and LEARNED FRIEND,
EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq.

S I R,

AS some *Optic Glasses*, if we look one Way, increase the Object; if the other, lessen the Quantity: Such is an *Eye* that looks through *Affection*; it doubles any good, and extenuates what is amiss. Pardon me, Sir, for speaking plain Truth; such is that Eye whereby you have viewed these raw *Essays* * of my very unripe Years, and almost Childhood. How unseasonable are *Blossoms* in *Autumn*! (unless perhaps in this Age, where are more Flowers than Fruit). I am entering upon my *Winter*, and yet these *Blooms* of my first *Spring*,

* To this Poem, when first published, was added a few Piscatory Eclogues and Poetical Miscellanies, written by the same Author.

must

must now shew themselves to our *Ripe Wits*, which will certainly give them no other Entertainment, but Derision. For myself, I cannot account that worthy of your *Patronage*, which comes forth so short of my *Desires*, thereby meriting no other Light than the Fire. But since you please to have them see more Day, than their Credit can well endure, marvel not if they fly under your *Shadow*, to cover them from the piercing Eye of this very curious (yet more censorious) Age. In letting them go Abroad, I desire only to testify how much I prefer your *Desires* before mine own, and how much I owe to *You* more than *any other*. This if they witness for me, it is all the Service I require. Sir, I leave them to your *Tuition*, and entreat you to love him, who will contend with you in nothing but to out-love you, and would be known to the World by no other Name, than

Your True Friend,

May 1, 1633.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

T O

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

HE that would learn *Theology*, must first study *Autology*. The Way to God is by ourselves: it is a blind and dirty Way; it hath many Windings, and is easy to be lost. This Poem will make thee understand that Way; and therefore my Desire is, thou mayst understand this Poem. Peruse it, as thou shouldst thyself, from thy first Sheet, to thy last. The first View, perchance, may run thy Judgment in Debt; the second will promise Payment; and the third, will perform Promise. Thou shalt find here *Philosophy* and *Morality*, two curious Handmaids, dressing the King's Daughter, whose Garments smell of Myrrh and Cassia; and being wrought with Needle-Work and Gold, shall make thee take Pleasure in her Beauty. Here are no Blocks for the Purblind; no Snares for the Timorous; no Dangers for the Bold. I invite all Sorts to be Readers; all Readers to understand; and all who understand to be happy.

DANIEL FEATLY, D. D.

[*]

ON THE
EXCELLENT MORAL POEM

ENTITLED

THE · I S L E · O F · M A N .

LORD! how my Youth with this vain World hath err'd,
Applauding theirs as th' only happy Fate,
Whom to some Empire, Blood, Choice, Chance preferr'd,
Or who of learned Arts cou'd wisely prate;
Or travelling the World, had well conferr'd

Mens Natures, with the Mysteries of State!
But now thy wiser Muse hath taught me this,
That these and most Men else do aim at Bliss;
But these and most Men else, do take their Aim amiss.

Reign o'er the World, not o'er this *Isle of Man*,
Worse than a Slave thou thine own Slaves obey'st.
Study all Arts devis'd since Time began,
And not thyself, thou study'st not, but play'st.
Out-travel wise *Ulysses* (if you can);

Yet miss this *Isle*, thou travell'st not, but stray'st.
Let me (O Lord!) but reign o'er mine own Heart,
And Master be of this self-knowing Art,
I'll dwell in th' *Isle of Man*, ne'er travel foreign Part.

E. BENLOWES.

T O

TO THE

LEARNED AUTHOR,

SON and BROTHER to two judicious Poets, himself the third,
not second to either.

GRAVE Father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light
To wear thy Name, 'cause of thy youthful Brain
It seems a sportful Child; resembling right,
Thy witty Childhood, not thy graver Strain,
Which now esteems these Works of Fancy vain:
Let not thy Child, thee living, Orphan be;
Who when thou'rt dead, will give a Life to thee.

How many barren Wits would gladly own,
How few o'th' pregnantest own such another!
Thou Father art, yet blushest to be known;
And though 't may call the best of Muses Mother,
Yet thy severer Judgment would it smother.
O judge not *Thou*, let *Readers* judge thy Book:
Such *Cates* shou'd rather please the *Guest*, than *Cook*.

O! but thou fear'st 'twill stain the reverend Gown
Thou wearest now; nay then fear not to show it:
For were't a Stain, 'twere Nature's, not thy own:
For thou art poet-born; who know thee, know it:
Thy Brother, Sire, thy very Name's a Poet.
Thy very Name will make this Poem take,
This very Poem else thy Name will make.

W. BENLOWES.

TOT THE

INGENIOUS COMPOSER

OF THIS

P O E M,

THE SPENSER OF THIS AGE.

I Vow (sweet Stranger) if my lazy Quill
 Had not been disobedient to fulfil
 My quick desires, this Glory which is thine
 Had but the Muses pleased, had been mine.
 My *Genius* jump't with thine ; the very same
 Was our *Foundation* : in the very *Frame*
 Thy *Genius* jump't with mine ; it got the Start
 In nothing, but *Priority* and *Art*.
 If (my ingenious Rival) these dull Times
 Shou'd want the present Strength to prize thy Rhymes,
 The time-instructed Children of the next
 Shall fill thy Margin, and admire the Text ;
 Whose well-read Lines will teach them how to be
 The happy Knowers of themselves, and thee.

FRAN. QUARLES.

To

To the unknown Mr. P. F. upon SURVEY of his*
ISLE OF MAN.

RENOWNED Author, let it not seem strange
A Merchant's Eye should thus thy *Island* range:
It is a Merchant's Progress to surround
The Earth, and seek out undiscover'd Ground.

What tho' my Foot hath trode the fourfold Shore?
And Eyes survey'd the subdivided Store?
Yet rarer Wonders in this *Isle* of thine
I view'd this Day, than in twice six Years Time.

Justly did'st thou, great *Macedon†*, repine
That thou could'st add no other World to thine:
He is not truly great, nor stout, who can
Curb the *Great World*, and not the *Lesser, Man*.

And thou ‡ whose Name the western World impos'd
Upon itself, first by thyself disclos'd;
Yet is thy skill by this far overcome,
Who hath descry'd an *Unknown World* at Home:

A World, which to search out, subdue, and till,
Is the best Object of Man's Wit, Strength, Skill:
A World, where all may dangerless obtain
Without long Travel, cheapest, greatest Gain.

L O D. R O B E R T S.

* The Author having only put the Initials of his Name to this Poem when first printed.

† Alexander.

‡ Americus.

ON THE
MOST ACCURATE
P O E M,
INSCRIBED
THE PURPLE ISLAND.

HENCEFORTH let wand'ring *Delos* cease to boast
Herself the God of Learning's dearest Coast;
And let that double-headed Mountain hallow
No more the honour'd Name of great *Apollo*:
And may the *Pegasean* Spring that uses
To cheer the Palates of the thirsty Muses,
Dry up: and let this happy *Isle* of thine
Preserve *Apollo's* Harp; where every Line
Carries a *Suada* with't, and doth display
The Banners of heav'n-born *Urania*.
Henceforth let all the World thy Verse admire
Before that *Thracian Orpheus'* charming Lyre:
He but enchanted *Beasts*; but thy divine
And higher *Airs*, bring *Deities* to this *Isle* of thine.

A. C.

MAN'S

MAN's *Body's* like a *House*: his greater *Bones*
 Are the main *Timber*; and the lesser ones
 Are smaller *Splints*: his *Ribs* are *Laths*, daub'd o'er,
 Plaster'd with *Flesh* and *Blood*: his *Mouth's* the *Door*,
 His *Throat's* the narrow *Entry*; and his *Heart*
 Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious *Art*:
 His *Midriff* is a large *Partition-wall*
 'Twixt the *Great Chamber* and the *Spacious Hall*:
 His *Stomach* is the *Kitchen*, where the *Meat*
 Is often but half fod, for want of *Heat*:
 His *Spleen's* a *Vessel* Nature does allot
 To take the *Scum* that rises from the *Pot*:
 His *Lungs* are like the *Bellows* that respire
 In ev'ry *Office*, quick'ning ev'ry *Fire*:
 His *Nose* the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
 Such *Fumes* as with the *Bellows* are augmented:
 His *Bowels* are the *Sink*, whose *Part's* to drain
 All noisome *Filth*, and keep the *Kitchen* clean:
 His *Eyes* are crystal *Windows*, clear and bright;
 Let in the *Object*, and let out the *Sight*.
 And as the *Timber* is, or great, or small,
 Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:
 Yet is the likeliest *Building* sometimes known
 To fall by obvious *Chances*; overthrown
 Oftimes by *Tempests*, by the full-mouth'd *Blasts*
 Of Heav'n; sometimes by *Fire*; sometimes it wastes
 Through unadvis'd *Neglect*: put case, the *Stuff*
 Were *Ruin-proof*, by Nature strong enough

To

To conquer Time, and Age ; put case, it should
 Ne'er know an End, alas ! our Leafes would.
 What hast thou then, *proud Flesh and Blood*, to boast ?
 Thy Days are evil, at best ; but few, at most ;
 But sad, at merriest ; and but weak, at strongest ;
 Unfure, at surest ; and but short, at longest.

FRAN. QUARLES.

E R R A T A.

Page 19 Line 9, for two, read too.

— 20 — 13, for veins, r. stones.

— 29 — 18, for pil'd, r. pill'd.

— 38 — 13, for destow, r. bestow.

— 92 — 10, for Hespar, r. Hesper.

— 98 — 23, for plight, r. pight.

— 116 — 1, for night, r. knight.

— 121 — 21, for oar, r. ore.

T H E

THE
PURPLE ISLAND;

O R,

THE ISLE OF MAN.

C A N T O I.

I.

THE warmer sun the golden bull outran,
And with the twins made haste to inn and play:
Scatt'ring ten thousand flow'rs, anew began
To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:
(The world more aged by new youth's accruing)
Ah, wretched man! this wretched world pursuing,
Which still grows worse by age, and older by renewing.

II.

The shepherd-boys, who with the muses dwell,
Met in the plain their may-lords new to chuse
(For two they yearly chuse) to order well
Their rural sports and year that next ensues:
Now were they sat, where by the garden walls
The learned *Cam* with stealing water crawls,
And lowly down before that royal temple falls.

B

III.

III.

Among the rout they take two gentle swains,
 Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud :
 Well could they pipe and sing, but yet their strains
 Were only known unto the silent wood :
 Their nearest blood from self-same fountains flow,
 Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow :
 So seem'd two join'd in one, or one disjoin'd in two.

IV.

Now when the shepherd-lads, with common voice
 Their first consent had firmly ratify'd,
 A gentle boy began to wave their choice ;
Thirfil, said he, tho' yet thy muse untry'd,
 Hath only learn'd in private shades to feign
 Soft sighs of love, unto a looser strain,
 Or thy poor *Thelgon's* wrong, in mournful verse to plain :

V.

Yet since the shepherd-swains do all consent,
 To make thee lord of them, and of their art ;
 And that choice lad (to give a full content)
 Hath join'd with thee in office as in heart ;
 Wake, wake thy long, thy too long, sleeping muse,
 And thank them with a song, as is the use :
 Such honour thus confer'd, thou may'st not well refuse.

VI.

Sing what thou list, be it of *Cupid's* spite,
 (Ah, lovely spite and spiteful loveliness !)
 Or *Gemma's* grief, if sadder be thy sprite :
 Begin beloved swain, with good success.
 Ah, said the bashful boy, such wanton toys,
 A better mind and sacred vow destroys,
 Since in a higher love I settled all my joys.

* i. e. Complain.

VII.

New light new love, new love new life hath bred;
 A life that lives by love, and loves by light:
 A love to HIM, to whom all loves are wed;
 A light, to whom the sun is darkest night:
 Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life HE is:
 Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are HIS:
 HE eye, light, heart, love, soul; HE all my joy and blifs.

VIII.

But if you deign my ruder pipe to hear,
 (Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)
 These infantile beginnings gently bear,
 Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.
 But you, O muses, by soft *Camus* sitting,
 Your dainty songs unto his murmurs fitting,
 Which bears the under-song unto your cheerful dittyng.

IX.

Tell me, ye muses, what hath former ages,
 Now left succeeding times to play upon:
 And what remains unthought on by those sages,
 Where a new muse may try her pinion?
 What light'ning heroes, like great *Peleus'* heir
 (Darting his beams thro' our hard-frozen air)
 May stir up gentle heat, and virtue's wane repair?

X.

Who knows not *Jason*? or bold *Tiphys'* hand,
 That durst unite what nature's self wou'd part?
 He makes isles continent, and all one land;
 O'er seas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:
 He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and scorneth all
 Those thousand deaths wide gaping for his fall:
 He death defies, fenc'd with a thin, low, wooden wall.

XI.

Who has not often read *Troy's* twice sung fires,
 And at the second time twice better sung?
 Who hath not heard th' *Arcadian* shepherd's quires,
 Which now have gladly chang'd their native tongue;
 And sitting by flow *Mincius*, sport their fill,
 With sweeter voice and never equal'd skill,
 Chanting their amorous lays unto a *Roman* quill?

XII.

And thou, choice wit, love's scholar, and love's master,
 Art known to all, where love himself is known:
 Whether thou bid'st *Ulysses* hie him faster,
 Or dost thy fault and distant exile moan:
 Who hath not seen upon the tragic stage,
 Dire *Atreus* feast, and wrong'd *Medea* rage,
 Marching in tragic state, and buskin'd equipage.

XIII.

And now of late ^b th' *Italian* fisher-swain
 Sits on the shore to watch his trembling line,
 There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain
 By *Nefis* fair, and fairer *Mergiline*:
 Whilst his thin net, upon his oars entwin'd,
 With wanton strife catches the sun and wind;
 Which still do slip away, and still remain behind.

XIV.

And that ^c *French* muses eagle eye and wing,
 Hath soar'd to heav'n, and there hath learn'd the art
 To frame angelic strains, and canzons sing;
 Too high and deep for any shallow heart.
 Ah, blessed soul! in those celestial rays,
 Which gave thee light, these lower works to blaze,
 Thou sit'st imparadis'd, and chant'st eternal lays.

^b Sannazar.^c Birtas.

XV.

Thrice happy wits, which in your springing-may,
 (Warm'd with the sun of well deserved favours)
 Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,
 Perfume the air with your rich fragrant favours!
 Nor may, nor ever shall, those honour'd flow'rs
 Be spoil'd by summer's heat, or winter's show'rs,
 But last, when time shall have decay'd the proudest tow'rs.

XVI.

Happy, thrice happy days in silver age!
 When generous plants advanc'd their lofty crest;
 When honour stoop'd to be learn'd wisdom's page;
 When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest;
 When th' highest flying muse still higher climbs;
 And virtue's rise, keeps down all rising crimes:
 Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times!

XVII.

But wretched we, to whom these iron days,
 (Hard days) afford no matter, nor reward!
 Sings *Maro*? Men deride high *Maro's* lays,
 Their hearts with steel, with lead their sense is bar'd,
 Sing *Linus*, or his father, as he uses,
 Our *Midas'* ears their well tun'd verse refuses.
 What cares an ass for arts? he brays at sacred muses.

XVIII.

But if fond *Bavius* vent his clouted song,
 Or *Mavius* chant his thoughts in brothel charm;
 The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
 Like summer flies about their dunghill swarm:
 They sneer, they grin.—*Like to his like will move.*
 Yet never let them greater mischief prove
 Than this, *Who hates not one, may he the other love.*

XIX.

XIX.

Witness our ^dColin; whom tho' all the graces,
 And all the muses nurs'd; whose well taught song,
Parnassus' self, and *Glorian* embraces,
 And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd's throng;
 Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits deny'd;
 Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd:
 Poorly, poor man, he liv'd: poorly, poor man, he died.

XX.

And had not that great *Hart*, whose honour'd head
 Now lies full low, pity'd thy woeful plight;
 There had'st thou lain unwept, unburied,
 Unblest'd, nor grac'd with any common rite:
 Yet shalt thou live when thy great foe shall sink;
 Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink;
 And time his blacker name shall blur with blackest ink.

XXI.

O let th' Iambic muse revenge that wrong,
 Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
 Let thy abused honour cry as long
 As there are quills to write, or eyes to read:
 On his rank name let thine own voice be turn'd,
 "Oh may that man that hath the muses scorn'd,
 "Alive, or dead, be never of a muse adorn'd."

XXII.

Oft therefore have I chid my tender muse;
 Oft my chill breast beats off her flutt'ring wing:
 Yet when new spring her gentle rays infuse,
 All storms are laid, again I chirp and sing:
 At length soft fires dispers'd in every vein,
 Yield open passage to the thronging train,
 And swelling numbers tide, rolls like the surging main.

^d Spenser.

XXIII.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

7

XXIII.

So where fair *Thames*, and crooked *Iſs'* ſon,
 Pays tribute to his king, the mantling ſtream,
 Encounter'd by the tide's (now ruſhing on
 With equal force) of's way doth doubtful ſeem,
 At length the full-grown ſea, and water's king
 Chid the bold waves with hollow murmuring:
 Back fly the ſtreams to ſhroud them in their mother-ſpring.

XXIV.

Yet thou harmonious muſe, why ſhould'ſt thou droop,
 That every vulgar ear thy muſic ſcorns?
 Nor can they riſe, nor thou ſo low canſt ſloop;
 No ſeed of heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
 When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing
 With thy ſtol'n plumes, their notes thro' th' air to fling;
 Oh ſhame! they howl and croak, whiſt fond they ſtrain to ſing.

XXV.

Enough for thee in heav'n to build thy neſt;
 (Far be dull thoughts of winning dunghill-praiſe)
 Enough, if kings enthroned thee in their breaſt,
 And crown their golden crowns with higher bays:
 Enough that thoſe who wear the crown of kings,
 (Great *Iſrael's* princes) ſtrike thy ſweeteſt ſtrings:
 Heaven's dove when high'ſt he flies, flies with thy heav'nly
 wings.

XXVI.

Let others truſt the ſeas, dare death and hell,
 Search either *Ind'*, vaunt of their ſcars and wounds:
 Let others their dear breath (nay, ſilence) ſell
 To fools, and (ſwol'n, not rich) ſtretch out their bounds
 By ſpoiling thoſe that live, and wronging dead;
 That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
 In ſoft, but ſleepleſs down; in rich, but reſtleſs bed.

XXVII.

8 THE PURPLE ISLAND.

XXVII.

O, let them in their gold quaff dropfies down!
 O, let them surfeits feast in silver bright!
 Whilst fugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
 And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
 His master's rest, health, heart, life, soul, to sell;
 Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell,
 Death weds, and beds them; first in grave, and then in hell.

XXVIII.

But, ah! let me under some *Kentish* hill,
 Near rolling *Medway* 'mongst my shepherd peers,
 With fearless merry-make, and piping still,
 Securely pass my few and slow-pac'd years:
 While yet the great *Augustus* of our nation,
 Shuts up old *Janus* in this long cessation,
 Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

XXIX.

There may I, master of a little flock,
 Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare,
 My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
 And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
 Whose love, and look, shall speak their father plain:
 Health be my feast, heaven hope, content my gain;
 So in my little house, my lesser heart shall reign.

XXX.

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
 While down I sit, and chant to th'echoing wood:
 Ah, singing might I live, and singing die!
 So by fair *Thames*, or silver *Medway's* flood,
 The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
 In music's strains breathes out her life and verse,
 And chanting her own dirge, rides on her wat'ry hearse.

XXXI.

XXXI.

XXXI.

What need I then to seek a patron out;
 Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
 To fence my song against the vulgar rout;
 Or shine upon me with her geminies * ?
 What care I, if they praise my slender song?
 Or heed I, if they do me right, or wrong?
 A shepherd's bliss, nor stands, nor falls to ev'ry tongue.

XXXII.

GREAT PRINCE of shepherds, than thy heav'n's more high,
 Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there;
 Who taught'st our death to live, thy life to die;
 Who, when we broke thy bonds, our bonds wou'dst bear;
 Who reign'dst in thy heav'n, yet felt'st our hell;
 Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (tho' God) did sell,
 Who in our flesh, our graves, and worse, our hearts wou'dst
 dwell.

XXXIII.

GREAT PRINCE of shepherds, thou who late didst deign
 To lodge thyself within this wretched breast,
 (Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,
 Yet oh most happy lodge in such a guest!)
 Thou first and last, inspire thy sacred skill;
 Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artless quill;
 So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

XXXIV.

Hark then, ah, hark! ye gentle shepherd-crew;
 An ISLE I fain wou'd sing, an ISLAND fair;
 A place too seldom view'd, yet still in view;
 Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;
 Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;
 A foreign home, a strange, tho' native coast;
 Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

* In Astronomy, the twins, the third constellation or sign in the Zodiac.

XXXV.

Coeval with the world in her nativity,
 Which tho' it now hath pass'd thro' many ages,
 And still retain'd a natural proclivity
 To ruin, compass'd with a thousand rages
 Of spiteful foes, which still this ISLAND tosses ;
 Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses,
 By with'ring, springing fresh, and rich by often losses.

XXXVI.

Vain men, too fondly wise, who plough the seas,
 With dang'rous pains another earth to find ;
 Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,
 The earth's vast limits daily more unbind !
 The aged world tho' now it falling shows,
 And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows.
 Whole lives are spent to win, what one death's hour must lose.

XXXVII.

How like's the world unto a tragic stage !
 Where ev'ry changing scene the actors change ;
 Some servile crouch and fawn ; some reign and rage :
 And new strange plots, brings scenes as new and strange,
 Till most are slain ; the rest their parts have done :
 So here, some laugh and play, some weep and groan,
 Till all put off their robes ; and stage, and actors gone.

XXXVIII.

Yet this fair ISLE, seated so very near,
 That from our sides, nor place, nor time, may sev'r ;
 Tho' to yourselves, yourselves are not more dear,
 Yet with strange carelessness you travel nev'r :
 Thus whilst yourselves, and native home forgetting,
 You search for distant worlds, with needful sweating,
 You never find yourselves ; so lose ye more by getting.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

When that GREAT POW'R, that ALL, far more than all,
 (When now the time decreed was fully come)
 Brought into act this indigested ball,
 Which in himself, till then, had only room;
 He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill;
 But bid each kind, their several places fill:
 He spoke and they obey'd, their action was his will.

XL.

Forth sprang the light, and spread his cheerful rays
 Thro' all the chaos; darknefs headlong fell,
 Frighten'd with sudden beams, and new-born days;
 And plung'd her ugly head in deepeft hell:
 Not that he meant to help his feeble fight
 To frame the rest; he made the day of night,
 All else but darknefs; he the true, the only LIGHT.

XLI.

Fire, water, earth, and air (that fiercely strove)
 His SOV'REIGN HAND in strong alliance ty'd,
 Binding their deadly hate in constant love:
 So that GREAT WISDOM temper'd all their pride,
 (Commanding strife and love shou'd never cease)
 That by their peaceful fight, and fighting peace,
 The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

XLII.

Thus earth's cold arm, cold water friendly holds,
 But with his dry, the others wet defies:
 Warm air with mutual love, hot fire infolds,
 As moist, his drought abhors, dry earth allies
 With fire, but hot with cold new wars prepare:
 Yet earth drench'd water proves, which boil'd turns air;
 Hot air makes fire: condens'd, all change, and home repair.

XLIII.

Now when the first week's life was almost spent;
 And this world built, and richly furnished;
 To store heaven's courts, HE of each element,
 Did cast to frame an ISLE, the heart and head
 Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;
 Which like an index briefly shou'd impart
 The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

XLIV.

The TRI-UNE GOD himself, in council sits,
 And purple dust takes from the new-made earth;
 Part circular, and part triang'lar fits;
 Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
 Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest
 With aptness thereunto, as seem'd him best;
 And lov'd it more than all, and more than all it blest'd.

XLV.

Then plac'd it in the calm pacific seas,
 And bid nor waves, nor troublous winds offend it;
 Then peopled it with subjects apt to please
 So wise a prince, made able to defend it
 Against all outward force, or inward spite;
 Him framing like himself, all shining bright;
 A little living fun, son of the living LIGHT.

XLVI.

Nor made he this like other isles; but gave it
 Vigour, sense, reason, and a perfect motion,
 To move itself whither it wou'd have it,
 And know what falls within the verge of notion:
 No time might change it, but as ages went,
 So still return'd; still spending, never spent;
 More rising in their fall, more rich in detriment.

XLVII.

XLVII.

So once the ^f cradle of that double light,
 Whereof one rules the night, the other day,
 (Till sad *Latona* flying *Juno's* spite,
 Her double burthen there did safely lay)
 Not rooted yet, in every sea was roving,
 With every wave, and every wind removing;
 But since, to those fair twins hath left her ever moving.

XLVIII.

Like to a scholar, who doth closely gather
 Many large volumes in a narrow place;
 So that GREAT WISDOM, all this all together,
 Confin'd unto this ISLAND's little space;
 And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;
 And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it;
 The little *Isle of Man*, or *Purple Island* nam'd it.

XLIX.

Thrice happy was the world's first infancy;
 Nor knowing yet, nor curious, ill to know:
 Joy without grief, love without jealousy:
 None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough:
 The willing earth brought tribute to her king;
 No swilling *Bacchus* then was seen to cling
 On big swol'n grapes; their drink was every silver spring.

L.

Of all the winds there was no difference:
 None knew mild *Zephyrs* from cold *Eurus'* mouth;
 Nor *Orithya's* lover's violence
 Distinguish'd from the ever dropping south:
 But either gentle west-winds reign'd alone,
 Or else no wind, or hurtful wind was none:
 But one wind was in all, and all the winds in one.

^f Delos.

LI.

LI.

None knew the sea ; Oh, blessed ignorance !
 None nam'd the stars, the north cars constant race,
Taurus' bright horns, or fishes happy chance :
Astrea yet chang'd not her name or place ;
 Her ev'n-pois'd balance, heav'n yet never try'd :
 None fought new coasts, nor foreign lands descry'd ;
 But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they died.

LII.

But, ah ! what liveth long in happiness ?
 Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies,
 And cannot be remov'd for weightiness ;
 But joy of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,
 And seldom comes, and soon away will go :
 Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,
 That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe.

LIII.

Witness this glorious ISLE ; which not content
 To be confin'd in bounds of happiness,
 Wou'd try whate'er is in the continent ;
 And seek out ill, and search for wretchedness.
 Ah, fond, to seek what then was in thy will !
 That needs no curious search ; 'tis next us still.
 'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

LIV.

That old fly serpent (fly, but spiteful more)
 Vex'd with the glory of this happy ISLE,
 Allures it subtly from the peaceful shore,
 And with fair painted lies, and colour'd guile,
 Drench'd in dead * seas ; whose dark streams full of fright,
 Empty their sulphur waves in endless night ;
 Where thousand deaths, and hells, torment the damned spright.

* Mare mortuum.

LV.

So when a fisher-swain by chance hath spy'd
 A full-grown pike pursue the lesser fry,
 He sets a withy labyrinth beside,
 And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;
 Which he invading with out-stretched fin,
 All suddenly is compass'd with the gin;
 Where there is no way out, but easy passage in.

LVI.

That deathful lake, hath these three properties;
 No turning path, or issue thence is found:
 The captive never dead, yet ever dies;
 It endless sinks, yet never comes to ground:
 Hell's self is pictur'd in that brimstone wave;
 For what retiring from that hellish grave?
 Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending have?

LVII.

For ever had this ISLE in that dire pit,
 With ceaseless grief, and endless error stray'd,
 Where fire and brimstone had tormented it;
 Had not the KING, whose laws he (fool!) betray'd,
 Unloos'd that chain, the prisoner to release;
 For which ten thousand tortures^b HIM did seize:
 So hard was this lost ISLE, restor'd to former ease.

LVIII.

O thou deep well of life, wide stream of love,
 (More deep, more wide, than widest deepest seas)
 Who dying, death to endless death didst prove,
 To work this wilful-rebel ISLAND's ease;
 Thy love no time began, nor time decays;
 But still increaseth with decreasing days:
 Where then may we begin, where may we end thy praise:

^b Isaiah liii. 5.

LIX.

My callow wing, that newly left the nest,
 How can it make so high a tow'ring flight;
 O depth without a depth! in humble breast,
 With praises I admire so wondrous height:
 But thou my sister muse¹, may'st well go high'r,
 And end thy flight; ne'er may thy pinions tire:
 Thereto may he his grace, and gentle heat aspire.

LX.

Then let me end my easier taken story,
 And sing this ISLAND's new recover'd feat:
 But see, the eye of noon, in brightest glory,
 Teaching great men, is ne'er so little, great:
 Our panting flocks retire into the glade;
 They crouch, and close to th' earth their horns have laid:
 Screen we our scorched heads in that thick beeches shade.

¹ A Poem entitled Christ's Victory and Triumph.

C A N T O II.

I.

DECLINING *Phabus*, as he larger grows,
 (Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth still;
 Never less fierce, than when he greatest shows:
 When *Thirfil* on a gentle rising hill
 (Where all his flock he round might feeding view)
 Sits down, and circled with a lovely crew
 Of nymphs, and shepherd-boys, did thus his song renew.

II.

Now was this ISLE pull'd from that horrid main,
 Which bears the fearful looks, and name of death;
 And settled new with blood and dreadful pain
 By HIM who twice had giv'n (once forfeit) breath:
 A baser state than what was first design'd;
 Wherein (to curb the too aspiring mind)
 The better things were lost, the worst were left behind;

III.

That glorious image of himself was raz'd;
 Ah! scarce the place of that best part we find;
 And that bright sun-like knowledge much defac'd;
 Only some twinkling stars remain behind:
 Then mortal made; yet as one fainting dies,
 Two other in its place succeeding rise;
 And drooping flock, with branches fair immortalize.

IV.

So that lone ^a bird, in fruitful *Arabie*,
 When now her strength, and waning life decays,
 Upon some airy rock, or mountain high,
 In spicy bed (fir'd by new *Phabus*' rays)

^a The Phoenix.

D

Herself,

Herself, and all her crooked age consumes :
 Straight from the ashes, and those rich perfumes,
 A new born Phoenix flies, and widow'd place resumes.

V.

It grounded lies upon a sure ^b foundation,
 Compact and hard ; whose matter, cold and dry,
 To marble turns in strongest congelation ;
 Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie,
 Through all the ISLE, and every part extent,
 To give just form to ev'ry regiment ^c ;
 Imparting to each part, due strength and 'stablishment.

VI.

Whose looser ends are join'd with brother earth ^d,
 Of nature like, and of a near relation ;
 Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth ;
 That oft itself stands for a good foundation ^e :
 Both these ^f a third doth solder fast, and bind ;
 Softer than both, yet of the self-same kind ;
 All instruments of motion, in one league combin'd.

VII.

Upon this base ^g a curious work is rais'd,
 Like undivided brick, entire and one,
 Tho' soft, yet lasting, with just balance pais'd ^{*} ;
 Distributed with due proportion :

^b The foundation of the body is the bones, which is the hardest part, white, and void of sense.

^c i. e. Region.

^d Annexed to these are the cartilages, white, flexible, and smooth, which in process of time, become bones.

^e Some of these sustain and uphold some parts.

^f These are fastened together by a kind of cartilages called ligaments.

^g Upon the bones, as the foundation, is built the flesh, soft and ruddy, made of blood, and covered with the common membrane or skin.

^{*} i. e. Poised.

And

THE PURPLE ISLAND 19

And that the rougher frame might lurk unseen,
All fair is hung with coverings slight and thin;
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen:

VIII.

As when a virgin her snow-circled breast
Displaying, hides, and hiding sweet displays;
The greater segments cover'd, and the rest
The vail transparent willingly betrays;
Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows light:
Lest eyes should surfeit with two greedy sight,
Transparent lawns with-hold, more to increase delight.

IX.

Nor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little isle: for thousand brooks^a
In azure channels glide on silver sand;
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks,
Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
Empty themselves into th' all-drinking main;
And creeping forward, slide, but ne'er return again¹.

X.

Three diff'rent streams, from fountains different,
Neither in nature nor in shape agreeing,
(Yet each with other, ever friendly went)
Give to this ISLE its fruitfulness and being:
The first in single channels² sky-like blue,
With luke-warm waters dy'd in porphyry hue,
Sprinkle this crimson ISLE, with purple colour'd dew.

^a The whole body is as it were watered with great plenty of rivers, veins, arteries, and nerves.

¹ This was the universally received opinion, before Dr. Hervey made known his great discovery of the circulation of the blood.

² A vein is a hollow canal, which receives the blood from the artery, and conveys it back to the heart.

XI.

The 'next tho' from the same springs first it rise,
 Yet passing thro' another greater fountain,
 Doth lose his former name and qualities :
 Thro' many a dale it flows, and many a mountain ;
 More fiery light, and needful more than all ;
 And therefore fenced with a double wall ;
 All froths his yellow streams, with many a sudden fall.

XII.

The ^m last, in all things diff'ring from the other,
 Fall from an hill, and close together go,
 Embracing as they run ; each with his brother
 Guarded with double trenches safe they flow :
 The coldest spring, yet nature, best they have ;
 And like the lacteal veins which heaven pave ;
 Slide down to ev'ry part with their thick milky wave.

XIII.

These with a thousand ⁿ streams thro' th' ISLAND roving,
 Bring tribute in ; the first gives nourishment,
 Next life, last sense, and arbitrary moving :
 For when the prince hath now his mandate sent,
 The nimble posts quick down the river run,
 And end their journey, tho' but now begun ;
 But now the mandate came, and now the mandate's done.

¹ An artery is an hollow canal, composed of fibres twisted together, which conveys the blood from the cavity of the heart to all the parts of the body.

^m A nerve is a whitish, round, slender body, arising from the brain, which is supposed to convey the animal spirits to all parts of the body.

ⁿ The veins convey the nourishment from the liver ; the artery, life and heat from the heart ; the nerves, sense and motion from the brain : the will commands, the nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate, all almost in an instant.

XIV.

XIV.

The whole ISLE, parted in three regiments °,
 By three metropolis's jointly sway'd ;
 Ord'ring in peace and war their governments,
 With loving concord, and with mutual aid :
 The lowest hath the worst, but largest see ;
 The middle less, of greater dignity :
 The highest least, but holds the greatest sov'reignty.

XV.

Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
 With many a city grac'd, and fairly town'd ;
 And for defence from foreign enmity,
 With five strong builded walls ^p encompass'd round ;
 Which my rude pencil will in painting stain ;
 A work, more curious than which poets feign
Neptune and *Phæbus* built, and pulled down again.

XVI.

The first of these, is that round spreading fence †,
 Which like a sea, girts th' ISLE in ev'ry part ;
 Of fairest building, quick, and nimble sense,
 Of common matter fram'd with special art ;
 Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
 To warn of ev'ry chance that may befall :
 The same a fence, and spy ; a watchman and a wall.

° The whole body may be parted into three regions : the lowest, or belly ; the middle, or breast ; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereign, whose regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle, the heart reigns, most necessary. The brain obtains the highest place, and is the least in compass, but the greatest in dignity.

† The parts of the lower belly, are either the contained or containing, the latter is either common or proper ; the common are the skin, the fleshy panicle, and the fat ; the proper are the muscles of the belly-piece, or the inner rim of the belly.

‡ The skin covers almost the whole body, and is formed of whitish fibres, intermixed with numberless branches of nerves, veins, and arteries.

XVII.

XVII.

His native beauty is a lily white^{*} ;
 Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth ;
 Least like itself, with divers stainings dight,
 The inward disposition it detecteth :
 If white, it argues wet ; if purple, fire ;
 If black, a heavy cheer, and fix'd desire ;
 Youthful and blithe, if suited in a rosy tire.

XVIII.

It cover'd stands with filken flourishing^{*},
 Which as it oft decays, renews again,
 The others sense and beauty perfecting ;
 Which else wou'd feel, but with unusual pain :
 Whose pleasing sweetness, and resplendent white,
 Soft'ning the wanton touch, and wand'ring sight,
 Doth oft the 'prince himself bewitchingly delight.

XIX.

The second "rampier's of a softer matter,
 Made by the purple rivers overflowing :
 Whose airy wave, and swelling waters, fatter
 For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker growing,

* The native colour of the skin is white, but changed into the same colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholy abounds, it is swarthy ; where phlegm, it is white and pale ; where choler reigns, it is red and fiery ; but in sanguine, of a rose colour.

* The *cuticle* or *scarf-skin*, is an extremely thin and transparent membrane, void of sense, and covering the skin all over. It consists of several layers of exceeding small scales, which cover one another.

* The mind.

* The fat is a whitish, oily substance, void of sense, is secreted from the blood, and lodged in small oval, membranous bags, which shoot out of the arteries.

The

The wand'ring heat * (which quiet ne'er subsisteth)
Sends back again to what confine it listeth;
And outward enemies by yielding, most resisteth.

XX.

The *third more inward, firmer than the best,
May seem at first, but thinly built, and slight;
But yet of more defence than all the rest;
Of thick and stubborn substance strongly dight.
These three (three common fences them we style)
This region do surround, and the whole ISLE;
And saving inward friends, their outward foes beguile.

XXI.

Beside these three, two † more peculiar guards,
With constant watch compass this government:
The first eight companies in several wards,
(To each his station in this regiment ‡)
On each side four continual watch observe,
And under one great captain jointly serve;
Two stand before, two cross, and four obliquely swerve.

XXII.

The *other fram'd of common matter, all
This lower region girts with strong defence;
More long than round, with double-built wall,
Though single often seems to slighter sense;

* The fat increaseth inward heat, by keeping it from outward parts; and defends the parts subject to it from bruises.

† The fleshy panicle, is a membrane very thick, sinewy, woven in with little veins, and lies just under the fat.

‡ The proper parts infolding this lower region, are two; the first, the muscles of the belly, which are eight; four side-long, two right, and two across.

* i. e. Region.

* Peritoneum (called the rim of the belly) is a thin membrane, taking its name from compassing the bowels; round, but longer; every where double, yet so thin that it seems but single.

With

With many gates, whose strangest properties
Protect this coast from all conspiracies;
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

XXIII.

Between this fences double-walled fides^b,
Four slender brooks run softly o'er the lea;
The first is call'd the nurse, and rising slides
From this low region's extensive see^c;
Two from th' heart-city bend their silent pace;
The third from urine-lake with waters base,
In the *Allantoid* sea empties his flowing race.

XXIV.

Down in a vale, where these two parted walls
Differ from each with wide distending space,
Into a lake the urine river falls,
Which at the *Nephros* hill begins his race:
Crooking his banks he often runs astray,
Lest his ill streams might backward find a way:
Thereto some say, was built a curious framed bay.

XXV.

The urine-lake, drinking his colour'd brook,
By little swells, and fills his stretching side:
But when the stream the brink does overlook,
A sturdy groom empties the swelling tides;

^b The double tunicle of the rim, is parted into a large space, that with a double wall it might fence the bladder, where the vessels of the navel are contained. These are four, first the nurse, which is a vein nourishing the infant in the womb; second, two arteries, in which the infant breathes; the fourth the *Ourachos*, a pipe whereby (whilst the child is in the womb) the urine is carried into the Allantoid.

^c Stanz. xiv. line 5, page 21.

^d A membrane receiving sweat and urine.

^e The passages carrying the urine from the kidneys to the bladder.

^f The bladder is composed of three coats: the first is an extension of the *Peritoneum*; the second consists of muscular fibres; the third is both glandulous and nervous, and full of wrinkles, that it may be capable of contraction and dilatation.

Sphincter

Sphincter ^g some call; who if he loosed be,
Or stiff with cold, out flows the senseless sea,
And rushing unawares, covers the drowned lea.

XXVI.

From thence with blinder ^h passage (flying name)
These noisome streams a secret pipe conveys;
Which tho' we term the hidden parts of shame,
Yet for the skill deserve no lesser praise
Than they, to which we honour'd names impart.
O, POWERFUL WISDOM! with what wondrous art
Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the vilest part.

XXVII.

Six ⁱ goodly cities, built with suburbs round,
Do fair adorn this lower region;
The first ^k *Koilia*, whose extremest bound
On this side's border'd by the *Splenion*,
On that by sovereign *Hepar*'s large commands,
The merry *Diazome* above it stands,
To both these join'd in league, and never failing bands.

XXVIII.

The form (as when with breath the bag-pipes rise
And swell) made round, and long, the latter more,
Fram'd to the most capacious figures guise;
For 'tis the ISLAND's garner; here its store

^g A name common to several muscles, which bind, strengthen, or draw together any part.

^h Its glands separate a slimy matter, which defends the bladder from the acrimony of the urine. The involuntary emission of this, is prevented by a small muscle, which goes round the neck of the bladder.

ⁱ Besides the bladder there are six special parts contained in this lower region; the liver, the stomach, and the guts; the gall, the spleen, or milt; the kidneys and parts for generation.

^k The stomach (or *Koilia*) is the first in order though not in dignity, which is long and round like a bag-pipe, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to perfect the chyle.

E

Lies

Lies treasur'd up, which well prepar'd, it sends
 By secret path, that to th' arch-city bends;
 Which making it more fit, to all the ISLE extends.

XXIX.

Far hence at foot of rocky *Cephal's* hills,
 This city's ¹steward dwells in vaulted stone;
 And twice a day *Koilia's* store-house fills
 With certain rent and due provision:
 Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave,
 Which to describe I better cause shall have,
 When that fair mount I sing, and his white curdy wave.

XXX.

At that cave's mouth, twice sixteen porters ^m stand,
 Receivers of the customary rent;
 On each side four (the foremost of the band)
 Whose office to divide what in is sent;
 Straight other four break it in pieces small;
 And at each hand twice five, which grinding all,
 Fit it for convoy, and this city's arsenal.

XXXI.

From thence a ⁿ groom of wondrous activity
 Delivers all unto near officers,
 Of nature like himself, and like agility;
 At each side four, that are the governors
 To see the victuals shipp'd at fitt^e tide;
 Which straight from thence in prosp'rous channel slide,
 And in *Koilia's* port with nimble oars glide.

XXXII.

¹ *Gustus*, the taste, is the caterer, or steward to the stomach, which has its place in *Cephal*, that is the head: the surface of the tongue is filled with small *Papillæ*, which are no other than fine ramifications of the gustatory nerve; these are variously moved by the particles of meat and drink; and this motion being by that nerve transmitted to the brain, that perception arises which we style *tasting*.

^m In either jaw, are sixteen teeth, four cutters, two dog-teeth, or breakers, and ten grinders.

ⁿ The tongue with great agility delivers up the meat (well chewed) to the instruments

XXXII.

The ° haven fram'd with wondrous sense and art,
 Opens itself to all that entrance seek;
 Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
 With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:
 But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,
 And mut'nies in itself with civil strife:
 Whereto a ^p little groom eggs it with sharpest knife.

XXXIII.

Below ° dwells in this city's market-place,
 The island's common cook, concoction;
 Common to all, therefore in middle space
 Is quarter'd fit in just proportion,
 Whence never from his labour he retires;
 No rest he asks, or better change requires:
 Both night and day, he works, ne'er sleeps, nor sleep desires.

XXXIV.

That ° heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth,
 Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;
 Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;
 But moist'ning flames, a gentle heat inspire;
 Which sure some in-born neighbour to him lendeth;
 And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,
 And oft the rising fume, which down again descendeth.

instruments of swallowing: eight muscles serving to this purpose, which instantly send the meat into the stomach.

° The upper mouth of the stomach hath little veins, or circular strings, to shut in the meat, and keep it from returning.

° A short vessel, which sending in a melancholy humour, sharpens the appetite.

° In the bottom of the stomach (which is placed in the midst of the belly) is concoction performed.

° The concoction of meats in the stomach, is perfected as by an innate property and special virtue; so also by the outward heat of parts adjoining.

XXXV.

Like to a pot, where under hovering
 Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,
 Above is stop'd with close laid covering,
 Exhaling fumes to narrow straights confining;
 So doubling heat, his duty doubly speedeth:
 Such is the fire concoction's vessel needeth,
 Who daily all the ISLE with fit provision feedeth.

XXXVI.

There many a groom, the busy cook attends
 In under offices, and several place:
 This gathers up the scum, and thence it sends
 To be cast out; another, liquor's base;
 Another, garbage, which the kitchen cloyes;
 And divers filth, whose scent the place annoys,
 By divers secret ways in under sinks convoys.

XXXVII.

Therefore a second port, is sidelong fram'd,
 To let out what unfavory remains;
 There sits a needful groom, the porter nam'd,
 Which soon the full-grown kitchen cleanly drains,
 By divers pipes with hundred turnings girding,
 Lest that the food, too speedily retiring,
 Shou'd whet the appetite, stil cloy'd, and still desiring;

XXXVIII.

So *Eristhon*, fir'd (as men do say)
 With hungry rage, ne'er fed, tho' ever feeding;
 Ten thousand dishes serv'd in ev'ry day,
 Yet still ten thousand thousand dishes needing;

* The lower orifice, or mouth of the stomach, is not placed at the very bottom, but at the side, and is called the *Janitor* (or porter) as sending out the food now concocted, through the entrails, which are knotty and full of windings, lest the meat too suddenly passing through the body, should make it too subject to appetite and greediness.

In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd :
 A whole camp's meat he in his gorge inhum'd ;
 And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd.

XXXIX.

Such would the state of this whole ISLAND be,
 If those pipes windings (passage quick delaying)
 Should not refrain too much edacity,
 With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.
 These 'pipes are seven-fold longer than the ISLE,
 Yet all are folded in a little pile,
 Whereof three noble are, and thin ; three thick, and vile.

XL.

The "first is narrow't, and down-right doth look,
 Left that his charge discharg'd, might back retire ;
 And by the way takes in a bitter brook,
 That when the channels slipt with stifling mire,
 Thro' th' idle pipes, with piercing waters soaking ;
 His tender sides with sharpest stream provoking,
 Thrusts out the muddy parts, and rids the miry choking.

XLI.

The "second lean and lank, still pil'd, and harry'd
 By mighty bord'ers oft his barns invading :
 Away his food, and new-inn'd store is carry'd ;
 Therefore an angry colour, never fading

* The entrails dried and blown, are seven times longer than the body.

" The first is straight, without any winding, that the chyle might not return ; and most narrow, that it might not find too hasty a passage. It takes in a little passage from the gall, which there purges the choler, to provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out the excrements. This is called *Duodenum* (or twelve finger) from its length.

" The second, is called the lank, or hungry gut, as being more empty than the rest ; for the liver being near, it draws out his juice, or cream : it is known from the rest by its red colour.

Purples

tom,
 now
 left
 et to

In

Purples his cheek: the * third for length exceeds,
 And down his stream in hundred turnings leads:
 These three most noble are, adorn'd with filken threads.

XLII.

The † foremost of the base half blind appears;
 And where his broad way in an *Isthmus* ends,
 There he examines all his passengers,
 And those who ought not 'scape, he backward sends:
 The ‡ second *Aelos* court, where tempests raging,
 Shut close within a cave the winds encaging,
 With earthquakes shakes the ISLAND, thunders sad prefaging.

XLIII.

The † last downright falls to port *Esquiline*,
 More straight above, beneath still broader growing,
 Soon as the gate opes by the king's assign,
 Empties itself, far thence the filth out-throwing:
 This gate endow'd with many properties,
 Yet for his office, fight, and naming, flies:
 Therefore between two hills, in darkest valley lies.

XLIV.

To that † arch-city of this government,
 The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:
 The other three, in baser office spent,
 Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchen cloy.

* The third called *Ilion* (for winding) from his many folds and turnings is of all the longest.

† The first of the baser sort, is called blind; at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopped, and by the veins of the midriff drawn out.

‡ The second is *Colon* (or the tormenter) because of the wind there staying, and vexing the body.

§ The last called *Rectum* (or straight) hath no windings, short, larger toward the end, that the excrement may be more easily ejected, and retained also upon occasion.

¶ The thin entrails serve for carrying and concocting the chyle. They are all sprinkled with numberless little veins, that no part of the chyle might escape, till all be brought to the liver.

In 'every one the *Hepar* keeps his spies,
 Who if ought good, with evil blended lies;
 Thence bring it back again to *Hepar*'s treasuries.

XLV.

Two several ^d covers fence these twice three pipes:
 The first from over swimmer takes his name,
 Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:
 The second strengthen'd with a double frame,
 From foreign enmity the pipes maintains:
 Close by 'Pancreas stands, who ne'er complains;
 Tho' press'd by all his neighbours, he their state sustains.

XLVI.

Next *Hepar*, chief of all these lower parts,
 One of the three, yet of the three the least.
 But see the fun, like to undaunted hearts,
 Enlarges in his fall his ample breast.
 Now hie we home; the pearled dew ere long
 Will wet the mothers and their tender young:
 To-morrow with the day we may renew our song.

^c *Epiploon* (or over-swimmer) descends below the navel, and ascends above the highest entrails; of skinny substance, all overlaid with fat.

^d The *Mesentery*, which ties and knits the entrails together.

^e *Pancreas* (or all-flesh) for so it seems, is laid as a pillow under the stomach, and sustains the veins, that are disspread from the gate vein.

CANTO

C A N T O III.

I.

THE morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
 (Vext at the ling'ring shades that long had left her,
 In *Tithon's* freezing arms) the light discloses;
 And chafing night, of rule and heaven bereft her;
 The sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
 And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;
 Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

II.

Thirfil from withy prison, as he uses,
 Lets out his flock, and on an hill stood heeding,
 Which bites the grass, and which his food refuses;
 So his glad eyes, fed with their greedy feeding.
 Straight crowd a throng of nymphs, and shepherd-swains,
 While all their lambs range o'er the flow'ry plains;
 Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their circling trains.

III.

You gentle shepherds, and you hoary fires,
 That sit around, my rugged rhymes attending;
 How may I hope to quit your strong desires,
 In verse uncouth, such wonders comprehending?
 Too well I know my rudeness, all unfit
 To frame this curious ISLE, whose framing yet
 Was never throughly known to any human wit.

IV.

Thou SHEPHERD-GOD, who only know'st it right,
 And hid'st that art from all the world beside;
 Shed in my misty breast thy sparkling light,
 And in this fog, my erring foot-steps guide:

Thou who first mad'st, and never will forsake it :
 Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake it,
 When thou thyself ask'st counsel of thyself to make it.

V.

Next to *Koilia*, on the right side stands,
 Fairly dispread in large dominion,
 Th' ^s arch city *Hepar*, stretching her commands,
 To all within this lower region ;
 Fenc'd with such bars, and strongest situation ;
 So never fearing foreigners invasion :
 Hence are the ^b walls, slight, thin ; built but for fight and
 fashion.

VI.

To th' heart, and to th' head-city surely tied ⁱ
 With firmest league, and mutual reference :
 His lieges there, theirs ever here abide,
 To take up strife, and casual difference :
 Built ^k all alike, seeming like rubies sheen ^l,
 Of some peculiar matter ; such I ween,
 As over all the world, may no where else be seen.

VII.

Much like a ^m mount, it easily ascendeth ;
 The upper parts all smooth as slipp'ry glass :
 But on the lower many a crag dependeth ;
 Like to the hangings of some rocky mass :

^s Of all this lower region, the *Hepar*, or liver, is the principal. The situation strong, and safe walled in by the ribs.

^k It is covered with one single tunicle, and that very thin and slight.

ⁱ The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins, dispersed to both.

^k The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kind proper to itself.

^l i. e. Fair, shining.

^m The liver's upper part rises, and swells gently; is very smooth and even; the lower on the outside like to an hollow rock, rugged and craggy.

Here first the "purple fountain making vent,
By thousand rivers thro' the ISLE is sent,
Gives every part fit growth, and daily nourishment.

VIII.

In this ° fair town the ISLE's great steward dwells;
His porphyry house glitters in purple dye;
In purple clad himself: from hence he deals
His store, to all the ISLE's necessity:
And tho' the rent he daily, duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne'er decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

IX.

And like that golden star, which cuts his way
Through *Saturn's* ice, and *Mars* his fiery ball;
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray:
So 'twixt the *Splenion's* frost, and th' angry gall,
The jovial *Hepar* fits; with great expence
Cheering the ISLE by his sweet influence;
So flakes their envious rage, and endless difference.

X.

Within, some say, ♀ love hath his habitation,
Not *Cupid's* self, but *Cupid's* better brother:
For *Cupid's* self dwells with a lower nation,
But this, more sure, much chaster than the other;
By whose command, we either love our kind,
Or with most perfect love, affect the mind;
With such a diamond knot, he often souls can bind.

▪ From it rise all the springs of blood that runs in the veins.

• The steward of the whole ISLE, is here fitly placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted and disposed, so from hence returned and dispensed.

♀ Here Plato disposes the seat of love.

XI.

Two ^a purple streams, here raise their boiling heads ;

The first, and least, in hollow cavern breeding,

His waves on divers neighbour grounds dispreads :

The next fair river all the rest exceeding,

Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evasion,

And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation ;

So gives to all the ISLE their food and vegetation.

XII.

Yet these from other streams much different ;

For others, as they longer, broader grow ;

These as they run in narrow banks are pent ;

Are then at least, when in the main they flow :

Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,

That all his trunk in his full body hides ;

Which straight, his stem to thousand branches subdivides.

XIII.

Yet lest these ^r streams might hap to be infected,

With other liquors in the well abounding ;

Before their flowing channels are detected,

Some lesser delfts, the fountains bottom sounding,

Draw out the baser streams, the springs annoying,

An hundred pipes unto that end employing ;

Thence run to fitter place, their noisome load conveying.

XIV.

Such is fair *Hepar*, ^a which with great diffension

Of all the rest pleads most antiquity ;

But yet th' heart-city with no less contention,

And justest challenge, claims priority :

But

^a Hence rise the two great rivers of blood, of which all the rest are lesser streams.

^r The chyle, or juice of meats, concocted in the stomach, could not all be turned into sweet blood, by reason of the divers kinds of humours in it ; therefore there are three kinds of excremental liquors drawn away by little vessels, and carried to their appointed places.

^a Famous is the controversy between the peripateticks and physicians ; one

But sure the *Hepar* was the elder bore ;
For that small river call'd the nurse, of yore,
Laid both foundations, yet *Hepar's* built afore.

XV.

Three pois'nous liquors from this purple well,
Rise with the native streams ; † the first like fire,
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell ;
The spring of dire debate, and civil ire ;
Which wer't not surely held with strong retention,
Would stir domestic strife, and fierce contention,
And waste the weary ISLE with ceaseless hot dissension.

XVI.

Therefore close by, a little conduit stands,
Choledochus ^u, that drags this poison hence,
And safely locks it up in prison bands ;
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence ;
A needful fence, attended with a guard,
That watches in the straights, all closely barr'd,
Lest some might back escape, and break the prison ward.

XVII.

The " next ill stream the wholesome fount offending,
All dreary, black, and frightful, hence convey'd
By divers drains, unto the *Splenion* tending,
The *Splenion* o'er against the *Hepar* laid,

holding the heart, the other the liver to be first. That the liver is the first in time, and making, is manifest ; because the nurse (the vein that feeds the infant yet in the womb) empties itself upon the liver.

† The first excrement drawn from the liver to the gall, is cholerick, bitter, like flame in colour ; which, were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterness and gnawing.

^u *Choledochus*, or the gall, is of a membranous substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It hath two passages, one drawing the humour from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and so emptying the gall ; and this fence hath a double gate, to keep the liquor from returning.

" The second ill humour is earthy and heavy, which is drawn from the liver, by little vessels, unto the spleen ; the native seat of melancholy.

Built

Built long, and square: some say that laughter here
Keeps residence; but laughter sits not there,
Where darkness ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

XVIII.

And should these * ways, stoppt by ill accident,
To *Hepar's* streams turn back their muddy humour,
The cloudy ISLE, with no small dreeriment *
Wou'd soon be fill'd, and thousand fearful rumours:
Fear hides him here, lock'd up in earthy cell;
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a little hell;
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrors dwell.

XIX.

If this black town in ^v over-growth increases,
With too much strength his neighbours overbearing;
The *Hepar* daily, and whole ISLE decreases,
Like ghastly shade, or frightful ghost appearing:
But when it pines, th' ISLE thrives; its curse, his blessing:
So when a ^z tyrant raves, his subjects pressing,
His gaining is their loss, his treasure there distressing.

XX.

The third bad ^a water, bubbling from this fountain,
Is wheyish cold, which with good liquors spent,
Is drawn into the double *Nephro's* mountain;
Which draw the best for growth and nourishment;
The worst as through small ^b orifice, distilling
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,
Runs down to urine-lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

* If the spleen should fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies, and vain terrors.

* i. e. Sorrow, heaviness.

^v Where the spleen flourishes, all the body decays, and withers; but where the spleen is kept down, the body flourishes.

^z *Trajan* compared the spleen to his exchequer, because, as his coffers being full, drained his subjects purse; so the full spleen makes the body sapless.

^a The watery humour with some good blood (which is spent for the nourishment of these parts) is drawn by the kidneys.

^b The *Ureters* receive the water separated from the blood, as distilled from little fleshy substances in the kidneys, like to teats.

XXI.

XXI.

These ' mountains differ but in situation,
 In form and matter like : the left is higher,
 Left even height might slack their operation :

Both like the moon (which now wants half her fire)
 Yet into two obtuser angles bended,
 Both strongly with a double wall defended ;
 And both have walls of earth, before those walls extended.

XXII.

The sixth and last town in this region,
 With large stretch'd precincts, and with compass wide,
 Is that, where *Venus* and her wanton son
 (Her wanton *Cupid*) will in youth reside:
 For tho' his arrows, and his golden bow,
 On other hills he frankly does bestow,
 Yet here he hides the fire, with which each heart doth glow.

XXIII.

For that GREAT PROVIDENCE, their course foreseeing
 Too eas'ly led into the sea of death ;
 After this first, gave them a second being,
 Which in their offspring newly flourisheth :
 He, therefore, made the fire of generation,
 To burn in *Venus*' courts without cessation ;
 Out of whose ashes comes another ISLAND nation.

XXIV.

For from the first a fellow ISLE he fram'd,
 (For what alone, can live, or fruitful be?)
 Arren the first, the second *Thelu* nam'd ;
 Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see :
 Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
 Where *Venus* and her wanton have their being ;
 For nothing is produc'd of two, in all agreeing.

* The kidneys are both alike ; the left somewhat higher.

XXV.

XXV.

But tho' some few in these hid parts wou'd see
 Their Maker's glory, and their justest shame;
 Yet far the most would turn to luxury,
 And what they shou'd lament, wou'd make their game:
 Fly then those parts, which best are undescri'd;
 Forbear my maiden song to blazon wide,
 What th' ISLE, and nature's self, doth ever strive to hide.

XXVI.

These two fair ISLES distinct in their creation,
 Yet one extracted from the other's side,
 Are oft made one, by love's firm combination;
 And from this unity are multiply'd:
 Strange may it seem, such their condition,
 That they are much increas'd by union;
 And two are twenty made, by being join'd in one.

XXVII.

For from these two in love's delight agreeing,
 Another little ISLE is soon proceeding;
 At first of unlike frame and matter being,
 In *Venus'* temple takes its form and breeding;
 Till at full time the tedious prison flying,
 It breaks all lets, its ready way denying;
 And shakes the trembling ISLE with often painful dying.

XXVIII.

So by the *Bosphor* straights, in *Euxine* seas,
 Not far from old *Byzantium*, closely stand
 Two neighbour islands, call'd *Symplegades*,
 Which sometimes seem but one combined land:
 For often meeting on the wat'ry plain,
 And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,
 They now are join'd in one, and now disjoin'd again.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Here oft, not lust, but sweeter chastity,
 Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single, dwells;
 Now join'd with love, to quench lust's tyranny;
 Now *Phanix* like, alone in narrow cells:
 Such *Phanix* one, but one at once may be;
 In *Albion's Isle*, thee, great ^d *Eliza*, thee,
 Such only have I seen, such shall I never see.

XXX.

What nymph was this, said fairest *Rosaleen*,
 Whom thou admirest thus above so many?
 She, while she was, ah! was the shepherd's queen;
 Sure such a shepherd's queen, was never any:
 But, ah! no joy her dying heart contented,
 Since to a ^e *Favourite's* death she had consented;
 Whose end, she all too late, too soon, too much repented.

XXXI.

Ah, royal maid! why shou'dst thou thus lament thee?
 Thy little fault, was but too much believing^f:
 It is too much, so much thou shou'dst repent thee;
 His joyous soul at rest desires no grieving.
 These words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her;
 But, ah! no words, no pray'rs, might ever bend her
 To give an end to grief; for grief did surely end her.

XXXII.

But how shou'd I those sorrows dare display?
 Or how set forth her virtues wondrous height!
 She was, ay me! she was, the sweetest *May*,
 That ever flow'r'd in *Albion's Isle*, so bright:

^d Queen Elizabeth.^e The Earl of Essex.^f Historians inform us, that Elizabeth complained she had been betrayed into this sanguinary measure; which occasioned a sinking of her spirits, that brought her to her grave in 1603, the 70th year of her age, and 45th of her reign.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

41

Few eyes fall'n light adore : yet fame shall keep
Her name alive, when others silent sleep ;
While men have ears to hear, eyes to look back, and weep.

XXXIII.

And tho' the curs (which whelpt and nurs'd in *Spain*,
Learn of fell *Geryon* : to snarl and brawl)
Have vow'd and strove her virgin tomb to stain ;
And grin, and foam, and rage, and yelp, and bawl :
Yet shall our *Cynthia*'s high triumphing light
Deride their howling throats, and toothless spite ;
And sail thro' heav'n, whilst they sink down in endless night.

XXXIV.

So is this *ISLAND*'s lower region :
Yet, ah ! much better is it sure than so.
But my poor reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the shepherd's state, my song as low)
Mar what they make :—but now in yonder shade
Rest we, while suns have longer shadows made :
See how, our panting flocks run to the cooler glade.

* In heathen mythology, a fabulous giant with three heads.

G C A N T O

er;
rayed
that
reign.

Few

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

C A N T O IV.

I.

THE shepherds in the shade their hunger feasted,
With simple cates, such as the country yields;
And while from scorching beams secure they rested,
The nymphs, dispers'd along the woody fields,
Pull'd from their stalks the blushing strawberries,
Which lurk close shrouded from high looking eyes;
Shewing that sweetness, oft both low, and hidden lies.

II.

But when the day had his meridian run
Between his highest throne and low declining;
Thir'd again his wonted task begun,
Th' attentive audience his sides entwining.
The middle province next this lower stands,
Where th' ISLE's heart-city spreads his large commands,
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and friendly bands.

III.

Such as that star, which sets his glorious chair
In midst of heaven, and to dead darkness, here
Gives light, and life; such is this city fair:
Their ends, place, office, state, so very near,
That those wise ancients, from their nature's sight,
And likeness, turn'd their names, and call'd aright
The sun the great world's heart, the heart the less world's
light.

IV.

IV.

This ^amiddle coast, to all the ISLE extends

All heat, and life : hence it another guard
(Beside these common to the first) defends ;

Built whole of massy stone, cold, dry, and hard :

Which stretching round about his circling arms,

Warrants these parts from all external harms ;

Repelling angry force, securing all alarms.

V.

But in the front ^b two fair twin-bulwarks rise ;

In th' *Arrex* built for strength and ornament ;

In *Thelu* of more use, and larger size ;

For hence the young ISLE draws its nourishment :

Here lurking *Cupid* hides his bended bow ;

Here milky springs in sweeten'd rivers flow ;

Which first gave th' INFANT ISLE to be, and then to grow.

VI.

For ^c when the lesser ISLAND (still increasing

In *Venus'* temple) to some greatness grows,

Now larger rooms, and wider spaces seizing,

It stops the *Hepar* rivers ;—backward flows

The stream, and to these hills bears up his flight,

And in these founts (by some strange hidden might)

Dyes his fair rosy waves into a lily white.

^a The heart is the seat of heat and life ; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more safety.

^b The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength and ornament ; to women for milk.

^c When the infant grows large, the blood vessels are so oppressed, that partly through the readiness of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the blood turns back to the breast, and there by a wonderful faculty is turned into milk.

VII.

So where fair *Medway* down the *Kentish* dales,
 To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,
 Lading her banks into wide *Thamis* falls ;
 Th' extended main with foaming billows swelling,
 Stops there the sudden stream : her steady course
 Staggers a while, at length flows back with force ;
 And with much haste returns unto its parent source.

VIII.

These two fair ^dmounts are like two hemispheres,
 Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities ;
 Whose tops two little purple hillocks rears,
 Much like the poles in heaven's axletrees :
 And round about two circling altars gird
 In blushing red, the rest in white attir'd,
 Like *Thracian Hamus* looks, which *Phæbus* never fir'd.

IX.

That MIGHTY HAND, in these diflected wreaths,
 (Where moves our fun) his throne's fair picture gives ;
 The pattern breathless, but the picture breathes ;
 His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives :
 Nor scorns that LOFTY ONE, thus low to dwell :
 Here his best stars he sets, and glorious cell ;
 And fills with faintly spirits, so turns to heav'n from hell.

X.

About this region round in compass stands
 A guard, both for defence, and respiration,
 Of * sixty-four, parted in several bands ;
 Half to let out the smoky exhalation ;

* The breasts bearing such resemblance.

* In the Thorax, or breast, are sixty-five muscles for respiration, or breathing, which is either free or forced : the instruments of forced breathing are sixty-four, whereof thirty-two distend, and as many contract it.

The

The other half to draw in fresher winds :

Beside these two, a third of both their kinds,
That lets both out, and in ; which no enforcement binds.

XI.

This third the merry ^f *Diazome* we call,
A border-city these two coasts removing;
That like a beam with his cross-built wall,
Sep'rates the bounds of anger, and of loving;
Keeps from th' heart-city fuming kitchen fires,
And to his neighbour's gentle winds inspires;
Loose ^s when he draws in air, contract when he expires.

XII.

The ^h *Diazome* of sev'ral matters fram'd :
The first, moist, soft ; harder the next, and drier :
His fashion like the fish a *Raia* nam'd ;
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher ;
By eight streams water'd ; two from *Hepar* low,
And from th' heart-town as many higher go ;
But two twice told, down from the *Cephal* mountain flow.

XIII.

Here ⁱ sportful laughter dwells, here ever sitting,
Defies all lumpish griefs, and wrinkled care ;
And twenty merry-mates mirth causes fitting,
And smiles, which laughter's sons, yet infants are.
But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,
With self-same flames high *Cephal's* towers fry ;
Such is their feeling love, and loving sympathy.

^f The instrument of free breathing is the *Diazome* or *Diaphragma*, which we call the *Midriff*, as a wall, parting the heart and liver.

^s The *midriff* dilates itself when it draws in, and contracts itself when it puffs out the air.

^h The *midriff* consists of two circles, one skinny, the other fleshy ; it hath two tunics, as many veins and arteries, and four nerves.

ⁱ Here most men have placed the seat of laughter ; it hath much sympathy with the brain.

XIV.

46 THE PURPLE ISLAND.

XIV.

This coast stands girt with a ^{*} peculiar wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defending;
The ¹ chiefest city, and imperial,
Is fair *Kerdia*, far his bounds extending;
Which full to know, were knowledge infinite:
How then shou'd my rude pen this wonder write,
Which THOU, who only mad'st it, only know'st aright?

XV.

In middle of this middle regiment
Kerdia seated lies, the centre deem'd
Of this whole ISLE, and of this government:
If not the chiefest this, yet needful'st seem'd,
Therefore obtain'd an equal distant seat,
More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,
And with his yellow streams the fruitful ISLAND wet.

XVI.

Flank'd ^m with two diff'rent walls (for more defence);
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;
In whose soft waves, and circling profluence,
This city like an isle, might safely float:
In motion still (a motion fix'd, not roving)
Most like to heav'n, in his most constant moving;
Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active loving.

XVII.

Built of a substance like smooth porphyry;
His ⁿ matter hid, and, like itself, unknown:
Two rivers of his own; another by,
That from the *Hepar* rises, like a crown,

^{*} Within, the *Pleura*, or skin, which covers the ribs on the inside, compasses this middle region.

¹ The heart is placed in the midst of this province, and of the whole body.

^m The heart is immured, partly by a membrane going round about it, and a peculiar tunicle; partly with an humour, like whey or urine; as well to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

ⁿ The flesh of the heart is proper, and peculiar to itself; not like other muscles, of a figure pyramidical.

Infolds

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

47

Infolds the narrow part : for that GREAT ALL
This his works glory made pyramid'al,
Then crown'd with triple wreath, and cloth'd in scarlet pall.

XVIII.

The city's self in two ° partitions rest,
That on the right, this on the other side :
The P right (made tributary to the left)
Brings in his pension at his certain tide,
A pension of those liquors strangely wrought ;
Which first by *Hepar's* streams are hither brought,
And here distill'd with art, beyond or words, or thought.

XIX.

The ° grosser waves of these life-streams (which here
With much, yet much less labour is prepar'd)
A doubtful channel doth to * *Pneumon* bear :
But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd
As through ' a wall, with hidden passage slide ;
Where many secret gates (gates hardly spy'd)
With convoy safe, give passage to the other side.

XX.

At each side of the left, ° two streets stand by,
Of divers stuff, and divers working fram'd,
With hundred crooks, and deep wrought cavity :
Both like the ears in form, and so are nam'd,

* Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is severed into two partitions, the right and left ; of which, the left is more excellent and noble.

° The right receives into its hollowness, the blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

* This right side sends down to the lungs that part of the blood which is less laboured, and thicker ; but the thinner part, it sweats through a fleshy partition into the left side.

* i. e. The lungs

* This fleshy partition severs the right side from the left ; at first it seems thick, but if it be well viewed, we shall see it full of many pores or passages.

* Two skinny additions (from their likeness called the ears) receive, the one the thicker blood, that called the right ; the other, the left, takes in the air sent by the lungs.

In

48 THE PURPLE ISLAND.

In right-hand street, the tribute liquor sitteth;
The left, forc'd air into his concave getteth;
Which subtil wrought, and thin, for future workmen sitteth.

XXI.

The city's 'left side (by some hid direction)
Of this thin air, and of that right side's rent,
(Compound together) makes a strange confection;
And in one vessel both together meint^u,
Till 'still'd with equal, never quenched firing,
They in small streams (around the ISLE retiring)
Are sent to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

XXII.

In this^w heart-city, four main streams appear;
One from the *Hepar*, where the tribute landeth,
Largely pours out his purple river here;
At whose wide mouth, a band of *Tritons* standeth,
(Three *Tritons* stand) who with their three fork'd mace,
Drive on, and speed the river's flowing race;
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repass^x.

XXIII.

The^y second is that doubtful channel, lending
Some of this tribute to the *Pneumon* nigh;
Whose springs by careful guards are watch'd, that sending
From thence the waters, all regrefs deny.

* The left side of the heart takes in this air and blood; and concocting them both in his hollow bosom, sends them out by the great artery into the whole body.

^u i. e. Mingled.
^w In the heart are four great vessels, the first is the hollow vein, bringing in blood from the liver; at whose mouth stand four little folding doors, with three forks, giving passage, but no return to the blood.

^x What is said concerning the blood, both in the stanzas and notes in this canto, is agreeable to the old philosophy; this poem being written before Dr. Harvey made known his discovery.

^y The second vessel is called the artery vein, which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the blood here prepared for the lungs, for their nourishment: here also is the like three folding doors, made like half circles, giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

The

The ^athird unlike to this, from *Pneumon* flowing,
 And his due air—tribute here bestowing,
 Is kept by gates, and bars, which stop all backward going.

XXIV.

The ^alast full spring, out of this left side rises,
 Where three fair nymphs, like *Cynthia's* self appearing,
 Draw down the stream which all the ISLE suffices;
 But stops back ways, some ill revolt thence fearing.

This river still itself to less dividing,
 At length with thousand little brooks runs gliding,
 His fellow course along with *Hepar's* channels guiding.

XXV.

Within this city is the ^bpalace fram'd,
 Where life, and life's companion, heat, abideth;
 And there attendants, passions all untam'd:
 (Oft very hell, in this straight room resideth)
 And did not neighbouring hills, cold airs inspiring,
 Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,
 Heat, all (itself likewise) wou'd burn with quenchless firing.

XXVI.

Yet that GREAT LIGHT, by whom all heaven shines
 With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his lofty skies,
 And to this lowly seat himself confines.

Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:
 Cease earth, ah! cease, proud *Babel* earth, to swell:
 Heav'n blasts high tow'rs, stoops to a low roof'd cell;
 First heav'n must dwell in man, then man in heav'n shall dwell.

^a The third is called the veiny artery, rising from the left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

^a The fourth is the great artery: this hath also a flood-gate, made of three semi-circular membranes.

^b The heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole body, and the seat of the passions.

XXVII.

Close to *Kerdia*, ^c *Pneumon* takes his seat,

Built of a lighter frame and spongy mould:

Hence rise fresh airs, to fan *Kerdia*'s heat,

Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate cold:

Itself of larger size, distended wide,

In divers streets, and out-ways multipli'd;

Yet in one corporation all are jointly ty'd.

XXVIII.

Fitly 'tis cloth'd with ^d hangings thin and light,

Left too much weight might hinder motion:

His chiefeft use, to frame the voice aright;

(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)

And for that end a lengthen'd pipe ^e descends

(Which here itself, in many lesser spends)

Until, low at the foot of *Cephal*'s mount it ends.

XXIX.

This pipe was made for th' air's safe purveyance,

To fit each several voice with perfect sound;

Therefore of divers matter the conveyance

Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,

In hundred circles bended, hard and dry,

(For wat'ry softness is sound's enemy)

Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

^c The *Pneumon*, or lungs, is nearest the heart; whose flesh is light and spongy, and are very large. They are the instruments of breathing and speaking, divided into many parcels, yet all united into one body.

^d The lungs are covered with a light, and very thin tunicle, lest it might hinder their motion.

^e The wind-pipe, which is framed partly of cartilages, or gristly matter, because the voice is perfected with hard and smooth things (these cartilages are composed like a ring) and partly of skin, which tie the gristles together.

XXX.

XXX.

The second's drought and hardness somewhat less,
 But smooth, and pliable, with ease extending,
 Fills up the distant circle's emptiness;
 All in one body jointly comprehending:
 The¹ last most soft, which where the circle's scanted,
 Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted;
 Not hurting tender parts, which next to this are planted.

XXXI.

Upon the top doth stand the pipes safe^s cov'r,
 Made for the voice's better modulation:
 Above it fourteen careful warders hov'r,
 Which shut and open it on each occasion:
 The cov'r in four parts itself dividing,
 Of substance hard, fit for the voice's guiding;
 One still unmov'd (in *Thelu* double oft) residing.

XXXII.

Close^b by this pipe, runs that great channel down,
 Which from high *Cephal's* mount, twice every day
 Brings to *Koilia* due provision:
 Straight at whoseⁱ mouth a flood-gate stops the way,
 Made like an ivy leaf, broad, angle fashion;
 Of matter hard, fitting his operation,
 For swallowing, quick to fall, and rise for respiration.

¹ And because the rings of the gristles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoining, might not be galled or hurt.

^s The *Larynx*, or covering of the wind-pipe, is a gristly substance, parted into four gristles; of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.

^b Adjoining to it, is the *Oesophagus*, or meat-pipe, conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.

ⁱ At whose end is the *Epiglottis* or cover of the throat; the principal instrument of tuning, and changing the voice; and therefore gristly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow and rise when we breathe.

XXXIII.

But see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet air ;
And mix'd with dusky shades, in eastern sky,
Begins the night, and warns us home repair :
Bright *Vesper* now hath chang'd his name, and place,
And twinkles in the heav'ns with doubtful face :
Home then, my full fed lambs ; the night comes on apace.

CANTO

C A N T O V.

I.

BY this the old night's head (grown hoary grey)
Foretold that her approaching end was near;
And gladsome birth of the succeeding day,
Lent a new glory to our hemisphere:
The early swains salute the infant ray,
Then drove the ewes to feed, the lambs to play:
And *Thirfil* with night's death, revives his morning lay.

II.

The highest region in this little ISLE,
Is both the ISLAND's, and CREATOR's glory:
Ah! then, my lowly muse, and rugged style,
How durst thou pencil out this wondrous story?
Oh THOU! who mad'st this goodly regiment
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse, thy glory's instrument.

III.

So shall my flagging muse to heav'n aspire,
Where with thyself, thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pinions at that heav'nly fire;
But, ah! such height no earthly shepherd fits:
Then be content within this humble vale,
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale.
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

IV.

The third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Tho' least in compass, and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd like heav'n spherical,
Of largest figure, and of loveliest grace:

Tho'

Tho' shap'd at first, the ^a least of all the three ;
 Yet highest set in place, as in degree ;
 And over all the rest bore rule and sovereignty.

V.

So of three parts, fair *Europe* is the least,
 In which this earthly ball was first divided ;
 Yet stronger far, and nobler than the rest,
 Where victory, and learned arts resided ;
 And by the *Greek* and *Roman* monarchy
 Sway'd both the rest ; now press'd by slavery
 Of *Moscow*, and the haughty *Turkish* tyranny.

VI.

Here all the ^b senses dwell, and all the arts ;
 And learned muses by their silver spring :
 The ^c city sever'd in two divers parts,
 Within the walls, and suburbs neighbouring ;
 The suburbs girt but with the common fence,
 Founded with wondrous skill, and great expence ;
 And therefore beauty here, keeps her chief residence.

VII.

And sure for ornament, and buildings rare,
 Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,
 Not all the *ISLE* or world, with this can pair ;
 But in the *Thelu* is the fairest sight :
 These suburbs many call the *ISLAND's* face ;
 Whose charming beauty, and bewitching grace,
 Oft times the ^d prince himself inthralls in fetters base.

^a The head, of these three regions is the least, but noblest in frame and office, most like to heaven, being highest in this little world, as also, in figure, being round.

^b The brain is the seat of the mind and senses.

^c The head is divided into the city and suburbs ; the brain within the wall, and the face without.

^d The mind.

VIII.

VIII.

For as this ISLE is a short summary

Of all that in this * *All* is wide dispread;
So th' ISLAND's face is the ISLE's epitome,

Where e'en the prince's thoughts are often read:

For when that ALL had finish'd every kind,

And all his works wou'd in less volume bind,

Fair on the face he wrote the index of the mind.

IX.

Fair are the suburbs; yet to clearer sight,

The city's self's more fair and excellent:

A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,

Yields it defence, but greater ornament:

The divers colour'd trees and fresh array

Much grace the town, but most the *Thelu* gay:

Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

X.

Like to some stately work, whose quaint devices,

And glitt'ring turrets with much cunning dight,

The gazer's eye still more and more entices,

Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller sight;

Whose beauty much more wins his ravish'd heart,

That now he only thinks the outward part,

To be a worthy cov'ring of so fair an art.

XI.

Four sev'ral * walls, beside the common guard,

For more defence the city round embrace:

The first thick, soft; the second, dry and hard;

As when soft earth before hard stone we place:

* See stanza xlviii, line 3, canto 1.

* Beside the common tunics of the body, the brain is covered, first, with the bone of the skull; secondly, with the pericranium, or skin, covering the skull; and thirdly, with two inward skins.

The second all the city round encases,
 And, like a rock with thicker sides, embraces ;
 For here the prince, his court, and standing palace places.

XII.

The other ^f two, of matter thin and light ;
 And yet the first much harder than the other ;
 Both cherish all the city : therefore right,
 They call that hard, and this the tender mother.

The ^s first with divers crooks, and turnings wry,
 Makes this fair town in four divisions lie :
 But both join to resist th' invading enemy.

XIII.

Next these, the buildings yield themselves to fight ;
 The ^h outward soft, and pale, like ashes look ;
 The inward parts more hard, and curdy white :
 Their matter both, from th' ISLE's first matter took ;
 Nor cold, nor hot : heats, needful sleep infest,
 Cold numbs the workmen ; middle temper's best ;
 When kindly warmth speeds work, and cool gives timely rest.

XIV.

Within the ⁱ centre (as a market-place)
 Two caverns stand, made like the moon half spent ;
 Of special use, for in their hollow space
 All odours to their judge themselves present :
 Here first are born the spirits animal,
 Whose matter, almost immaterial,
 Resembles heavens matter quintessential.

^f These two are called the hard and tender mother.

^s The whole substance of the brain is divided into four parts by divers folds of the inward skin.

^h The outside of the brain is softer, and of an ashy colour ; the inward part white and harder.

ⁱ Almost in the middle of the brain, are two hollow places, like half moons, of much use for preparing the spirits, receiving odours, &c.

XV.

XV.

Hard by an ^k hundred nimble workmen stand,
 These noble spirits readily preparing;
 Lab'ring to make them thin, and fit to hand,
 With never ended work, and sleepless caring:
 Hereby two little hillocks jointly rise,
 Where sit two judges clad in seemly guise,
 That cite all odours here, as to their just affize.

XVI.

Next these a ^l wall, built all of sapphires, shining
 As fair, more precious; hence it takes its name;
 By which the ^m third cave lies, his sides combining
 To th' other two, and from them hath his frame;
 (A meeting of those former cavities)
 Vaulted by three fair arches safe it ⁿ lies,
 And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

XVII.

By this ^o third cave, the humid city drains
 Base noisome streams, the milky streets annoying;
 And through a wide mouth'd tunnel duly strains,
 Unto a ^p bibbing substance down conveying;

^k Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved together; by which the animal spirits are concocted, thinned, and fitted for service: and close by, are too little bunches, like teats, the instruments of smelling.

^l Next is that *Septum Lucidum*, or bright wall, severing these hollow caverns.

^m The third cavity is nothing else but a meeting of the two former:

ⁿ It lies under *Corpus Cameratum*, or the chamber substance, which with three arches, bears up the whole weight of the brain.

^o By the third cavity are two passages, and at the end of the first is the tunnel, under which is the rheum kernel, as a sponge sucking the rheums, and distilling them into the palate.

^p i. e. Often spitting.

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Which these foul dropping humours largely swills,
Till all his swelling sponge he greedy fills,
And then thro' other sinks, by little, soft distills.

XVIII.

Between ^a this and the fourth cave lies a vale,
(The fourth; the first in worth, in rank the last)
Where two round hills shut in this pleasant dale,
Through which the spirits thither safe are past;
Those here refin'd, their full perfection have,
And therefore close by this ^b fourth wondrous cave,
Rises that silver well, scat'ring his milky wave.

XIX.

Not that bright spring, where fair *Hermaphrodite*
Grew into one with wanton *Salmacis*;
Nor that where *Biblis* dropt, too fondly light,
Her tears and self, may dare compare with this;
Which ^c here beginning, down a lake descends,
Whose rocky channel these fair streams defends,
Till it the precious wave through all the ISLE extends.

XX.

Many fair ^d rivers take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milky well)
Which still in loving channels run together,
Each to his mate, a neighbour parallel:
Thus widely spread with friendly combination,
They cast about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

^a The other passage reaches to the fourth cavity, which yields a safe way for the spirits.

^b The fourth cavity is most noble, where all the spirits are perfected.

^c The pith, or marrow, springing in the brain, flows down through the back bone.

^d All the nerves imparting all sense and motion to the whole body, have their root, partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.

XXI.

This "silver lake, first from th' head-city springing,
 To that bright fount four little channels sends;
 Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,
 Straight all again to every place distends:
 Such is th' head-city, such the prince's hall;
 Such, and much more, which strangely liberal,
 Tho' sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

XXII.

Of other stuff the suburbs have their framing;
 May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:
 First * stands an arch, pale *Cynthia's* brightness shaming,
 The city's fore front, cast in silver bright:
 At whose proud base, are built two watching tow'rs,
 Whence hate and love skirmish with equal pow'rs,
 When smiling gladness shines, and sullen sorrow show'rs.

XXIII.

Here * sits retir'd the silent reverence;
 And when the prince incens'd with anger's fire,
 Thunders aloud, he darts his light'ning hence:
 Here dusky reddish clouds foretell his ire:
 Of nothing can this ISLE more boast aright:
 A twin-born sun, a double seeing light;
 With much delight they see; are seen with much delight.

XXIV.

That † *Thracian* shepherd call'd them nature's glass;
 Yet than a glass, in this much worthier being:
 Blind glasses represent some near set face,
 But this a living glass, both seen and seeing:

* The pith of the back bone, springing from the brain, whence, by four passages, it is conveyed into the back.

† The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes.

‡ The eyes are the index of the mind, discovering every affection.

§ Orpheus.

60 THE PURPLE ISLAND.

Like ^a heav'n in moving, like in heav'nly firing;
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame inspiring:
Yet, ah! too oft we find, they scorch with hot desiring.

XXV.

They mounted high, sit on a lofty hill;
(For they the prince's best intelligence!
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)

Here stands the palace of the noblest sense:

Here ^a *Visus* keeps, whose court, than crystal smother,
And clearer seems; he, tho' a younger brother,
Yet far more noble is, far fairer than the other.

XXVI.

Six ^b bands are set to stir the moving tow'r:

The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it high'r;

The next the humble band, that moves it low'r;

The bibbing third, draws it together nigh'r;

The fourth disdainful, oft away is moving:

The other two, helping the compass roving,
Are called the circling trains and wanton bands of loving.

XXVII.

Above, ^c two compass groves (love's bended bows)

Which fence the tow'rs from floods of higher place:

Before, a ^d wall, deluding rushing foes,

That shuts and opens in a moment's space:

The low part fix'd, the higher quick descending;

Upon whose tops, spear-men their pikes intending,

Watch there both night and day, the castle's port defending.

^a *Plato* affirmed, they were lighted up with heavenly fire, not burning, but shining.

^b *Visus*, or the sight, is the noblest of all the senses.

^c These are six muscles moving the eye, thus termed by anatomists.

^d Above are the eye-brows, keeping off the sweat.

^e The eye-lids serve to keep off dust and flies.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Three ^e divers lakes within these bulwarks lie,
 The noblest parts, and instruments of sight:
 The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,
 Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,
 Damping his rash, and forcible invasion;
 And with a clear and whitish inundation,
 Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick evasion.

XXIX.

In midst of both is plac'd the 'crystal pond;
 Whose living water thick, and brightly shining,
 Like sapphires, or the sparkling diamond,
 His inward beams with outward light combining,
 Alt'ring itself to every shape's aspect;
 The divers forms doth further still direct,
 Till by the nimble post they're brought to th'intellect.

XXX.

The ^s third, like molten glass, all clear and white,
 Both round embrace the noble crystalline.
 Six ^h inward walls fence in this tow'r of sight:
 The first, most thick, doth all the frame enshrine,
 And girts the castle with a close embrace,
 Save in the midst, is left a circle's space,
 Where light, and hundred shapes, flock out and in apace.

XXXI.

The ¹ second not so massy as the oth'r,
 Yet thicker than the rest, and tougher fram'd,
 Takes his beginning from that harder moth'r;
 The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd;

^e There are three humours in the eye: the first the watery, breaking the too
 vehement light, and stopping the spirits from going out too fast.

¹ The second is the crystalline, and is the chief instrument of sight.

^s The third, from its likeness, is called the glassy humour.

^p There are six tunicles belonging to the eye, the first called the conjunctive,
 solid, thick, compassing the whole eye, except the black window.

ⁱ The second is cornea or horny tunicle, transparent, & made of the hard mother.

Through

Through whose transparent sides much light is borne
 Into the tow'r, and much kept out by th' horn;
 Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddy morn.

XXXII.

The ¹ third of softer mould, is like a grape,
 Which all entwines in his encircling side:
 In midst, a window lets in every shape;
 Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:
 His inmost side more black than starless night;
 But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)
 As painted *Iris* looks, with various colours dight.

XXXIII.

The ¹ fourth of finest work, more slight and thin,
 Than, or *Arachne* (which in silken twine
 With *Pallas* strove) or *Pallas*' self cou'd spin:
 This round enwraps the fountain crySTALLINE.
 The ^m next is made out of that milky spring,
 That from the *Cephal* mount his waves doth fling,
 Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

XXXIV.

His substance as the head spring perfect white;
 Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:
 The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,
 And to his eyes are lively pourtrayed.
 The ⁿ last the glassy wall (that round encasing
 The moat of glass, is nam'd from that enlacing)
 The white and glassy wells, parts with his strict embracing.

¹ The third is *Uvea*, or grapy, made of the tender mother, thin and pervious
 by a small round window; is diversly coloured without, but exceeding black
 within.

¹ The fourth is thinner than any cobweb, compassing the crySTALLINE humour.

^m The fifth reticular, is a netty tunicle, framed of the substance of the brain.

ⁿ The sixth is called the glassy tunicle, clasping in the glassy humour.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Thus then is fram'd the noble *Visus*' bow'r;
 Th' outward light by the first wall's circle sending
 His beams and hundred forms into the tow'r,
 The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending,
 Is lighted by the brightest crySTALLINE,
 And fully view'd in that white net entwin'd*,
 From thence with th' utmost haste is posted to the mind.

XXXVI.

Like to a chamber, darken'd as with night,
 Saving the side, adverse to th' *Sc'optric Ball**,
 Which gives a narrow passage to the light,
 Is spread with some white tap'stry 'gainst the wall;
 An hundred shapes that thro' the air do stray,
 Rush boldly in, passing that narrow way;
 And divers figures there, in colours bright display.

XXXVII.

Two pair of rivers from the head spring flow,
 To these two tow'rs, the first in their mid-race
 (The spies conveying) twisted jointly go,
 Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.
 The oth'r pair, these walking tow'rs are moving;
 At first but one, then in two channels roving:
 And therefore both agree in standing or removing.

* See stanza xxxiv. of this canto, line 3.

† Herein is described the *Camera Obscura*, a well known machine in optics, which exhibit the pictures of external objects in their proper colours, by means of a convex glass, or *Scioptic Ball*, either in a darkened chamber, or portable box.

‡ The eye hath two nerves, the optic or seeing nerve, and the moving one; the optic separate in their root, in the midst of their progress meet, and strengthen one another.

§ The moving, rising from the same stem, are at length severed; therefore as one moves, so moves the other.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

*Auditus**, second of the *Pentarchy*;

Is next, not quite so noble as his brother ;
 Yet of more need, and more conveniency :
 His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other :
 On each side of the mount's a double cave ;
 Both which a goodly portal doth embrace,
 And winding entrance, like *Mæander's* erring wave.

XXXIX.

The "portal hard and dry, all hung around
 With filken, thin, carnation tapestry ;
 Whose open gate lets in each voice and sound,
 That thro' the shaken air is passing by :
 The entrance winding, lest some violence
 Might fright the judge with sudden influence,
 Or some unwelcome guest, might vex the busy sense.

XL.

This "cave's first part, fram'd with a steep ascent,
 (For in four parts 'tis fitly severed)
 Makes th' entrance hard, but easy the descent :
 Where stands a braced drum, whose founding head
 (Obliquely plac'd) struck by the circling air,
 Gives instant warning of each sound's repair,
 Which soon is thence convey'd unto the judgment chair.

XLI.

The *drum is made of substance hard and thin :
 Which if some falling moisture chance to wet,
 The loudest sound is hardly heard within :
 But if it once grow thick, with stubborn let,

* Hearing is the second sense, less noble than the sight, but more needful.

* The five senses.

* The outward ear is of a gristly matter, covered with the common tunicle ; it is framed of many crooks, lest the air should enter too forcibly.

* The inward ear consists of four passages, the first is steep, lest any thing should enter in.

* If the drum be wet with the falling of the rheum, we are hard of hearing ; if thick, irrecoverably deaf.

It bars all passage to the inner room ;
 No sounding voice unto his seat may come :
 The lazy sense still sleeps, unsummon'd with his drum.

XLII.

This ^v drum divides the first and second part,
 In which three hearing instruments reside ;
 Three instruments compact with wondrous art,
 With slender string knit to the drum's inside ;
 Their native temper being hard and dry,
 Fitting the sound with their firm quality,
 Continue still the same in age and infancy.

XLIII.

The first an ^z hammer call'd, whose out-grown sides
 Lie on the drum ; but with his swelling end
 Fix'd in the hollow stith, there fast abides :
 The stith's short foot, doth on the drum depend,
 His longer in the stirrup surely plac'd ;
 The stirrup's sharp side by the stith embrac'd ;
 But his broad base ty'd to a little window fast.

XLIV.

Two ^a little windows ever open lie,
 The sound unto the cave's third part conveying ;
 And slender pipe, whose narrow cavity,
 Doth purge the inborn air, that idle staying,
 Would else corrupt, and still supplies the spending :
 The cave's third part in twenty by-ways bending,
 Is call'd the labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascending.

^v The drum parteth the first and second passage. To it are joined three little bones, the instruments of hearing ; which never grow, or decrease, in childhood or age : they are all in the second passage.

^z The hammer, stith (or anvil) and stirrup, all take their names from their likeness ; and are all tied to the drum by a small string.

^a These are two small passages, admitting the sounds into the head, and cleansing the air.

XLV.

Such long ago was that deceiving frame,
 Which crafty *Dædal* with a cunning hand
 Built to enclose the *Cretan* prince's shame :
 Such was that *Woodstock* cave, where *Rosamond*,
 Fair *Rosamond*, fled jealous *Ellenore*;
 Whom late a poet taught to weep so fore,
 That woods and hardest rocks, her harder fate deplore.

XLVI.

The third part with his narrow rocky straits
 Perfects the sound, and gives more sharp accenting ;
 Then sends it to the ^b fourth ; where ready waits
 A nimble post, who ne'er his haste relenting,
 Makes to the judgment-seat with speedy flight ;
 There the just judge attending day and night,
 Receives the entering sounds, and dooms each voice aright.

XLVII.

As when a stone falls in the quiet waters,
 Prints in the troubled stream a circle round,
 Which soon another and another scatters,
 Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd :
 Just so the air when stricken forcibly,
 Begets a world of circles in the sky ;
 All which inflected move with sounding quality.

XLVIII.

These at *Auditus*' palace soon arriving,
 Enter the gate, and strike the warning drum ;
 To those, three instruments fit motion giving,
 Which every voice discern : then that third room
 Sharpens each sound, and quick conveys it thence ;
 Till by the flying post 'tis hurry'd hence,
 And in an instant brought unto the judging sense.

^b The last passage is called the *Cochlea* (snail, or periwinkle) where the nerves of hearing plainly appear.

XLIX.

This sense is made the master of request,
 Prefers petitions to the prince's ear;
 Admits what best he likes, shuts out the rest;
 And sometimes cannot, sometimes will not hear:
 Oftimes he lets in anger-stirring lies,
 Oft melts the prince with oily flatteries.
 Ill may he thrive, that loves his master's enemies!

L.

'Twixt *Visus*^c double court a tower stands,
 Plac'd in the suburbs centre; whose high top,
 And lofty raised ridge the rest commands:
 Low at his feet a double door stands ope,
 Admitting passage to the air's ascending;
 And divers odours to the city sending,
 Revives the heavy town, his lib'ral sweets distending,

LI.

This vaulted tow'r's half built of massy stone,
 The other half of stuff less hard and dry,
 Fit for distending, or compression:
 The outward wall may seem all prophery.
Olfactus^c dwells within this lofty fort;
 But in the city is his chief resort,
 Where 'twixt two little hills he keeps his judging court.

LII.

By two great caves are fix'd these ^d little hills,
 Most like the nipples of a virgin's breast;
 By which the air that th' hollow tower fills,
 Into the city passeth: with the rest
 The odours pressing in, are here all stay'd;
 Till by the sense impartially weigh'd,
 Unto the common judge they are with speed convey'd.

^c The sense of smelling.^d These are those two little paps or teats spoken of in the xvth stanza of this cant.

LIII.

At each side of that tow'r, stand two * fair plains,
 More fair than that in which rich *Theffaly*
 Was once frequented by the muse's trains :
 Here ever fits sweet-blushing modesty ;
 Here in two colours beauty shining bright,
 Dressing her white with red, and red with white,
 With pleasing thralldom chains, and binds loose wand'ring sight.

LIV.

Below a cave, roof'd with an heav'n-like plaster,
 And under strew'd with purple tapestry,
 Where *Gustus* ^f dwells, the ISLE's and prince's taster,
Koilia's steward, one of the *Pentarchy* ;
 Whom ^s *Tactus* (some affirm) got of his mother :
 For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

LV.

Tactus the last, but yet the eldest brother ;
 (Whose office meanest, yet of all the race
 The first and last, more needful than the other)
 Hath his abode in none, yet every place :
 Thro' all the ISLE extended is his dwelling ;
 He rules the streams that from the *Cephal* swelling,
 Run all along the ISLE, both sense and motion dealing.

LVI.

With *Gustus*, *Lingua* ^h dwells, his prattling wife,
 Endow'd with strange and adverse qualities :
 The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife ;
 Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies,
 Or best, or worst ; no mean : made all of fire,
 Which sometimes hell, and sometimes heav'n inspire,
 By whom truth's self oft speaks, oft that first murdering liar.

* The cheeks.

^f *Gustus*, or the taste, is in the palate.^s *Tactus*, the sense of feeling.^h The tongue.

LVII.

The idle sun stood still at her command,
 Breathing his fiery steeds in *Gibeon* :
 And pale-fac'd *Cynthia* at her word made stand,
 Resting her coach in vales of *Ajalon*.
 Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,
 And holds th' Almighty's hands with suppliant cries :
 Her voice tears open hell with horrid blasphemies.

LVIII.

Therefore that great Creator, well foreseeing
 To what a monster she wou'd soon be changing,
 (Tho' lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
 Curb'd her with iron¹ bit, and held from ranging ;
 And with strong bonds her looser steps enchaining,
 Bridling her course, too many words refraining,
 And doubled all his guards, bold liberty restraining.

LIX.

For close within he sets twice sixteen^k guarders,
 Whose harden'd temper cou'd not soon be mov'd :
 Without the gate he plac'd two other warders,
 To shut and ope the door, as it behov'd :
 But such strange force hath her enchanting art,
 That she hath made her keepers of her part,
 And they to all her slights all furtherance impart.

LX.

Thus (with their help) by her the sacred muses
 Refresh the prince, dull'd with much business ;
 By her the prince, unto his PRINCE oft uses,
 In heav'nly throne, from hell to find access.
 She heav'n to earth in music often brings,
 And earth to heav'n :—but oh, how sweet she sings,
 When in rich grace's key, she tunes poor nature's strings.

¹ The tongue is held with a ligament called the bridle.

^k It is guarded by the teeth and lips, both which help and sweeten the voice.

LXI.

Thus *Orpheus* won his lost *Euridice*;
 Whom some deaf snake, that cou'd no music hear,
 Or some blind newt¹, that cou'd no beauty see,
 Thinking to kifs, kill'd with his forked spear:
 He, when his plaints on earth were vainly spent,
 Down to *Avernus*' river boldly went,
 And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful blandishment.

LXII.

There what his mother, fair *Calliope*,
 From *Phabus*' harp and muses spring had brought him;
 What sharpest grief for his *Euridice*,
 And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught him,
 He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell
 Bent all the rig'rous pow'rs of stubborn hell:
 He first brought pity down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

LXIII.

Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,
 Nor car'd they now to pass the *Stygian* ford:
 All hell came running there (an hideous rout)
 And dropp'd a silent tear for ev'ry word:
 The aged ferryman shov'd out his boat;
 But that without his help did thither float,
 And having took him in, came dancing on the moat.

LXIV.

The hungry *Tantal* might have fill'd him now;
 And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:
 The fruit hung list'ning on the wond'ring bough,
 Forgetting hell's command; but he (ah, fool!)
 Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill:
Ixion's turning wheel at length stood still;
 But he was rapt as much with pow'rful music's skill.

¹ A sort of lizard.

LXV.

Tir'd *Sisyphus* sat on his resting stone,
 And hop'd at length his labour done for ever:
 The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,
 Glutted with music, scorn'd *Tityus*' liver.
 The furies flung their snaky whips away,
 And melt in tears, at his enchanting lay;
 No wailings now were heard; all hell kept holiday.

LXVI.

That treble dog, whose voice ne'er quiet fears
 All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell;
 Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,
 With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
 And softly whining pity'd much his wrongs;
 And now first silent at those dainty songs,
 Oft wish'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths and tongues.

LXVII.

At length return'd with his *Euridice*;
 But with this law, never to turn his eye,
 Till he was past the bounds of *Tartary*;
 (Alas! who gives love laws in misery?
 Love is love's law; love but to love is ty'd).
 Now when the dawn of the next day he spy'd,
 Ah, wretch!—*Euridice* he saw,—and lost,—and died.

LXVIII.

Just so, who strives from grave of hellish night,
 To bring his dead soul to the joyful sky;
 If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
 He turns again to hell his yielding eye,
 And longs to see what he had left; his fore
 Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier than before:
 His helps and hopes much less, his crime and judgment more.

LXIX.

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LXIX.

But why do I enlarge my tedious song,
And tire my flagging muse with weary flight?
Ah! much I fear, I hold you much too long.
The outward parts are plain to every sight:
But to describe the people of this ISLE,
And that great "prince, these reeds are all too vile.
Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty style.

LXX.

See, *Phlegon* drenched in the liquid main,
Allays his thirst, and cools his flaming car;
Vesper fair *Cynthia* ushers, and her train:
See, th' apish earth hath lighted many a star,
Sparkling in dewy globes:—all home invite:
Home then my flocks, home shepherds, home, 'tis night;
My song with day is done; my muse fets with the light.

■ The intellect.

C A N T O

CANTO VI:

I.

THE hours had now unbarr'd the gates of day,
 When fair *Aurora* leaves her frosty bed,
 Hasting with youthful *Cephalus* to play,
 Unveil'd her face and rosy beauties spread:
Tithonus' silver age was much despis'd.
 Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd,
 That old love's little worth, and new too highly priz'd?

II.

The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,
 (Whose shady head a beechy garland crown'd)
 View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:
 When *Thenot* rose, the rest all sitting round;
Thenot! was never fairer boy among
 The gentle lads, that to the muses throng
 By *Camus'* yellow streams, to learn their pipe and song.

III.

See, *Thirfil*, see the shepherd's expectation;
 Why then, ah! why fitt'st thou so silent there?
 We long to know that ISLAND's happy nation;
 Oh, do not leave thy ISLE unpeopled here.
 Tell us who brought, and whence these colonies;
 Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;
 What laws maintain their peace; what wars, and victories?

IV.

Thenot, my dear; that simple fisher-swain,
 Whose little boat in some small river strays;
 Yet fondly launches in the swelling main,
 Soon, yet too late, repents his foolish plays:

L

How

How dare I then my well-set bounds forsake,
 Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harsh sounds make;
 A narrow compass sure my early muse should take.

V.

Two shepherds most I love, and do adore,
 That ^a *Mantuan* swain, who chang'd his slender reed,
 To the shrill trumpet's voice, and war's loud roar,
 From *Corydon* to *Turnus*' daring deed;
 And next our home-bred ^b *Colin*, us inspiring;
 Their steps not following close, but far, admiring:
 To lackey one of these, is all my pride's aspiring.

VI.

Then you, my peers, whose quiet expectation
 Doth seem my backward tale again to invite;
 Now gently hear this PURPLE ISLAND's nation,
 A people never seen, yet still in sight;
 Our daily guests, and natives, yet unknown;
 Our servants born, but now commanders grown;
 Our friends, and enemies; aliens, yet still our own.

VII.

Not like those heroes, who in better times
 This happy ISLAND first inhabited
 In joy and peace;—when no rebellious crimes,
 That Godlike nation yet had dispeopled:
 Those claim'd their birth from that eternal light,
 Held th' ISLE, and rul'd it in their father's right;
 And in their faces shone their parent's image bright.

VIII.

For when this ISLE that main chose to forsake,
 In which at first it found a happy place,
 And deep was plung'd in that dead hellish lake;
 Back to their father fled this heav'nly race,

• Virgil.

• Spenser.

And left the ISLE forlorn and desolate;
 That now with fear, and wishes all too late,
 Sought in that blackest wave to hide his blacker fate.

IX.

How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,
 Climb to th' empyreal court, where these states reign,
 And there take view of what heav'n's self exceeds?
 Those stars so bright, their lights the sun distain:
 Whose beams divine, and beauties do excell
 What here on earth, in air, or heav'n do dwell:
 Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

X.

Soon as these faints the treach'rous ISLE forsook,
 Rush'd in a false, foul, fiend-like company,
 And every fort, and every castle took,
 All to this rabble yield the sov'reignty:
 The goodly temples which those heroes plac'd,
 By this foul rout were utterly defac'd,
 And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks raz'd.

XI.

So where the vilest badger most abides;
 Deep in the earth she frames her pretty cell,
 Which into halls and closets she divides:
 But when the crafty fox with loathsome smell
 Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast
 So hates her inmate and rank smelling guest,
 That far away she flies, and leaves her loathed nest.

XII.

But when those graces (at their father's throne)
 In heav'n's high court to justice had complain'd,
 How they were wrong'd, and forced from their own,
 And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;

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How th' earth much wax'd in ill, much wan'd in good;
How rampant vice; how blasted virtue's bud:
Begging such vicious weeds might sink in vengeful flood:

XIII.

Forth stepp'd the just ^c *Dicæa*, full of rage;
(The first born daughter of th' Almighty King)
Ah, sacred maid! thy kindled ire assuage;
Who dare abide thy dreadful thundering?
Soon as her voice, but father only, spake,
The faultless heav'ns, like leaves in autumn, shake;
And all that glorious throng, with fear begin to quake!

XIV.

Heard you not ^d late, with what loud trumpets sound,
Her breath awak'd her father's sleeping ire?
The heav'nly armies flamed, earth shook, heav'n frown'd,
And heav'n's dread king call'd for his forked fire!
Hark! how the pow'ful words strike thro' the ear;
The frighten'd sense shoots up the stairing hair,
And shakes the trembling soul with fright and shudd'ring fear.

XV.

So have I seen the earth, strong winds detaining
In prison close; they scorning to be under
Her dull subjection, and her pow'r disdaining,
With horrid strugglings tear their bonds asunder.
Mean while the wounded earth, that forc'd their slay,
With terror reels, the hills run far away;
The world affrighted, fears hell's broke upon the day.

^c According to heathen mythology, the daughter of *Jupiter*; the maiden goddess of justice and judgment.

^d See the poem called *Christ's Victory*, &c. part I.

XVI.

XVI.

But see, how 'twixt her sister and her fire,
Soft hearted mercy sweetly interposing,
Settles her panting breast against his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing:
Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
And heav'n's dread king doth straight recall his blows;
And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.

XVII.

So when the day, wrapp'd in a cloudy night,
Puts out the sun; anon the rattling hail
On earth pours down his shot with fell despite:
Which being spent, the sun puts off his vail,
And fair his flaming beauties now unsteeps;
The ploughman from his bushes gladly peeps;
And hidden traveller, out of his covert creeps.

XVIII.

Ah, fairest maid! best essence of thy father,
Equal unto thy never equall'd fire;
How in low verse shall thy poor shepherd gather,
What all the world can ne'er enough admire?
When thy sweet eyes sparkle in cheerful light,
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,
And heav'n's bright burning eye loses his wonted sight.

XIX.

Who then those sweetest strains can understand,
Which calm'd thy father, and our desp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble light'ning in his hand,
That unawares it dropt in melting tears?
Then thou dear 'swain, thy heav'nly load unfraught;
For she herself hath thee her speeches taught,
So near her heav'n they be, so far from human thought.

* The author of Christ's Victory, &c.

XX.

XX.

But let my lighter skiff return again
 Unto that little ISLE which late it left,
 Nor dare to enter on that boundless main,
 Or tell the nation from this ISLAND rest;
 But sing that civil strife and home diffension
 Twixt two strong factions with like fierce contention,
 Where peace they never know, nor peace do ev'n mention.

XXI.

For that foul rout, which from the *Stygian* brook,
 (Where first they dwelt in midst of death and night)
 By force the lost, and empty ISLAND took;
 Claim hence full conquest, and possession's right:
 But that fair band which mercy sent anew,
 The ashes of that first heroic crew^f,
 From their forefathers claim their right, and ISLAND's due.

XXII.

In their fair looks their parents grace appears,
 Yet their renowned fires were much more glorious;
 For what decays not with decaying years?
 All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,
 (In loss and conquest angry) fresh they fight:
 Nor can the other cease or day or night,
 While th' ISLE is doubly rent with endless war and fright.

XXIII.

As when the *British*, and the *Spanish* fleet,
 With bold resolves, and fearless expectation,
 On trembling seas with equal fury meet,
 The shore resounds with diverse acclamation;
 Till now at length *Spain's* fiery dons do shrink:
 Down with their ships, hope, life, and courage sink!
 Courage, life, hope, and ships, the gaping furges drink.

^f See the viith stanza of this canto.

XXIV.

XXIV.

But who, alas ! shall teach my ruder breast
The names and deeds of these heroic kings ;
Or downy muse, which now but left the nest,
Mount from her bush to heav'n with new born wings ?
Thou sacred maid ! which from fair *Palestine*,
Thro' all the world hast spread thy brightest shine,
With thy light flaming eyes kindle this breast of mine.

XXV.

Sacred *Thespis* ! which in *Sinai's* grove
First took'st thy being and immortal breath,
And vaunt'st thy offspring from the highest *Jove*,
Yet deign'st to dwell with mortals here beneath,
With vilest earth, and men more vile residing ;
Come, holy virgin, to my bosom gliding ;
With thy glad angel light my blind-fold footsteps guiding.

XXVI.

And thou, dread spirit ! which at first didst spread
On those dark waters thy all-opening light ;
Thou who of late (by thy great bounty led)
This nest of hellish fogs, and *Stygian* night,
With thy bright orient sun hast fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd ;
Which late, both day, and thee, and most itself eschew'd.

XXVII.

Oh then, dread spirit ! those sev'ral bands unfold ;
Both which thou sent'st, a needful supplement
To this lost ISLE, and which with courage bold,
Hourly assail thy rightful government ;
And with strong hand oppress and keep them under.
Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That heav'n and earth may both resound thy praise with
wonder.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

The ISLAND's prince, of frame celestial,
 Is rightly call'd th' all-seeing *Intellect*;
 So bright, such nothing is terrestrial;
 Whose sun-like face, and most divine aspect,
 No human sight can possibly descry:
 For when himself on's self reflects his eye,
 Dull, and amaz'd he stands at such bright majesty.

XXIX.

Observe the sun, whose ray and searching light,
 Here, there, and every where itself displays,
 No nook or corner flies his piercing sight;
 Yet on himself when he reflects his rays,
 Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring gleam;
 Down to the earth the flames all broken stream;
 Such is this famous prince, such his unpierced beam.

XXX.

His strangest body is not bodily,
 But matter without matter; never fill'd,
 Nor filling; tho' within his compass high,
 All heav'n and earth, and all in both are held;
 Yet thousand thousand heavens cou'd contain,
 And still as empty as at first remain:
 And when he takes in most, readiest to take again.

XXXI.

Tho' travelling all places, changing none:
 Bid him soar up to heav'n, and thence down throw,
 The centre search, and *Dis*' dark realm; he's gone,
 Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him go:
 And while his weary kingdom doth repose,
 All night he watches to preserve from foes:
 Nor e'er upon himself he any rest bestows.

XXXII.

XXXII.

In ev'ry quarter of this blessed ISLE
 Himself both present is, and president;
 Nor once retires (ah, happy realm the while,
 That by no officers lewd lavishment,
 With greedy lust and wrong, consumed art!)
 He all in all, and all in ev'ry part,
 Doth share to each his due, and equal dole impart.

XXXIII.

He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age;
 But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:
 And when his kingdom by intestine rage,
 Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;
 And batter'd sconce now flat and even lies;
 Sooner than thought to that GREAT JUDGE he flies,
 Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

XXXIV.

For he the judge's viceroy here is plac'd;
 Where if he lives, as knowing he may die;
 He never dies, but with fresh pleasures grac'd,
 Bathes his crown'd head in blest'd eternity;
 Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,
 And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
 With endless sweets rain down on that immortal crew.

XXXV.

There golden stars set in the crystal snow;
 There dainty joys, laugh at uneasy care;
 There day, no night, delight no end shall know;
 Sweets without surfeit; fulness without spare;
 And by its spending, grows in happiness:
 There GOD himself in glories lavishment
 Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

* i. e. Company.

M

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

But if he here neglects his master's law,
 And with those traitors 'gainst his LORD rebels,
 Down to the deep ten thousand fiends him draw;
 A deep, where night, and death, and horror dwells,
 And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears;
 Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears;
 And still increasing grief, and torments endless bears.

XXXVII.

Pray'rs there are idle, death is woo'd in vain;
 In midst of death, poor wretches long to die:
 Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain;
 Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh:
 The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies;
 The body frying roars, and roaring cries:
 There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

XXXVIII.

Hence while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
 Shut in a tow'r where thousand enemies
 Assault the fort; with wary care and pains
 He guards all entrance, and by divers spies
 Searcheth into his friend's designs, and foes:
 But, subjects most he fears, for well he knows,
 This tow'r's most like to fall, if treason 'mongst them rose.

XXXIX.

Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
 Disguis'd in worthless robes and poor attire,
 Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
 And get a sight of what we so admire:
 For when away from this sad place he flies,
 And in the skies abides, more bright than skies;
 Too glorious is his fight for our dim mortal eyes.

XL.

So curl'd-head *Thetis*, water's fearful queen,
 Unless in cauls of sand, yields not to fight;
 And planet's glorious king may best be seen,
 When some thin cloud dims his too piercing light,
 And veils his face (which, more his face discloses):
 For when his bright eye full our eye opposes,
 None gains his glorious fight, but his own fight he loses.

XLI.

Within the castle sit eight counsellors,
 That help him in this tent to govern well;
 Each in his room a sev'ral office bears:
 Three of his inmost private council deal
 In great affairs: five of less dignity
 Have outward courts, and do all actions try,
 But still refer the doom to courts more fit and high.

XLII.

Those five fair brethren which I sung of late,
 For their just number called the *Pentarchy*^b;
 The other three, three pillars of the state:
 Theⁱ first in midst of that high tow'r doth lie,
 (The chieftest mansion of this glorious king)
 The judge and arbiter of every thing,
 Which those five brethren's posts into his office bring.

XLIII.

Of middle years, and seemly personage,
 Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right;
 Fountain of judgment, therefore wondrous sage,
 Discreet, and wise, of quick and piercing sight:
 Not those sev'n sages might him parallel;
 Nor he whom *Pythian* maid did long since tell
 To be the wisest man, that then on earth did dwell.

^b The five senses.ⁱ The common sense.

XLIV.

As *Neptune's* cistern draws in tribute tides,
 (Yet never full) which every channel brings,
 And thirsty drinks, and drinking, thirsty bides ;
 For by some hidden way, back to the springs
 It sends the streams in wand'ring conduits spread,
 Which, with a circling duty still are led ;
 So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed.

XLV.

Ev'n so the first of these three counsellors,
 Gives to those five the pow'r of descrying ;
 Which back to him with mutual duty bears
 All informations, and the causes trying :
 For through straight ways the nimble post ascends
 Unto his hall ; there up his message sends,
 Which to the next well scann'd, he straightway recommends.

XLVI.

The next that in the castle's front is plac'd,
Phantastes^k call'd ; his years are fresh and green ;
 His visage old, his face too much defac'd
 With ashes pale ; his eyes deep sunk have been
 With often thoughts, and never slack'd intention :
 Yet he's the fount of speedy apprehension,
 Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

XLVII.

But in his private thoughts and busy brain
 A thousand forms and idle fancies flit ;
 The three-lhap'd *Sphinx* ; and direful *Harpy's* train ;
 Which in the world had never being yet ;
 Oft dreams of fire, and water ; loose delight ;
 And oft arrested by some ghastly spright,
 Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move for great affright.

^k The fancy.

XLVIII.

Phantastes from the first all shapes deriving,
 In new habiliments can quickly dight;
 Of all material and gross parts depriving,
 Fits them unto the noble prince's sight;
 Which soon as he hath view'd with searching eye,
 He straight commits them to his treasury,
 Which old *Eumnestes* keeps, father of memory.

XLIX.

Eumnestes old, who in his living screen
 (His mindful breast) the rolls and records bears
 Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath seen,
 And keeps lock'd up in faithful registers:
 Well he recalls *Nimrod's* first tyranny;
 And *Babel's* pride, daring the lofty sky;
 Well he recalls the earth's twice growing infancy.

L.

Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blind,
 But mind more fresh and strong; (ah, better fate!)
 And as his carcase, so his house declin'd;
 Yet were the walls of firm and able state:
 Only on him a nimble page attends,
 Who when for aught the aged grandfire sends
 With swift, yet backward steps, his ready aidance lends.

LI.

But let my song pass from these worthy sages
 Unto this ISLAND's highest ' fovereign;
 And those hard wars which all the year he wages:
 For these three late a gentle ^m shepherd swain
 Most sweetly sung, as he before had seen
 In *Alma's* house: his memory yet green
 Lives in his well tun'd songs; immortal all I ween.

¹ The understanding.^m Spenser.

LII.

LII.

Nor can I guess, whether his muse divine,
 Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace;
 Therefore *Eumnestes* in his lasting shrine
 Hath justly him enroll'd in second place;
 Next to our *Mantuan* poet doth he rest;
 There shall our * *Colin* live for ever blest,
 'Spite of those thousand spites, which living, him oppress'd.

LIII.

The prince his time in double office spends:
 For first those forms and fancies he admits,
 Which to his court busy *Phantastes* sends,
 And for the easier discerning fits:
 For shedding round about his sparkling light,
 He clears their dusky shades, and cloudy night,
 Producing like himself their shapes all shining bright.

LIV.

As when the sun restores the glitt'ring day,
 The world late cloth'd in night's black livery,
 Doth now a thousand colours fair display,
 And paints itself in choice variety;
 Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving:
 Just so this prince those shapes obscure perceiving,
 With his suffused light makes ready to conceiving.

LV.

This first, is call'd the active faculty,
 Which to an higher pow'r the object leaves:
 That takes it in itself, and cunningly
 Changing itself, the object soon perceives:
 For straight itself in self-same shape adorning,
 Becomes the same with quick and strange transforming;
 So is all things itself, to all itself conforming.

* Spenser.

LVI.

LVI.

Thus when the eye thro' *Visus'* jetty ports
 Lets in the wand'ring shapes, the crystal strange
 Quickly itself to ev'ry sort conforsts,
 So is whate'er it sees by wondrous change:
 Thrice happy then, when on that ° mirror bright
 He ever fastens his unmoved sight,
 So is what there he views; divine, full, glorious light.

LVII.

Soon as the prince, these forms hath clearly seen,
 Parting the false from true, the wrong from right;
 He straight presents them to his beauteous queen,
 Whose courts are lower, yet of equal might;
Voletta ♀ fair, who with him lives, and reigns;
 Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor GOD constrains:
 Oft good, oft ill, oft both, yet ever free remains.

LVIII.

Not that great ♀ sovereign of the *Fairy* land,
 Whom late our *Colin* hath eternized;
 (Tho' graces decking her with plenteous hand,
 Themselves of grace have all unfurnished;
 Tho' in her breast she virtue's temple bare,
 The fairest temple of a guest so fair):
 Not that great *Glorians'* self, with this might e'er compare.

LIX.

Her radiant beauty, dazzling mortal eye,
 Strikes blind the daring sense; her sparkling face
 Her husband's self now cannot well descry:
 With such strange brightness, such immortal grace,
 Hath that great parent in her cradle made,
 That *Cynthia's* silver cheek wou'd quickly fade,
 And light itself to her, wou'd seem a painted shade.

• 2 Corinthians, chap. iii. ver. 18.

♀ The Will.

♂ Queen Elizabeth.

LX.

But, ah! entic'd by her own worth and pride,
 She stain'd her beauty with most loathsome spot;
 Her LORD's fixt law, and spouse's light deny'd,
 So fill'd her spouse and self with leprous blot:
 And now all dark is their first morning ray.
 What verse might then their former light display,
 When yet their darkest night outshines the brightest day?

LXI.

On her a royal damsel still attends,
 And faithful counsellor, *Synterefs*:
 For tho' *Voletta* ever good intends,
 Yet by fair ills she oft deceived is,
 By ills so fairly dress'd with cunning flight,
 That virtue's self they well may seem to fight,
 But that bright virtue's self oft seems not half so bright.

LXII.

Therefore *Synterefs* of nimble flight,
 Oft helps her doubtful hand, and erring eye;
 Else might she ever stumbling in this night,
 Fall down as deep as deepest *Tartary*.
 Nay, thence a sad fair maid, *Repentance*, rears,
 And in her arms her fainting lady bears,
 Washing her num'rous stains with ever falling tears.

LXIII.

Thereto she adds a water sovereign,
 Of wondrous force, and skilful composition:
 For first she pricks the heart in tender vein;
 Then from those precious drops, and deep contrition,
 With free confession, and with bitter cries,
 Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,
 Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

* Conscience.

XI

LXIV.

LXIV.

These cordial drops, these spirit healing balms,
 Cure all her sinful bruises, clear her eyes;
 Unlock her ears; recover fainting qualms:
 And now grown fresh and strong, she makes her rise,
 And glads of unmask'd sin, she bright displays,
 Whereby she sees, loaths, mends her former ways;
 So soon repairs her light, doubling her new-born rays.

LXV.

But, ah! why do we (simple as I ween)
 With curious labour, dim, and veiled sight,
 Searching the nature of this king and queen,
 Groping in darkness for so clear a light?
 A light, which once could not be thought or told,
 But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,
 Press'd down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mould.

LXVI.

Rather lament we this their wretched fate,
 (Ah, wretched fate, and fatal wretchedness!)
 Unlike those former days, and first estate,
 When he espous'd with highest happiness,
 To fair *Voletta*, both their lights conspiring,
 He saw whate'er was fit for her requiring,
 And she to his clear sight, wou'd temper her desiring.

LXVII.

When both replenish'd with celestial light,
 All coming evils cou'd foresee and fly;
 When both with clearest eye, and perfect sight,
 Could every nature's difference descry:
 Whose pictures now they scarcely see with pain,
 Obscure and dark, like to those shadows vain,
 Which thin and empty glide along *Avernus'* plain.

LXVIII.

The flow'rs that frighten'd with sharp winter's dread
 Retire into their mother *Tellus*' womb,
 Yet in the spring in troops new mustered
 Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb :
 The early violet will fresh arise,
 Spreading his purple flow'rs unto the skies ;
 Boldly the little plant the winter's spite defies.

LXIX.

The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut, arrays ;
 The sun-flow'r unto cloth of gold aspires ;
 In hundred-colour'd silks the tulip plays ;
 Th' imperial flow'r, his neck with pearl attires ;
 The lily, high her silver program rears ;
 The pansy, her wrought velvet garment bears ;
 The rose, both scarlet and the provence, damask wears.

LXX.

How falls it then, that such an heav'nly light,
 As this great king's shou'd sink so wondrous low,
 That scarce he can suspect his former height ?
 Can one eclipse make dark his shining brow,
 And steal away his beauty blooming fair ?
 Only one blot, so great a light to mar,
 That never cou'd he hope his waning to repair ?

LXXI.

Ah ! never cou'd he hope once to repair
 So great a wane, shou'd not that new-born SUN,
 Adopt him both his brother and his heir ;
 Who through base life, and death, and hell, wou'd run,
 To feat him where he might securely dwell :
 That he may mount to heav'n, HE sunk to hell ;
 That he might live, HE died, that he might rise, HE fell !

LXXII.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

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LXXII.

A perfect virgin breeds and bears a son,
Th' immortal father of his mortal moth'r ;
Earth, heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, GOD, met in one:
His younger brother's child, his children's broth'r,
Eternity, who yet was born and died ;
His own creator, earth's scorn, heav'n's pride ;
Who Deity, took flesh, and man's flesh deified.

LXXIII.

Thou uncreated SUN, heav'n's glory bright !
Whom we with hearts, and knees low bent, adore ;
At rising, perfect, and now falling light ;
Ah, what reward, what thanks shall we restore !
Thou wretched wast, that we might happy be :
Thou all the good we hope, and all we see ;
That thee we know and love, comes from thy love and thee.

LXXIV.

Receive, what we can only back return,
(Yet that we may return, thou first must give)
A heart, which fain wou'd flame, which fain wou'd burn
In praise ; for thee, to thee, wou'd only live :
And thou (who satt'st in night to give us day)
Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay.

LXXV.

So we beholding with immortal eye,
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
In his first beauty and true majesty,
May shake from our dull souls these fetters base :
And mounting up to that bright crystal sphere,
Whence thou shak'st all the world with shudd'ring fear,
May not be held by earth, nor hold vile earth so dear.

LXXXVI.

Then shou'd thy shepherd (poorest shepherd) sing
 A thousand cantos in thy heav'nly praise,
 And rouse his flagging muse, and flutt'ring wing,
 To chant thy wonders in immortal lays;
 (Which once thou wrought'st, when *Nilus*' slimy shore,
 Or *Jordan*'s banks thy mighty hand adore)
 Thy judgments and thy mercies; but thy mercies more.

LXXXVII.

But see, the stealing night with softest pace,
 To fly the western sun, creeps up the east;
 Cold *Hesper* now unvails his evening face,
 And calls the winking stars from drowsy rest:
 Home then, my lambs; the falling drops eschew:
 To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new,
 And with the rising sun banquet on pearly dew.

CANTO

C A N T O VII.

I.

THE rising morn lifts up his orient head,
 And spangled heav'ns in golden robes invests;
Thirfil upstarting from his fearless bed,
 Where useless nights he safe and quiet rests,
 Unhous'd his bleating flock, and quickly thence
 Hast'ning to his expecting audience,
 Thus with sad verse began their griev'd minds t' incense.

II.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
 And here long seeks what here is never found!
 For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
 With many forfeits and conditions bound;
 Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
 Tho' now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
 Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

III.

Why shou'dst thou here look for perpetual good,
 At ev'ry loss 'gainst heav'n's face repining?
 Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
 With golden fanes, and silver turrets shining;
 There now the hare fearless of greyhound feeds,
 And loving pelican in safety breeds:
 There screeching satyrs fill the people's former stedes*.

IV.

Where is the *Affyrian* lion's golden hide,
 That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
 Where that great *Persian* bear, whose swelling pride
 The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?

* i. e. Places.

Or he which 'twixt a lion, and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd^a,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd.

V.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find :
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind :
But when this second life, and glory fades,
And sinks at length in times obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

VI.

That monstrous beast, which nurs'd in *Tiber's* fen,
Did all the world in hideous shape affray ;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay :
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands ;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

VII.

And that black^b vulture, which with deathful wing
O'er shadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the muses from their native spring,
Already floops, and flags with weary flight :
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims, chance, change, and death;
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

VIII.

Nor might this prince escape, tho' he as far
All these excells in worth and heav'nly grace,
As brightest *Phæbus* does the dimmest star :
The deepest falls are from the highest place.

^a i. e. went.^b The Turk.

There lies he now, bruis'd with so sore a fall,
 To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,
 Whom thousand foes besiege, fenc'd with frail yielding wall.

IX.

Tell me, oh, tell me then, thou holy muse for bard won o'er
 Sacred *Thespio*! what the cause may be
 Of such despite; so many enemies use
 To persecute unpitied misery?
 Or if these canker'd foes, as most men say,
 So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;
 What makes it hold so long, and threaten'd ruin stay?

X.

When that GREAT LORD his standing court wou'd build,
 The outward walls with gems and glorious lights,
 But inward rooms with nobler courtiers fill'd;
 Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed sprights:
 But some his royal service (fools!) disdain;
 So down were hurl'd:—(oft bliss is double pain)
 In heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in hell they reign.

XI.

There turn'd to serpents, swol'n with pride and hate;
 Their prince a dragon fell, who burst with spite,
 To see this king's and queen's yet happy state,
 Tempts them to lust, and pride; prevails by flight:
 To make them wise, and gods, he undertakes.
 Thus while the snake they hear, they turn to snakes;
 To make them gods he boasts, but beasts, and devils makes.

XII.

But that great ^c lion, who in *Judah's* plains
 The awful beasts holds down in due subjection;
 The dragon's craft, and base-got spoil disdains,
 And folds this captive prince in his protection;

^c Revelations v. 5.

Breaks ope the jail, and brings the pris'ners thence :
 Yet plac'd them in this castle's weak defence,
 Where they might trust and seek an higher providence.

XIII.

So now spread round about this little hold,
 With armies infinite, encamped lie
 Th' enraged dragon, and his serpents bold;
 And knowing well his time grows short and nigh,
 He swells with venom'd gore^d, and pois'nous heat;
 His tail unfolded, heav'n itself doth beat,
 And sweeps the mighty stars from their transcendent seat.

XIV.

With him goes * *Caro*, cursed dam of sin,
 Foul, filthy dam, of foulest progeny;
 Yet seems (skin deep) most fair by witching gin
 To weaker sight; but to a purged eye
 Looks like (nay, worse than) hell's infernal hags:
 Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bags:
 And *Iris*' ulcer'd skin is patch'd with leprous rags.

XV.

Therefore her loathsome shape's in steel array'd;
 All rust within, the outside polish'd bright:
 And on her shield a *Mermaid* fung and play'd,
 Whose human beauties lure the wand'ring sight;
 But slimy scales hid in their waters lie:
 She chants, she smiles, so draws the ear, the eye,
 And whom she wins, she kills:—the word, *hear, gaze, and die.*

XVI.

After her march'd a fruitful serpent fry,
 Whom she of divers lechers divers bore;
 Marshal'd in sev'ral ranks their colours fly:
 Four^f to *Anagnus*, four this painted whore

^d Revelations, xii. 12. * The flesh. ^f The fruits of the flesh,
 see Gal. v. 19, 20, 21, and are here ranked into four companies; 1st, uncleanness;
 2d, irreligion; 3d, unrighteousness; 4th, intemperance.

To loathsome *Afchie* brought forth to light;
 Twice four got *Adicus*, a hateful wight:
 But swol'n *Acrates* two, born in one bed and night.

XVII.

Machus^a the first, of shameless bold aspect;
 Yet with him doubt and fear still trembling go:
 Oft look'd he back, as if he did suspect
 Th' approach of some unwish'd, unwelcome foe:
 Behind, fell jealousy his steps observ'd,
 And sure revenge with dart that never swerv'd:
 Ten thousand griefs and plagues he felt, but more deserv'd.

XVIII.

His armour black as hell, or starless night,
 And in his shield he lively portray'd bare
Mars fast embrac'd in arms of *Venus*' light,
 And ty'd as fast in *Vulcan*'s subtil snare:
 She feign'd to blush for shame, now all too late;
 But his red colour seem'd to sparkle hate:
 Sweet are stol'n waters, round about his shield he set.

XIX.

Porneius^b next him pac'd, a meagre wight;
 Whose leaden eyes sunk deep in swimming head,
 And joyless look, like some pale ashy spright;
 Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:
 And with him wastefulness, that all expended,
 And want, that still in theft, and prison ended,
 A hundred foul diseases closely him attended.

XX.

His shining helm might seem a sparkling flame,
 Yet sooth, nought was it but a foolish fire:
 And all his arms were of that burning frame,
 That flesh and bones were gnaw'n with hot desire,

^a Adultery, Gal. v. 19.^b Fornication.

About his wrist his blazing shield did fry
 With sweltring hearts in flames of luxury:
 His word, *In fire I live, in fire I burn, and die.*

XXI.

With him ¹ *Acatharus*, in *Tuscan* dress;
 A thing that neither man will own, nor beast:
 Upon a boy he lean'd in wantonness,
 On whose fair limbs his eyes still greedy feast;
 He sports, he toys, kisses his shining face:
 Behind, reproach and thousand devils pace:
 Before, bold impudence, that cannot change her grace.

XXII.

His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boys,
 Which all about their wanton sportings play'd;
 Wou'd oft himself help out their childish toys,
 And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:
 In his broad shield the bird her wings dispread,
 Which trusting wafts the *Trojan Ganymede*:
 And round was written, *Like with his like is coupled.*

XXIII.

Afelges^k follow'd next, the boldest boy
 That ever play'd in *Venus'* wanton court:
 He little cares who notes his lavish joy;
 Broad were his jests, wild his uncivil sport;
 His fashion too, too fond, and loosely light:
 A long love-lock on his left shoulder's plight;
 Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's spright.

XXIV.

Lust in strange nests this cuckoo egg conceiv'd;
 Which nurs'd with surfeits, dress'd with fond disguise,
 In fancy's school his breeding first receiv'd:
 So this brave spark to wilder flame doth rise;

¹ Sodomy, Rom. i. 26, 27. Lev. xx. 13, 15, 16.

^k Lasciviousness.

And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he fires,
 There blows up pride, vain mirth, and loose desires ;
 And heav'nly souls (oh griefs !) with hellish flame inspires.

XXV.

There oft to rivals lends the gentle dor¹,
 Oft takes (his mistress by) the bitter bob^m :
 There learns her each day's change of Gulesⁿ, Verd^o, Or^p,
 (His sampler) ; if she pouts, her slave must sob :
 Her face his sphere, her hair his circling sky ;
 Her love his heav'n, her sight eternity :
 Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll die.

XXVI.

Upon his arm a tinsel scarf he wore,
 Forsooth his madam's favour, spangled fair :
 Light as himself, a fan his helmet bore,
 With ribbons dress'd, begg'd from his mistress' hair :
 On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd ;
 His folded eyes, willing and wilful blind :
 The word was wrought with gold, *Such is a lover's mind.*

XXVII.

These four, ^q *Anagnus* and foul ^r *Caro's* sons,
 Who led a diff'rent and disorder'd rout ;
 Fancy, a lad that all in feathers ^s wons,
 And loose desire, and danger link'd with doubt ;
 And thousand wanton thoughts still budding new :
 But lazy ease usher'd the idle crew ;
 And lame disease shuts up their troops with torments due.

¹ A term used for leave to sleep awhile.

^m A taunt, or scoff.

ⁿ Red. ^o Green. ^p Gold colour.

^q Stanza xvi. of this canto.

^r Ditto xiv. ditto.

^s i. e. Dwells.

XXVIII.

Next band, by *Asebie* was boldly led,

And his four sons begot in *Stygian* night;
First ^u *Idololatros*, whose monstrous head

Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing stars; the rest all different:

For to his shape some part each creature lent;
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

XXIX.

Upon his breast a bloody cross he scor'd,

Which oft he worshipp'd; but the *Christ* that died
Thereon, he seldom but in paint ador'd;

Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends, deified:

He makes mere pageants of the saving w rock,

Puppet-like trimming his almighty flock:

Which then, his god, or he, which is the verier block?

XXX.

Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,

Wherewith he once had all the world oppress'd;

And yet the greater part (his vassals being)

Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest:

A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore,

Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore,

Idols are laymen's books, he round had wrote in ore.

XXXI.

Next ^x *Pharmakeus*, of ghastly, wild aspect;

Whom hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:

Full eas'ly wou'd he know each past effect,

And things to come with double guess foresay,

^u Stanza xvi. of this canto.

^u Idolatry, either by worshipping the true God by false worship; as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to that which is not God, against the first.

^u Psalm lxii. 7.

^x Witchcraft, and magical arts.

By slain beasts entrails, and fowls marked flight :
 Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
 And charm'd the sun and moon, and chang'd the day and
 night.

XXXII.

By birth and hand, he juggling fortunes tells ;
 Oft brings from shades his grandsires damned ghost ;
 Oft stolen goods reveals by wicked spells :
 His frightful shield with thousand fiends emboss,
 Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play :
 In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
 And prints sad characters, which none may write, or say.

XXXIII.

The third *Hereticus*, a wrangling carl,
 Who in the way to heav'n wou'd wilful err ;
 And oft convicted, still wou'd snatch and snarl :
 His *Crambe* oft repeats ;—all tongue, no ear ;
 Him obstinacy, pride, and scorn attended :
 On's shield, with truth error disguis'd contended :
 His motto this, *Rather thus err, than be amended.*

XXXIV.

Last march'd *Hypocrisy*, false form of grace,
 That vaunts the shew of all, has truth of none :
 A rotten heart he masks with painted face ;
 Among the beasts, a mule, 'mongst bees, a drone,
 'Mongst stars, a meteor :—all the world neglects him ;
 Nor good, nor bad, nor heav'n, nor earth affects him :
 The earth for glaring forms, for bare forms heav'n rejects him.

XXXV.

His wanton heart he vails with dewy eyes,
 So oft the world, and oft himself deceives :
 His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies :
 Shining (as snails) his path, but slime he leaves :

Heresy.

i. e. Churl.

He

He *Babel's* glory is, but *Sion's* taint;
 Religion's blot, but irreligion's paint;
 A faint abroad, at home a fiend; and worst, a faint.

XXXVI.

So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;
 Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound the smell;
 So *Sodom* apples please the ravish'd eye,
 But sulphur taste proclaim their root's in hell:
 So airy flames to heav'nly seem ally'd,
 But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,
 And into fulsome mire melt all their gilded pride.

XXXVII.

So rushes green, smooth, full, are spongy light;
 So stones in peaches wear a velvet gown;
 So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night;
 So quagmires false, their mire with em'rals crown:
 Such is *Hypocrisy's* deceitful frame;
 A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame;
 Smooth rush, peach stone, sere wood, false mire, a voice, a
 name.

XXXVIII.

Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymy;
 Glitt'ring with glossy stones, and fine deceit:
 His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,
 And pierc'd the heart with pride and self-conceit:
 On's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd his bed
 With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome head,
 With gold, and gems:—his word, *More gorgeous when dead.*

XXXIX.

Before them went their nurse, bold *Ignorance*;
 A loathsome monster, light, fight, 'mendment scorning;
 Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance
 To such a rout; her silver head adorning,

(Her

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(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd :
 For by false tallies many years she gain'd.
Wife youth is honour'd age ;—Age is with dotage stain'd.

XL.

Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd ;
 (Lame guide to bliss!) her daughters on each side
 Much pain'd themselves, her stumbling feet to wield ;
 Both like their mother, dull, and beetle-ey'd :
 The first was *Error* false, who multiplies
 Her num'rous race in endless progenies :
 For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

XLI.

Her brood o'erspread her round with sin and blood,
 With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite ;
 Whilst she to see herself, amazed stood,
 So oft impregnated and big with spite :
 Her offspring fly about, and spread their seed ;
 Straight hate, pride, schism, wars, seditions breed,
 Spring up, grow ripe.—*How soon prospers the vicious weed.*

XLII.

The other owl-ey'd *Superstition*,
 Deform'd, distorted, blind in midst of light ;
 Yet styles herself holy devotion,
 And so is call'd, and seems in gloomy night :
 Fearful as is the hare, or hunted hind ;
 Her face, and breast, she oft with crosses sign'd :
 No custom wou'd she break, or change her settled mind.

XLIII.

If hare, or snake, she meets, herself she crosses,
 And stops her mazy steps ; sad fears annoy her
 When falling salt points out some fatal losses,
 Till *Bacchus'* grapes with holy sprinkle joy her :

Her

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Her only^a bible is an *Erra Pater*^b;
 Her antidotes are hallow'd wax and water:
 When dark, all lights are sprights, all noises, chains that clatter.

XLIV.

With them did march (in deep security)
*Profane*ness, to be fear'd, for never fearing;
 And by him, new oaths coining *Blasphemy*,
 Who names not God, but in a curse, or swearing:
 And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
 Dispos'd in several ward, and certain station:
 Under, hell widely yawn'd; and over, flew damnation.

XLV.

Next *Adicus* his sons;—first *Echros* fly,
 Whose prick'd-up ears kept open house for lies;
 And leering eyes still watch, and wait to spy
 When to return still-living injuries:
 Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,
 And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place,
 Then pours down show'rs of rage, and streams of rancour base.

XLVI.

So when a fable cloud, with swelling sail
 Comes swimming thro' calm skies, the silent air
 (While fierce winds sleep in *Æol's* rocky jail)
 With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair;
 But soon it lows: straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
 Scatt'ring cold shot; light hides his golden head,
 And with untimely winter, earth is overspread.

XLVII.

His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies
 Breed thund'ring tempests: on his lofty crest
 Asleep the spotted panther crouching lies,
 And by sweet scents, and skin so quaintly drest,

^a Alluding to the erroneous *Popish* translation.

^b In contradistinction to *Vera Mater*, i. e. the true mother; the church of Rome so calling herself.

^c See stanza xvi. of this canto.

^d Hatred.

Draws on its prey : upon his shield he bears
 The dreadful monster which great *Nilus* fears ;
 (The weeping crocodile) his word, *I kill with tears.*

XLVIII.

With him *Dissemblance* went, his paramour,
 Whose painted face cou'd hardly be detected ;
 Arms of offence he scarce if ever wore,
 Lest thence his close designs might be suspected ;
 But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,
 He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
 And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own master's heart.

XLIX.

Two *Jewish* captains, close themselves enlacing
 In love's sweet bands, his target broad display'd ;
 One th' others beard with his left hand embracing,
 But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,
 Which unawares thro' th' other's ribs he smites ;
 There lay the wretch without all burial rites ;
 His word, *He deepest wounds, who in his fawning bites.*

L.

*Eris** the next, of sex unfit for war :
 Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
 Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jar ;
 Ne'er wou'd she weigh report with right, or wrong :
 What once she held, that wou'd she ever hold,
 And *Non-obstantes* force with courage bold :
 The last word must she have, or never cease to scold.

LI.

She is the trumpet to this angry train,
 And whets their fury with loud-railing spite :
 But when no open foes did more remain,
 Against themselves, themselves she wou'd incite.

* Variance.

Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
 Cou'd never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl:
 Her shield no word cou'd find, her tongue engross'd them all.

LII.

Zelos^f the third, whose spiteful emulation
 Could not endure a fellow in excelling;
 Yet slow in any virtue's imitation,
 At easy rate that fair possession selling:
 Still as he went he hidden sparkles blew,
 Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
 And like fierce light'ning all in quick destruction drew.

LIII.

Upon his shield lay that *Tirinthian* swain,
 Swelt'ring in fiery gore, and pois'nous flame,
 His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain:
 Well cou'd he bulls, snakes, hell, all monsters tame;
 Well cou'd he heav'n support, and prop alone;
 But by fell jealousy soon overthrown,
 Without a foe, or sword: his motto, *First, or none.*

LIV.

Thumos^s the fourth, a dire, revengeful swain;
 Whose soul was made of flames, his flesh of fire;
 Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign!
 Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;
 But when dead paleness in his cheeks took seizure,
 And all the blood his boiling heart did treasure,
 Then in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor measure.

LV.

Like to the waters wall'd with brazen wreath,
 Besieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe;
 The angry seas do foam and hotly breathe,
 Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow;

^f Emulation.^s Wrath.

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Nor can be held; but forc'd with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'erflow:
So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry brow.

LVI.

For in his face, red heat, and ashy cold;
Strove which shou'd paint revenge in proper colours;
That, like consuming fires, most dreadful roll'd;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours:
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:
His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain defac'd.

LVII.

Next him *Erithius*^b, most unquiet swain,
That all in law, and fond contention spent;
Not one was found in all this num'rous train,
With whom in any thing he wou'd consent:
His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or right;
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spight:
Patience, he, th' asses load, and coward's virtue, hight^c.

LVIII.

His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,
Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand:
Thus wou'd he right from right by force with-hold,
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights withstand;
Ah, pow'rful weapon! how dost thou bewitch
Great, but base minds, and spott'ft with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

LIX.

Upon his belt (fasten'd with leather laces)
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper-swords,
Fill'd up with writs, subpoenas, trials, cases;
This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words:

^b Strife.

^c i. e. Named.

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Fit his device, and well his shield became,
A salamander drawn in lively frame :
His word was this, *I live, I breathe, I feed in flame.*

LX.

Next after him march'd proud *Dichostasis**,
That only us'd in factious courts to dwell ;
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is ;
And taught them (fools !) to change their humble cell,
And lowly weeds, for courts, and purple gay,
To sit aloft, and states, and princes sway :
A hook, no sceptre needs our erring sheep to stay.

LXI.

A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore ;
For heav'n, earth, hell, he claims with lofty pride :
Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,
Heav'n's doors and hell's to shut, or open wide :
But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite :
For hell he cannot shut, but opens light ;
Nor heav'n can ope, but shut ; nor buys, but sells by flight.

LXII.

Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing :
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad ;
As different in rule, as nature being :
The body to them both, and neither prone,
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown ;
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

LXIII.

As when the pow'ful wind, and adverse tide,
Strive which should most command the subject main ;
The scornful waves swelling with angry pride
Yielding to neither, all their force disdain :

* Sedition, or schism.

Mean time the shaken vessel doubtful plays,
 And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stays,
 And wou'd obey them both, yet neither she obeys.

LXIV.

A subtle craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,
 Forg'd in the shop of wrangling *Sophistry*;
 And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,
 Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy:
 Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain.
 His sev'n-fold shield a field of *Gules*¹ did stain;
 In which two swords he bore: his word, *Divide, and reign.*

LXV.

Envy the next, *Envy* with squinted eyes;
 Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health:
 Best lives he then, when any better dies;
 Is never poor, but in another's wealth:
 On best man's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
 Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will:
 Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

LXVI.

Each eye through divers opticks flily leers,
 Which both his sight, and th' optick's self bely;
 So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
 And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
 When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;
 Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
 So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

LXVII.

Upon his shield that cruel herd-groom play'd,
 Fit instrument of *Juno's* jealous spite;
 His hundred eyes stood fixed on the maid;
 He pip'd, she figh'd: his word, *Her day, my night.*

¹ In *Heraldry*, signifying red.

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His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he far off like swiftest lightning flung :
That all the world with noise, and foul blaspheming rung.

LXVIII.

Last of this rout the savage *Phonos*^m went,
Whom his dire mother nurs'd with human blood ;
And when more age and strength more fierceness lent,
She taught him in a dark and desert wood
With force and guile poor passengers to slay,
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirst allay.

LXIX.

So when the never settled *Scythian*
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain ;
When now the sun hath half his journey ran,
His horse he bleeds, and pricks a trembling vein ;
So from the wound quenches his thirsty heat :
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his meat,
Monster ! the rav'nous bear, his kind will never eat.

LXX.

Ten thousand furies on his steps awaited,
Some fear'd his harden'd soul with *Stygian* brand :
Some with black terrors his faint conscience baited,
That wide he star'd, and stiffen'd hair did stand ;
The first born man still in his mind he bore,
Foully array'd in guiltless brother's gore,
Which for revenge to heav'n, from earth did loudly roar.

LXXI.

His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare ;
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of hell :
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To save his flesh, oft he himself wou'd quell)

^m Murder.

For

For shew, not use: on it a viper swilling
 The dam's spilt gore; his empty bowels filling
 With flesh that gave him life: his word, *I live by killing.*

LXXII.

And last, his brutish sons, *Acrates*^a sent;
 Whom *Caro* bore both in one birth and bed,
Methos^p the first, whose feet so staggyring went,
 They well agreed with his unsettled head:
 His soul quite plunged was in grapy blood;
 In all his parts the idle dropsey flood;
 Which, tho' already drown'd, still thirsted for the flood.

LXXIII.

This thing, nor man, nor beast, tuns all his wealth
 In drink; his days, his years, in liquor drenching;
 So quaffs he sickness down, by quaffing health;
 Firing his cheeks with quenching; strangely quenching
 His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:
 But, nimble lips, known things and hid unfold;
 Belchings, and frequent sips, mark the long tale he told.

LXXIV.

His armour green might seem a fruitful vine;
 The clusters prison'd in the close set leaves,
 Yet oft between the ripen'd grape did shine;
 And creeping forth, his jailor's spite deceives:
 Among the boughs did swilling *Bacchus* ride,
 Whom wild grown *Menad*'s bore, and ev'ry stride,
Bacche, Iō Bacche, loud with madding voice they cry'd.

LXXV.

On's shield, the goatish satyrs dance around,
 (Their heads much lighter than their nimble heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd,
 Clos'd with the ring, in midst (tho' sitting) reels:

^a See stanza xvi. of this canto.^p See stanza xiv. of ditto.^p Drunkenness.

Under his arm a bag-pipe swol'n he held,
 (Yet wine-swol'n cheeks the windy bag outswell'd)
 So loudly pipes : his word, *But full, no mirth I yield.*

LXXVI.

Infatiate sink, how with so general stain
 Thy loathed puddles, court, town, fields entice !
 Ah me ! the shepherd's felves thee entertain,
 And to thy *Curtian* gulph do sacrifice :
 All drink to spew, and spew again to drink.
 Sour swill-tub sin, of all the rest the sink,
 How can'st thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred stink ?

LXXVII.

The eye thou wrong'st with vomit's reeking streams,
 The ear with belchings ; touch thou drown'st in wine ;
 The taste thou surfeit'st ; smell with spewing steams
 Thou woundest : foh ! thou loathsome putrid swine ;
 Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou flakest ;
 * The mind and will thou (wits bane) captive takest ;
 Senseless thy hoggish filth, and sense thou senseless makest.

LXXVIII.

Thy fellow sins, and all the other vices
 With seeming good, are fairly cloth'd to fight ;
 Their feigned sweets, the blinded will entices
 Coz'ning the dazzled sense with borrow'd light :
 Thee, neither true, nor yet false good commends ;
 Profit, nor pleasure on thy steps attends ;
 Folly begins thy sin, which still with madness ends.

LXXIX.

With *Methos*, *Gluttony*, his guttling broth'r,
 Twin parallels, drawn from the self-same line ;
 So foully like was either to the oth'r,
 And both most like a monstrous belly'd swine :

Under

His

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His life was either a continued feast,
Whose surfeits upon surfeits him oppress'd;
Or heavy sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

LXXX.

Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with heavy chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands;
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careless reigns,
Or rather serves strong appetite's commands:
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-down store,
And porter wanting room had shut the door,
The glutton sigh'd, that he could gormandize no more,

LXXXI.

His crane-like neck was all unlac'd; his breast,
And gouty limbs, like to a circle, round,
As broad as long; and for his spear in rest
Oft with his staff he beats the yielding ground;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Else cou'd they ill so huge a burthen steer:
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour cou'd he wear.

LXXXII.

Only a target light, upon his arm
He careless bore, on which old *Gryll* was drawn,
Transform'd into a swine with cunning charm;
In head, and belly, foul itself a brawn:
Half drown'd within; without, yet still did hunt
In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont;
Cas'd all in loathsome mire: no word; *Gryll* cou'd but grunt.

LXXXIII.

Him serv'd sweet seeming lusts, self pleasing lies,
But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sin:
And at the rear of these in secret guise
Crept *Thievery*, and *Detraction*, near akin,

No twins more like: they seem'd almost the same;
 One stole the goods, the other the good name;
 The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

LXXXIV.

Their boon companions in their jovial feasting
 Were new coin'd oaths, and damning perjuries;
 Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting;
 Season'd with salt of hell, dire blasphemies.
 But till th' ambitious fun, yet still aspiring,
 Allays his flaming gold with gentler firing,
 We'll rest our weary song, to that thick grove retiring,

C A N T O VIII.

I.

THE sun began to slack his bended bow,
 And more obliquely dart his milder ray;
 When cooler airs gently began to blow,
 And fan the fields, parch'd with the scorching day:
 The shepherds to their wonted seats repair;
 Thirstful, refresh'd with this soft breathing air,
 Did soon renew his task, and further song prepare.

II.

What watchful care must guard that weary state,
 Which deadly foes begirt with cruel siege;
 And frailest wall of glass, and trait'rous gate
 Strive which should first yield up their woful liege?
 By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd;
 When others hurt, himself refuses aid:
 By weakness' self his strength is foil'd and overlay'd.

III.

How comes it then, that in so near decay
 We deadly sleep in deep security,
 When every hour is ready to betray
 Our lives to that still watching enemy?
 Wake then, thy soul, that deadly slumbereth;
 For when thy foe hath seiz'd thy captive breath,
 Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

IV.

Caro the vanguard with the *Dragon* led,
Cosmos^a the battle guides, with loud alarms;
Cosmos the first son to the *Dragon* red,
 Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms:

^a The world, or mammon.

And so appear'd a strong and gentle night,
 As e'er was clad in steel and armour bright;
 But was a recreant base, a foul, false cheating spright.

V.

And as himself, such were his arms; appearing
 Bright burnish'd gold, in truth base alchymy,
 Dim beetle-eyes, and greedy worldlings bearing;
 His shield was dress'd in night's sad livery,
 Where man-like apes a glow-worm compass round,
 Glad that in wintry night they fire had found:
 Busy they puff and blow: the word, *Mistake the ground.*

VI.

Mistake points all his darts; his sun shines bright,
 (Mistaken) light appear, sad lightning prove:
 His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn'd to light;
 His love true hatred is, his hatred love;
 His shop, a pedlar's pack of apish fashion;
 His honours, pleasures, joys, are all vexation:
 His wages, glorious care, sweet surfeits, woo'd damnation.

VII.

His lib'ral favours, complimentary arts;
 His high advancements, alpine slipp'ry straits;
 His smiling glances, death's most pleasing darts;
 And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:
 Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.
 Hapless earth's happy fools, that know no tears!
Who bathes in worldly joys, swims in a world of fears.

VIII.

PURE ESSENCE! who hast made a stone descry
 'Twixt nature's hid, and check that metal's pride
 That dare aspire to gold's high sov'reignty;
 Ah, leave some touchstone erring eyes to guide,

And

And judge diffeimblance! see by what devices,
 Sin with fair gloss our mole-ey'd sight entices,
 That vices virtues seem to most; and virtues vices.

IX.

Strip thou their meretricious seemliness,
 And tinsel glitt'ring, bare to ev'ry sight,
 That we may loath their inward ugliness;
 Or else uncloud the soul, whose shady light
 Adds a fair lustre to false earthly bliss:
 Thine and their beauty differs but in this;
 Theirs what it is not, seems; thine seems not what it is.

X.

Next to the captain, coward ^b *Deilos* far'd ^c
 Him right before he as his shield projected,
 And following troops to back him as his guard;
 Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected:
 And sending often back his doubtful eye,
 By fearing, taught unthought-of treachery;
 So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

XI.

Still did he look for some ensuing cross,
 Fearing such hap as never man befell:
 No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss
 (With tyranny of fear distraught) as hell.
 His sense, he dare not trust (nor eyes, nor ears);
 And when no other cause of fright appears,
 Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless fears.

XII.

Harnes'd with massy steel, for fence and fight;
 His sword unseemly long he ready drew:
 At sudden shine of his own armour bright,
 He started oft, and look'd with ghastly hue:

^b Fearfulness.^c Went.

He shrieks at ev'ry danger that appears,
 Shaming the knight-like arms he goodly bears:
 His word: *Safer, who all, than he who nothing fears.*

XIII.

With him went *Doubt*, flagg'ring with steps unsure;
 That every way, and neither way inclin'd;
 And fond *Distrust*, who nothing cou'd secure:
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:
 He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
 So waking, still he sleeps, and sleeping, wakeful lies.

XIV.

Weak *Deilos* all; *Tolmetes*^d nothing fears;
 Laughs at sad frights, all terrors counteth base;
 And when of danger or bad news he hears,
 He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:
 Yet oft in words he spends his boist'rous threat;
 That his hot blood driv'n from its native seat,
 Leaves his faint coward heart empty of lively heat.

XV.

Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;
 He scorns low ebbs, but swims in highest rises:
 His limbs with arms or shield he wou'd not fence,
 Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises:
 Ev'n for his single sword the world seems scant;
 For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm cou'd daunt:
 Much wou'd he boldly do; but, much more boldly vaunt.

XVI.

With him went self-admiring *Arrogance*;
 And *Brag*; his deeds without an helper prais'd;
 Blind *Carelessness* before wou'd lead the dance;
Fear stole behind, those vaunts in balance pais'd^e.

^d Overboldness, or fool-hardiness.^e i. e. poised, or made even.

Which far their deeds outweigh'd; their violence,
 'Fore danger spent with lavish diffuſſence,
 Was none, or weak, in time of greateſt exigence.

XVII.

As when a fiery courſer ready bent,
 Puts forth himſelf at firſt with ſwifteſt pace;
 Till with too ſudden ſlaſh his ſpirits ſpent,
 Already fails now in the middle race:
 His hanging creſt far from his wonted pride,
 No longer now obeys his angry guide;
 Rivers of ſweat and blood flow from his gored ſide.

XVIII.

Thus ran the raſh *Tolmetes*, never viewing
 The fearful fiends that duly him attended;
 Deſtruction cloſe his ſteps in poſt purſuing;
 And certain ruins heavy weights depended
 Over his curſed head; and ſmooth-fac'd guile,
 That with him oft wou'd looſly play and ſmile;
 Till in his ſnare he lock'd his feet with treach'rous wile.

XIX.

Next march'd *Aſotus*^f, an unthriftſy ſwain;
 Who with a fork went ſpreading all around
 What his old fire with ſweating toil and pain,
 Long time was raking from his racked ground:
 In giving he obſerv'd nor form nor matter,
 But beſt reward he got, who beſt cou'd flatter.
 Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but ſcatter.

XX.

Before array'd in ſumptuous bravery,
 Deck'd court-like in the choiceſt, neweſt guiſe;
 But all behind like drudging ſlavery,
 With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs,

^f Prodigality.

While

While other parts, that shun the hated light,
 Were naked left; (ah, foul indecent sight!)
 Yet neither cou'd he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

XXI.

His shield presents to life, death's latest rites,
 A sad black hearse borne up by fable swains;
 Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
 (Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the plains
 To endless darkness; while the sun's bright brow,
 With fiery beams, quenches their smoking tow,
 And wastes their idle cost: the word, *Not need, but show.*

XXII.

A vagrant rout (like unto tattling daws)
 Strew him with vain spent pray'rs and idle lays;
 And flatt'ry to his sin close curtains draws,
 Tickling the itching ear with fullsome praise.
 Behind weak pity much his fall lamented,
 And misery that former waste repented:
 The usurer for his goods, jail for his bones indented.

XXIII.

His steward was his kinsman, *Vain expence,*
 Who proudly strove in matters light, to shew
 Heroick mind in braggart affluence;
 So lost his treasure, getting nought in lieu,
 But ostentation of a foolish pride,
 While women fond, and boys stood gaping wide;
 But wise men all his waste, and needless cost deride.

XXIV.

Next *Pleonestes* went, his gold admiring,
 His servants drudge, slave to his basest slave;
 Never enough, and still too much desiring:
 His gold his god, yet in an iron grave

* Covetousness.

Himself

Himself protects his god from noisome rusting ;
 Much fears to keep, much more to lose his lusting ;
 Himself and golden god, and every one mistrusting.

XXV.

Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread ;
 That silver badge his near end plainly proves ;
 Yet as to earth he nearer bows his head,
 So loves it more ; for *Like his like still loves.*
 Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest gain,
 And deep into the earth digs back with pain :
 From hell his gold he brings, and hoards in hell again.

XXVI.

His clothes all patch'd with more than honest thrift,
 And clouted shoes were nail'd for fear of wasting :
 Fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift ;
 And when he eats, his food is worse than fasting :
 Thus starves in store, thus doth in plenty pine ;
 And worshipping his god, his golden mine,
 He feeds his famish'd soul with that deceiving shine.

XXVII.

O, hungry metal ! false deceitful ray,
 Well laid'st thou dark, press'd in earth's hidden womb ;
 Yet thro' our mother's entrails cutting way,
 We drag thy buried oar from hellish tomb :
 The merchant from his wife and home departs,
 Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts ;
 While death and life a wall of thin planks only parts.

XXVIII.

Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,
 With so much costly toil and painful sweat,
 Durst rob thy palace bord'ring next to hell ?
 For sure thou com'st from that infernal seat,

R

That

That all the world with blackest deeds dost fill;
 Fool man, who with such pain dost woo thine ill;
 Needless to fend for grief, for he is next us still.

XXIX.

His arms were light and cheap, as made to save
 His purse, not limbs; the money, not the man:
 Rather he dies, than spends: his helmet brave,
 An old brass pot; breast-plate, a dripping-pan:
 His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
 Whose smoky plain a chalk'd *Imprese*^b fill'd;
 A bag fast seal'd: his word, *Much better sav'd than spill'd*.

XXX.

By *Pleonecles*, shameless *Sparing* went,
 Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day;
 Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent;
 Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:
 His care's to lessen cost with cunning base;
 But when he's forc'd beyond his bounded space,
 Loud wou'd he cry, and howl, while others laugh apace.

XXXI.

Long after went *Pufillus*^b, weakest heart;
 Able to serve, and able to command,
 But thought himself unfit for either part;
 And now full loth, amidst the warlike band,
 Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell:
 Loneliness his heav'n, and bus'ness was his hell.
A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.

XXXII.

His goodly arms, cover'd with shameful dust,
 Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using;
 Such was his mind, which too did idle rust;
 His goodly gifts with little use abusing:

^b i. e. an emblem or device, with a motto.

^c Feeble-mindedness.

Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain,
 Who loth to change his love and quiet reign,
 For glorious war-like deeds, did crafty madness feign.

XXXIII.

Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough
 Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair;
 While he with busy hand his salt did sow;
 And at the furrow end, his dearest heir
 Did helpless lie; and Greek lords watching, still
 Observ'd his hand, guided with careful will:
 About was wrote, *Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.*

XXXIV.

By him went *Idleness*, his loved friend,
 And *Shame* with both; with all, ragg'd *Poverty*:
 Behind sure *Punishment* did close attend,
 Waiting awhile fit opportunity;
 Taking account of hours mispent in vain,
 And talents lent without returning gain,
 Pour'd on his guilty head, late grief, and helpless pain.

XXXV.

This dull cold earth with standing water froze;
 At ease he lies to coin pretence for ease;
 His soul like *Ahaz's* dial, while it goes
 Not forward, posseth backward ten degrees
 On's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal;
 He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal:
 He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive to steal.

XXXVI.

All opposite, tho' he his brother were,
 Was *Chaunus**, that too high himself esteem'd:
 All things he undertook, nor cou'd he fear
 His power too weak, or boasted strength misdeem'd;

* Arrogancy.

With his own praise, like windy bladder blown :
 His eyes too little, or too much his own ;
 Tho' known to all men weak, was to himself unknown.

XXXVII.

Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,
 Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath ;
 So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd :
 On's shield a boy threatens high *Phæbus*' death,
 Aiming his arrows at his purest light :
 But soon those thin reeds, fir'd with lightning bright,
 Fell idly on the strand : his word, *Yet high, and right.*

XXXVIII.

Next brave *Philotimus*¹ full post did ride :
 Like rising ladders was his climbing mind ;
 His high-flown thoughts, had wings of courtly pride,
 Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd ;
 His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst :
 But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst
 Down wou'd he fling the steps by which he mounted first.

XXXIX.

His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state :
 His brain's the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
 With which in spite of heav'n he weaves his fate ;
 Honour his web : thus works he day and night,
 Till fate cuts off his thread ; so heapeth sins,
 And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins ;
 But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

XL.

Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
 In ruling others, not thyself !—thy slaves
 Serve thee, and thou thy slaves :—in iron bands
 Thy servile spirit prest with passions raves.

¹ Ambition.

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Wou'dst thou live honour'd, clip ambition's wing;
To reason's yoke, thy furious passions bring.
Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.

XLI.

Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durst assay the sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of his feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam;
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd;
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd:
His motto written thus, *Yet had what he desir'd.*

XLII.

But *Atimus*^m, a careless, idle swain,
Tho' glory offer'd him her sweet embrace,
And fair occasion that with little pain
Reach'd him her ready hand; but (lubber base!)
Kept his own way, all worthy deeds declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degen'rate mind:
Base were his stubborn thoughts; base all his dunghill kind.

XLIII.

And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,
Where teeth he only us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in smooth streams, swam down thro' ease to hell;
His work to eat, drink, sleep, and purge his reins.
He left his heart behind him with his feast:
His target with a flying dart was dress'd,
Posting unto his mark: the word, *I move to rest.*

XLIV.

Next *Colax*ⁿ, all his words with sugar spices;
His servile tongue, base slave to greatness' name,
Runs nimble descant on the plainest vices;
He lets his tongue to sin, takes rent of shame;

^m Baseness of mind.

ⁿ Flattery.

He temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear resides;
 Like *Indian* apple, which with painted sides,
 More dangerous within its lurking poison hides.

XLV.

His art is but to hide, not heal a sore;
 To nourish pride, to strangle conscience;
 To drain the rich, his empty purse to store;
 To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense:
 A carrion-crow he is, a gaping grave,
 The rich coat's moth, court's bane, and trencher's slave,
 Sin's and hell's winning bawd, the Devil's fact'ring knave.

XLVI.

A mist he casts before his patron's sight,
 That blackest vices never once appear;
 But greater than it is seems virtue's light;
 His lord's displeasure is his only fear:
 His pleasing lies, tickling the senses frail
 To death, make open way where force wou'd fail:
Less hurts the lion's paw; than foxes softest tail.

XLVII.

His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd gay,
 (The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the sense to please;
 His sword which in his mouth close sheathed lay,
 Sharper than death, and fram'd to kill with ease.
 Ah, cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling!
 The *Sardin* herb, with many branches filling
 His shield, was his device: the word, *I please in killing.*

XLVIII.

Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,
 Where thou wast hatch'd by shame and beggary,
 And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast?
 Nobles of thee their courtship learn, of thee

Arts learn new art their learning to adorn :
 (Ah, wretched minds!) he is not nobly born,
 Nor learn'd, who doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

XLIX.

Cloſe to him *Pleaſing* went, with painted face,
 And *Honour* by ſome hidden cunning made;
 Not *Honour's* ſelf, but *Honour's* ſemblance baſe,
 For ſoon it vaniſh'd like an empty ſhade :
 Behind, his parents duly him attend;
 With them he forced is his age to ſpend :
 Shame his beginning was, and ſhame muſt be his end.

L.

Next follow'd *Dyſcolus* °, a froward wight;
 His lips thick ſwol'n, and eye-brows ever bent;
 With footy locks, dark looks, and ſcouling ſight;
 His face a tell-tale to his baſe intent :
 He nothing lik'd, or prais'd; but reprehended
 What every one beſide himſelf commended.
Humors of tongues impoſthum'd, purg'd with ſhame, are mended.

LI.

His mouth a poiſ'nous quiver, where he hides
 Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue,
 With ſquibs, and jeſts, unto their objects guides;
 Nor fears he gods on earth, or heav'n to wrong :
 Upon his ſhield was fairly drawn to fight,
 A raging dog, foaming out wrath and ſpite :
 The word to his device, *Impartial all I bite.*

LII.

Geloios ° next enſu'd, a merry Greek,
 Whoſe life was laughter vain, and mirth miſplac'd;
 His ſpeeches broad, to ſhame the modeſt cheek;
 Nor car'd he what, or whom, his tongue diſgrac'd;

° *Morofeniſ.* Mad laughter.

Salt¹, round about he cast upon the sand
 If in his way his friend or father stand;
 His father and his friend he spreads with careless hand.

LIII.

His foul jests, steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain
 And rotten speech (ah!) was not mirth, but madness:
 His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain
 With golden fires (emblem of foppish gladness);
 Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,
 (In number he the third, first in degree)
 At which himself wou'd laugh, and flee: his word, *We three*.

LIV.

And after *Agrios*², a fullen swain;
 All mirth he in himself and others hated;
 Dull, dead, and leaden, was his cheerless vein;
 His weary sense he never recreated;
 And now he march'd as if he somewhat dream'd:
 All honest joy, but madness he esteem'd,
 Refreshing's idleness; but sport, he folly deem'd.

LV.

In's arms, his mind the workman apt express'd,
 Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking (yet
 And foully smelling, were full quaintly dress'd
 To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:
 Upon his shield an heap of fenny mire,
 In flags and turfs (with suns yet never drier)
 Did smothering lie, not burn: his word, *Smoke without fire*.

LVI.

Last *Impudence*, whose never-changing face
 Knew but one colour; with some brass-brow'd lie,
 And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace:
 About her all the fiends in armies fly:

¹ i. e. wit; a talent too often employed as it is here figuratively described.
² Rusticity; or savageness.

Her feather'd beaver fidelong cock'd, in guise
Of roaring boys; set look, with fixed eyes
Out-looks all shame-fac'd forms, all modesty defies.

LVII.

And as her thoughts, her arms were black as hell,
Her brazen shield two fable dogs adorn,
Who each at other stare, and snarl, and swell:
Beneath the word was set, *All change I scorn.*
But if I all this rout in foul array
Shou'd muster up, and shew in sad affray,
Too long yourselves and flocks my tedious song wou'd stay.

LVIII.

The aged day grows dim, and homeward calls:
The setting sun (man's state describing well)
Falls when he rises, rises when he falls:
So we by falling rose, by rising fell.
The gloomy cloud of night doth softly creep,
And all our world with fable tincture steep:
Home now ye shepherd-swains; home now beloved sheep.

C A N T O IX.

I.

THE bridegroom sun, who late the earth espous'd,
 Leaves his star-chamber; early in the east
 He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,
 While morn his couch with blushing roses drest;
 His beams the earth soon caught to gild her flow'rs:
Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their bow'rs,
 Which all the night had graz'd about th' *Olympic* tow'rs.

II.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
 With sweetest song awakes the drowsy light;
 The earth she left, and up to heav'n is fled;
 There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.
 Earth seems a mole-hill, men but ants to be;
 Teaching the proud, who soar to high degree,
 The further up they climb, the less they seem, and see.

III.

The shepherds met, and *Thomalin* began;
 Young *Thomalin*, whose notes and silver string
 Silence the rising lark, and dying swan:
 Come *Thirfil*, end thy lay, and cheerful sing:
 Hear how the larks give welcome to the day,
 Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay;
 Up then, beloved swain; why dost thou longer stay?

IV.

Well sett'st thou, friend, the lark before mine eyes,
 Much easier to hear than imitate:
 Her wings lift up her notes to lofty skies;
 But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state,

Down to the centre ties with captive string:
How shall I follow then her note and wing?
Singing she lofty mounts: ah! mounting shou'd I sing?

V.

Oh, thou dread KING of that heroick band!
Which by thy pow'r beats back these hellish sprites,
Rescuing this state from death and base command.
Tell me (dread KING! what are those warlike *Knights*?
What force? what arms? where lies their strength's in-
That tho' so few in number, never cease [cease,
To keep this town, besieg'd by numbers numberless?

VI.

The first commanders in this holy train
Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;
Long since sure link'd in wedlock's sweetest chain;
His name *Spiritto*, her's *Urania* fair:
Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mighty warrior was, [race.
Both now more fair, and strong, which prov'd their heav'nly

VII.

His arms, with flaming tongues did sparkle bright,
Bright flaming tongues, in divers sections seen;
His piercing sword, edg'd with their fiery light,
The joints and marrow, he cou'd thrust between*;
Upon his shield was drawn a glorious DOVE,
'Gainst whom the proudest eagle dares not move;
Glitt'ring in beams: his word, *Conqu'ring by peace and love.*

VIII.

But she *Amazon*-like, in azure arms,
Silver'd with stars, and gilt with sunny rays:
Her MIGHTY SPOUSE in fight, and fierce alarms
Attends, and equals in those bloody frays;

* Heb. iv. 12.

And on her shield an heav'nly globe (displaying
The constellations, lower bodies swaying,
Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, *I rule obeying*.

IX.

About them swarm'd their fruitful progeny;
An heav'nly offspring of an heav'nly bed:
Well might you in their looks his brav'ry see
With her sweet graces lovely tempered.
Fit youths they seem'd to play in PRINCES hall,
(But, ah! long since they thence were banish'd^b all)
Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when war on them doth call.

X.

The first in order (nor in worth the last)
Is *Knowledge*, drawn from peace, and muse's spring,
Where shaded in fair *Sinai's* groves, his taste
He feasts with words, and works of heav'nly king;
But now to bloody field is fully bent:
Yet still he seem'd to study as he went:
His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight papers lent.

XI.

His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,
Garnish'd with golden suns, and radiant flow'rs;
Which turn their bending heads to *Phæbus'* ray,
And when he falls, shuts up their leafy bow'rs:
Upon his shield the silver moon did bend
Her horned bow, and round her arrows spend:
His word in silver wrote, *I borrow what I lend*.

XII.

All that he saw, and all he heard, were books,
In which he read, and learn'd his Maker's will:
Most on his word, yet much on heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praise the workman's skill.

^b Canto vi. stanza 8.

Cloſe to him went ſtill-muſing *Contemplation*,
 That made good uſe of ills by meditation;
 So to him ill itſelf was good, by ſtrange mutation:

XIII.

And *Care*^c, who never from his ſides wou'd part,
 Of *Knowledge* oft the ways and means inquiring,
 To practice what he learn'd from holy art;
 And oft with tears, and oft with ſighs deſiring
 Aid from that SOV'REIGN GUIDE, whoſe ways ſo ſteep,
 Tho' ſain he wou'd, yet weak, he cou'd not keep:
 But when he cou'd not run, yet forward wou'd he creep.

XIV.

Next *Tapinus*^d, whoſe ſweet, tho' lowly grace,
 All other higher than himſelf eſteem'd;
 He in himſelf priz'd things as mean and baſe,
 Which yet in others great and glorious ſeem'd:
 All ill his due, good undeferv'd he thought;
 His heart a low-roof'd houſe, but ſweetly wrought,
 Where God himſelf wou'd dwell, tho' he it dearly bought.

XV.

Honour he ſhuns, yet is the way unto him;
 As hell, he hates advancement won with bribes;
 But public place, and truſt, are forc'd to woo him;
 He good to grace, ill to deſert aſcribes:
 Him (as his LORD) contents a lowly room,
 Whoſe firſt houſe was the bleſſed virgin's womb,
 The next a cratch, the third a croſs, the fourth a tomb.

XVI.

So choiſeſt drugs in meaneſt ſhrubs are found;
 So precious gold in deepeſt centre dwells;
 So ſweeteſt vi'lets trail on coarſeſt ground;
 So richeſt pearls lie clos'd in vileſt ſhells:

^c 2 Cor. vii. 11. What carefulneſs, &c.^d Humility.

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So lowest dales we let at highest rates ;
 So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates.
 The HIGHEST loves the low, but all the lofty hates.

XVII.

Upon his shield was drawn that shepherd lad,
 Who with a sling threw down faint *Israel's* fears ;
 And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,
 The monster's sword and head, he bravely bears :
 Plain on his lovely face you might behold
 A blushing meekness met with courage bold :
Little, not little worth, was fairly wrote in gold.

XVIII.

With him his kinsman both in birth and name,
Obedience, taught by many bitter show'rs
 In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,
 And low submit unto the higher pow'rs :
 But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands ;
 For ty'd in holy services sweet bands,
 In this obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

XIX.

By them went *Fido**, marshal of the field :
 Weak was his mother when she gave him day ;
 And he at first a sick and weakly child,
 As e'er with tears receiv'd the sunny ray :
 Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
 A champion stout he was, and pow'ful knight,
 As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

XX.

So may we see a little lionet,
 When newly whelp't, a weak and tender thing,
 Despis'd by ev'ry beast ; but waxen great,
 When fuller times, full strength and courage bring ;

* Faith.

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The beasts all crouching low, their king adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before;
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighting roar.

XXI.

Mountains he casts in seas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the sun's impetuous course;
Nature repeals her laws at his command;
No pow'r of hell or heav'n withstands his force:
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

XXII.

His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descry'd
The near resemblance of his dying LORD,
Whose naked side with cruel spear was gor'd;
Which to his fainting spirits new courage wou'd afford.

XXIII.

Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest pow'rs to it from heav'n impart:
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield;
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart:
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall:
No final loss his courage might appal;
Growing more found by wounds, and rising by his fall.

XXIV.

So some have feign'd that *Tellus'* giant son,
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;
Another rose as soon as one was gone,
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another:

For

For when he fell, and kiss'd the barren heath,
 His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;
 And tho' herself was dead, yet ransom'd him from death.

XXV.

With him his nurse, went careful *Acoë*;
 Whose hands first from his mother's womb did take him,
 And ever since have foster'd tenderly:
 She never might, she never wou'd forsake him;
 And he her lov'd again with mutual band:
 For by her needful help he oft did stand,
 When else he soon wou'd fall into the en'mies hand.

XXVI.

With both, sweet *Meditation* ever pac'd,
 His nurse's daughter, and his foster-sister;
 Dear as his soul, he in his soul her plac'd,
 And oft embrac'd, and oft by stealth he kiss'd her:
 For she had taught him by her silent talk
 To tread the safe; but dang'rous ways to balk;
 And brought his God with him, him with his God to walk.

XXVII.

Behind him *Penitence* did sadly go,
 Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining;
 Her swelling tears, which, e'en in ebbing flow,
 Furrow her cheeks, the sinful puddles draining:
 Much seem'd she in her pensive thought molested,
 And much the mocking world her soul infested;
 More she the hateful world, but most herself detested.

XXVIII.

She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,
 The jeer, and impious scoff of carnal hearts;
 Yet smiling heav'n delights to kiss her face,
 And with his blood CHRIST bathes her painful smarts;

f Hearing.

Affliction's

Affliction's iron rod her soul chastis'd;
 With sharpest griefs her heart was circumcis'd:
 But angels saw her weep, and ev'ry tear they priz'd.

XXIX.

With her a troop of mournful grooms abide,
 That with their fullen looks increase her woe;
Amendment still (for his own faults) did chide,
 And *Penance* arm'd with smarting whips did go:
 Then sad *Remorse* came fighting all the way;
 Last *Satisfaction*, giving all away:
 Much surely did he owe, much more wou'd he repay.

XXX.

Next went *Elpinus*^a, clad in sky-like blue;
 And thro' his arms few stars did seem to peep,
 Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
 That rock'd in clouds they softly seem to sleep:
 His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
 On which an anchor's fix'd with surest hold:
I hold by being held, was written round in gold.

XXXI.

Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,
 As was his broth'r *Fido's*:—fear seem'd to dwell
 Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
 And went, and came, that sure all was not well:
 Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
 His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita^b her name, which ne'er cou'd lie or feign.

XXXII.

Next to *Elpinus* march'd his broth'r *Love*;
 Not that GREAT LOVE which cloth'd his Godhead bright
 With rags of flesh, and now again above
 Hath dress'd his flesh in heav'n's eternal light:

^a Hope.^b Promise.

Much less the brat of that false *Cyprian* dame,
 Begot by froth, and fire, in bed of shame,
 And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustful flame.

XXXIII.

But this from heav'n brings his immortal race,
 And nurs'd by gratitude whose careful arms
 Long held, and hold him still in kind embrace:
 But train'd to daily wars, and fierce alarms,
 He grew to wondrous strength, and beauty rare:
 Next that GREAT LOVE, from whom his offsprings are,
 No match in earth or heav'n may with this love compare.

XXXIV.

His page, who from his side might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting
 The famous passion of that highest LOVE,
 His burning zeal to greater flame exciting:
 Deep wou'd he sigh, and seem empassion'd fore,
 And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
 That loving all he cou'd, he lov'd that LOVE no more.

XXXV.

Yet sure he truly lov'd, and honour'd dear
 That glorious NAME; which when, or where he spy'd
 Wrong'd, or in hellish speech blasphem'd did hear,
 Boldly the rash blasphemer he defy'd,
 And forc'd him eat the words he foully spake:
 But if for HIM, he grief or death did take,
 That grief he counted joy, and death, life for his sake.

XXXVI.

His glitt'ring arms, dress'd all with fiery hearts
 Seem'd burn in chaste desire, and heav'nly flame:
 And on his shield kind *Jonathan* imparts
 To his soul's friend, his robes, and princely name,

And

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And kingly throne, which mortals so adore :
 And round about was writ in golden ore,
Well might he give him all, who gave his life before.

XXXVII.

These led the vanguard ; and an hundred mo¹
 Fill'd up the empty ranks with order'd train :
 But first in middleward did justly go
 In goodly arms a fresh and lovely *Swain*^k,
 Vaunting himself *Love's* twin, but younger brother :
 Well might it be, for e'en their very mother
 With pleasing error oft mistook one for the other.

XXXVIII.

As when fair *Paris* gave that golden ball,
 A thousand doubts ran in his stagg'ring breast :
 All lik'd him well, fain wou'd he give it all :
 Each better seems, and still the last seems best :
 Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd ;
 The more he look'd, the more his judgment err'd :
 So the first this, then that, then none, then both preferr'd.

XXXIX.

Like them, their armour seem'd full near of kin :
 In this they only differ ; th' elder bent
 His higher soul to heav'n ; the younger twin
 'Mongst mortals here his love and kindness spent ;
 Teaching (strange alchymy) the surest thriving,
 By selling lands, and to grow rich by giving ;
 By emptying filling bags, so heav'n by earth achieving.

XL.

About him flock'd the poor with num'rous trains,
 Whom he with tender care, and large expence,
 With kindest words, and succour entertains ;
 Nor looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence :

¹ i. e. more.

^k Charity.

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His wardrobe serves to clothe the naked side,
The body's parts unseemly, thence did hide;
If other clothes he lack'd, his own he wou'd divide.

XLI.

To rogues, his gate was shut; but open lay
Kindly the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore angels, hid in mortal clay,
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,
Lowly to visit him wou'd not disdain,
And in his narrow cabin oft remain;
Whom heav'n, and earth, and all the world cannot contain.

XLII.

His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:
Their earnest pray'r broke open heav'n's wide door;
That not in vain sweet plenty evermore
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed store.

XLIII.

Him too attended with much uncouthness
A troop with little caps, and shaved head;
Such as was once enfranchis'd bondmen's drefs,
New freed from cruel masters servile dread:
These had he lately bought from captive chain;
Hence they his triumph sing with joyful strain,
And on his head due praise, and thousand blessings rain.

XLIV.

He was a father to the fatherless,
To widows he supply'd an husband's care;
Nor wou'd he heap up woe to their distress,
Or by a guardian's name their state impair;

But

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But rescue them from strong oppressors might:
Nor doth he weigh the great man's heavy spite.
Who fears the highest JUDGE, need fear no mortal wight.

XLV.

Once ev'ry week he on his progress went,
The sick to visit, and those meager swains,
Who all their weary life in darkness spent,
In fetters bound, and press'd with heavy chains:
He hoards not wealth for his loose heir to spend,
But it with willing hand doth well expend.
Gold then is certain good which to our God we lend.

XLVI.

And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,
His yearning heart pitying that wretched sight,
In decent graves their weary flesh enclos'd,
And strew'd with fragrant flow'rs the lowly hearse;
Then all alone the last words did rehearse,
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

XLVII.

So once that royal maid¹ fierce *Thebes* beguil'd,
Tho' wilful *Creon* proudly did forbid her;
Her brother from his home and tomb exil'd,
(Whilst willing night in darkness safely hid her)
She lowly laid in earth's all-covering shade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)
With the rude mattock toil, and with the weary spade.

XLVIII.

Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finished;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes did rain,
To wash the guilt painted in deepest red:

¹ *Antigone* daughter of *Oedipus*, contrary to the edict of *Creon* buries *Polynices*.

And

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And falling down upon his gored side,
With hundred varied plaints she often cry'd,
Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!

XLIX.

Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and banish'd brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breast so just complaining smother?
To thy sad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tomb thee gave:
Oh, no! such little room thou must not have;
But for thy banish'd bones, I (wretch) must steal a grave.

L.

But whither, woful maid, have thy complaints
With fellow-passion drawn my pleasing moan?
But thus this *Love* deals with those murder'd faints;
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that groan.
But now in that beech grove we'll safely play,
And in those shadows mock the scorching ray;
Which yet increaseth more with the decreasing day.

CANTO

C A N T O X.

I.

THE shepherds to the woody mount withdrew,
Where cooling shades yield a safe canopy;
Whose top with violets dy'd all in blue,
Might seem to make a little azure sky:
And that round hill, which their weak heads maintain'd,
A lesser *Atlas* seem'd, whose neck sustain'd
The weight of all the heav'ns; so ancient poets feign'd.

II.

And here and there primroses scattered,
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;
Some seem'd to wink, as if but half awake:
Fit were they plac'd, and set in order due:
Nature here look'd like art, so lively true
A little heav'n on earth in narrow space she drew.

III.

Within this earthly heav'n the shepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;
Till the declining sun, and elder day
Abate their flaming heat, and youthful might:
The sheep had left the shades, their food to eat;
Then all returning to their former seat,
Thirfil did now begin his weary song repeat.

IV.

Great pow'r of love! with what commanding fire
Dost thou enflame the world's wide regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inspire!
Nothing is free from thy sweet government:

Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons prove;
 By thee dead elements and heav'n's move;
 Which void of sense themselves, yet are not void of love.

V.

But those twin *Loves*, which from thy seas of light
 To us on earth diffuse their lesser streams,
 Tho' in their force they shew thy wondrous might,
 On thee reflecting back their glorious beams;
 Yet here encounter'd with a mighty foe,
 Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
 But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreflow^a:

VI.

Next to the younger *Love*, *Irenus*^b went,
 Whose hoary head proclaim'd his winter age:
 His spring in many battles had he spent;
 But he all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.
 His heavy sword (the witness of his might)
 Has now long time remain'd in idle plight;
 Which hid in quiet sheath, he dooms to endless night.

VII.

Patience his shield had lent to guard his breast,
 Whose golden plain three olive branches dress:
 The word in letters large was fair express'd,
Thrice happy author of a happy peace.
 Rich plenty yields him pow'r, pow'r stores his will;
 Will ends in works, good works his treasures fill:
 Earth's weal^c, heav'n's heir he is;—as God, pays good for ill.

VIII.

By him *Andreos*^d pac'd, of middle age,
 His mind as far from rashness, as from fears;
 Hating base thoughts, as much as desp'rate rage:
 The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears:

^a i. e. delay.^b Peaceableness.^c Matt. v. 9.^d Fortitude.

Nor death, nor life, will he or seek or fly,
 Ready for both.—*He is as cowardly*
Who longer fears to live, as he who fears to die.

IX.

Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought
 He with himself, till passion yields or dies:
 All heart and hand, no tongue; not fierce, but stout;
 His warmth had counsel in't; his fury, eyes;
 His rage well temper'd is: no fear can daunt
 His reason; but cold blood is valiant:
 Well may he strength in death; but never courage want.

X.

But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides
 The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
 And o'er its head the boist'rous north-wind rides;
 Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave;
 Hoarse surges lash, loud blasts their trumpets strain:
 Th' heroick cliff laughs at their frustrate pain;
 Waves scatter'd, drop in tears, winds broken, whining plain*.

XI.

Such was this *Knight's* undaunted constancy;
 No mischief weakens his resolved mind:
 None fiercer to a stubborn enemy;
 But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.
 His shield an even ballast ship embraces,
 Which dances light, while *Neptune* wildly raves:
 His word was this, *I fear high heav'n, not winds, or waves.*

XII.

And next *Macrothumus'*, whose quiet face
 No cloud of passion ever shadowed;
 Nor cou'd hot anger reason's rule displace,
 Changing the rosy cheek to fiery red:

* i.e. complain.

* Long-suffering,

U

Not

Nor cou'd revenge, clad in a deadly white,
 With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite :
 For ill, he good repay'd, and love exchange'd for spite.

XIII.

Nor was there e'er a more undaunted spirit ;
 Yet, most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain ;
 But he well weighing his own strength and merit,
 The greatest wrong cou'd wisely entertain.
 Nothing resisted his commanding spear :
 Yielding itself to him a winning were ;
 And tho' he died, yet dead, he rose a conqueror.

XIV.

His nat'ral force beyond all nature stretch'd :
 Most strong he is, because he will be weak :
 And happy most, because he can be wretched.
 Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break ;
 Rejoicing most when most he is tormented :
 In greatest discontents he rests contented :
 By conquering himself, all conquests he prevented.

XV.

His arms were made of massy adamant,
 Which back did make recoil the hardest blade ;
 His skin itself cou'd any weapon daunt,
 Of such strange mould and temper was he made :
 Upon his shield a palm-tree still increas'd,
 Tho' many weights its rising arms depress'd :
 His word was, *Rising most, by being most oppress'd.*

XVI.

Next him *Androphilus**, whose sweetest mind
 'Twixt mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,
 Cou'd cease as soon to be, as not be kind :
 Churlish despite ne'er look'd from his calm eye,

* Gentleness, or courtesy.

Much less commanded in his gentle heart :
 To basest men fair looks he wou'd impart ;
 Nor cou'd he cloak ill thoughts with complimentary art.

XVII.

His en'mies knew not how to discommend ;
 All others dearly lov'd ; fell ranc'rous spite,
 And vile detraction fain wou'd reprehend ;
 And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
 As popular^h, and flatterer accusing :
 But he such slavish office much refusing,
 Can eas'ly clear himself from their false tongues abusing.

XVIII.

His arms were fram'd into a splendid night,
 Whose sable dress with stars all spangled wide,
 Afford the weary traveller cheerful light,
 And to his home his erring footsteps guide :
 Upon his ancient shield the workmen fine
 Had drawn the sun, whose eye did ne'er repine
 To look on good and ill : his word, *To all I shine.*

XIX.

Fair virtue, where stay'st thou in poor exile,
 Leaving the court from whence thou took'st thy name ?
 While in thy place is slept disdainful vile,
 And flattery, base son of need and shame ;
 And with them surly scorn, and hateful pride ;
 Whose artificial face false colours dy'd,
 Which more display her shame, than loathsome foulness hide.

XX.

Late, there thou livedst with a gentle swain,
 (As gentle swain as ever lived there)
 Who lodg'd thee in his heart, and all thy train,
 Where hundred other graces seated were :

^h i. e. studious of the favour of the people.

But he, alas! untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to moan,
That few were ever such; and now those few are none.

XXI.

By him the stout *Encrates*¹ boldly went,
Assailed oft by mighty enemies,
Which all on him alone their spite mispent;
Boldly whole armies he himself defies;
With him nor might, nor cunning flights prevail;
All force on him they try, all forces fail:
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

XXII.

His body full of vigour, full of health;
His table feeds not lust, but strength and need:
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed:
On's shield an hand from heav'n a garden dressing,
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppressing;
So adding fruit: his word, *By lessening increasing*.

XXIII.

His settled mind was written in his face:
For on his forehead cheerful gravity
False joys and apish vanities doth chace:
And watchful care did wake in either eye.
His heritage he wou'd not lavish spend,
Nor yet his treasure deal with niggard hand:
What he had gotten well he rightly did expend.

XXIV.

A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side:
Not those in heav'n, the flow'ry *Geminies*,
Are half so lovely bright; the one his bride,
*Agneia*² chaste, was join'd in *Hymen's* ties,

¹ Temperance.² Chastity in the married.

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And love, as pure as heav'n's conjunction:
 Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone;
 So were they two to fight; in truth entirely one.

XXV.

Upon her arched brows, unarmed love
 Triumphant sat in peaceful victory;
 And in her eyes thousand chaste graces move,
 Checking vain thoughts with awful majesty:
 Ten thousand more her fairer breast contains;
 Where quiet meekness every ill restrains,
 And humbly subject spirit by willing service reigns.

XXVI.

Her sky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
 And brightly seem'd to flame with burning hearts:
 The scorching ray with his reflected streams
 Augments their flames, but heav'nly fire imparts:
 Upon his shield a pair of turtles shone;
 A lovely pair, still coupled, ne'er alone:
 Her word, *Tho' one when two, yet either two, or none.*

XXVII.

With her, her sister went, a warlike *Maid*,
*Parthenia*¹, all in steel, and gilded arms;
 In needle's stead, a mighty spear she sway'd,
 With which in bloody fields, and fierce alarms,
 The boldest champion she down wou'd bear,
 And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
 Casting all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

XXVIII.

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
 Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
 And on her shield the lone bird² might be seen,
 Th' *Arabian* bird, shining in colours new:

¹ Chastity in the single.

² The Phoenix.

Itself unto itself, was only mate ;
 Ever the same, but new in newer date :
 And underneath was writ, *Such is chaste single state.*

XXIX.

Thus hid in arms she seem'd a goodly *Knight*,
 And fit for any warlike exercise ;
 But when she list, lays down her armour bright,
 And back resumes her peaceful maiden's guise ;
 The fairest *Maid* she was, that ever yet
 Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
 Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

XXX.

Choice nymph ! the crown of chaste *Diana's* train,
 Thou beauty's lily, set in heav'nly earth ;
 Thy cheeks unpattern'd, all perfection stain ;
 Sure heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth
 In thy rare face her own full picture drew ;
 It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
 All hyperboles in others, are but half thy due.

XXXI.

Upon her forehead love his trophies fits,
 A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying ;
 And in the midst himself full proudly fits,
 Himself in awful majesty arraying ;
 Upon his brows lies his bent ebon bow,
 And ready shafts : deadly those weapons show ;
 Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

XXXII.

And at the foot of this celestial frame,
 Two radiant stars, than stars yet better being,
 Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame ;
 Yet with heav'n's stars in this too near agreeing ;

They

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They timely warmth, themselves not warm, inspire;
 These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,
 And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

XXXIII.

Ye matchless stars (yet each the other match)
 Heav'n's richest diamonds, set in amel white,
 From whose bright spheres all grace the graces catch,
 And will not move but by your loadstar^a bright;
 How have you stol'n, and stor'd your armoury
 With love's and death's strong shafts, and from your sky,
 Pour down thick show'rs of darts to make whole armies fly?

XXXIV.

Above those suns, two rainbows high aspire,
 Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest;
 Fair *Iris* seem'd to mourn in black attire;
 Yet thus more sweet the greedy eye they feast:
 And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,
 Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair rainbows show'd
 Above their sparkling suns, without or rain or cloud.

XXXV.

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
 And in the midst was set a circling rose;
 Whose sweet aspect wou'd make *Narcissus* seek
 New liveries, and fresher colours choose
 To deck his beaut'ous head in snowy tire;
 But all in vain: for who can hope t'aspire
 To such a *Fair*, which none attain, but all admire?

XXXVI.

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
 A troop of pearls, which stand in goodly row:
 But when she deigns those precious bones t'undight,
 Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,

^a The pole star, so called from its leading and guiding manner.

And

And with rare musick charm the ravish'd ears,
 Damping bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
 The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

XXXVII.

Her dainty breasts, like to an April rose
 From its green fillets yet not all unbound,
 Began their little rising heads disclose,
 And fairly spread their silver circlets round:
 From those two bulwarks love doth safely fight;
 Which swelling easily, may seem to fight
 To be enwombed both of pleasure and delight.

XXXVIII.

Yet all these stars which deck this beaut'ous sky,
 By force of th' inward sun both shine and move:
 Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty;
 In highest majesty the highest love.
 As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
 The sparkling crystal burns in glitt'ring flame,
 So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

XXXIX.

Thus, and much fairer, fair *Parthenia*
 Glitt'ring in arms, herself presents to fight;
 As when th' *Amazon* queen, *Hippolyta*,
 With *Theseus* enter'd lists in single fight,
 With equal arms her mighty foe opposing;
 Till now her head expos'd and face disclosing,
 Conquer'd the conqueror, and won the fight by losing.

XL.

A thousand *Knights* woo'd her with busy pain,
 To thousands she her virgin-grant deny'd;
 Altho' her dear-sought love to entertain,
 They all their wit, and all their strength apply'd:

Yet

Yet in her heart, love close his sceptre sway'd,
Which to an HEAVENLY SPOUSE her thoughts betray'd,
Where she a maiden wife might live, a wife, and maid.

XLI.

Upon her steps a virgin page attended,
Fair *Erythre*°, whose often blushing face,
Sweetly her in-born bashful thoughts commended;
The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchanged grace,
Which she a shrine to purity devotes:
So when clear ivory, vermilion blots,
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

XLII.

Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl;
But neck and breast no man might bare descry,
So sweetly modest was this bashful girl:
But that sweet paradise, ah! cou'd we see,
On whose white mounts far daintier apples be,
Than those we bought so dear on *Eden's* tempting tree.

XLIII.

These noble *Knights* this threaten'd fort defend;
These, and a thousand more heroick *Swains*,
That to this harass'd state their service lend,
To free from force, and save from captive chains.
But now too late the battle to recite;
For *Hesperus* heav'ns tapers hastes to light,
And warns each star to wait upon their mistress night.

• Modesty.

C A N T O XI.

I.

THE early morn let out the peeping day,
 And strew'd his path with splendid marigolds :
 The moon grows wan, and stars flee all away,
 Whom *Lucifer* locks up in wonted folds
 Till light is quench'd, and heav'n in seas headlong
 Hath thrown the day:—to th' hill the shepherd's throng,
 And *Thirfil* now began to end his task and song,

II.

Who now, alas! shall teach my humble vein,
 That never yet durst step from covert glade;
 But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
 And vent his griefs to silent myrtle's shade?
 Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
 For trumpets founds, or lowly verses fill
 With graceful majesty, and lofty rising skill?

III.

Oh, thou dread spirit! shed thy holy fire,
 And holy flame into my frozen heart;
 Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
 And swell with louder notes, and higher art:
 Teach my low muse thy fierce alarms to ring,
 And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
 Tune thou my lofty song; thy battles must I sing.

IV.

Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
 Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd, king;
 And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos, best
 Of all that e'er thy glorious works did sing:

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Or as those blest Apostles, whom among
Thou flamedst bright in many a cloven tongue; [song.
And brought'st down heav'n to earth in thine all conqu'ring

V.

These mighty *Heroes*, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms, and goodly equipage,
Stood at the castle's gate, now ready bent
To sally out, and meet the enemy:
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hateful war, and deadly enmity.

VI.

Thither repairs the careful *Intellect*;
With his fair spouse *Voletta*^b, heav'nly fair:
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,
Tho' now sad damps of sorrow much impair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

VII.

But who may hope to paint such majesty,
Or shadow well such beauty, such a face;
Such beaut'ous face, unseen to mortal eye?
Whose pow'rful looks, and more than mortal grace
Love's self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly throne,
With amorous sighs, and many a lovely moan
(Whom all the world wou'd woo) woo'd her his only one.

VIII.

Far be that boldness from thy humble swain,
Fairest *Eclella*, to describe thy beauty,
And with unequal skill thy glory stain,
Which, ever he admires with humble duty:

^a See canto vi. stanza 28.

^b Ibid. stanza 57.

But

But who to view such beauty e'er doth long,
 Go he to *Sinai*, th' holy groves among;
 Where that wise shepherd chants her in his matchless song.

IX.

The ISLAND'S KING with sober countenance
 Aggrates the *Knights*, who thus his right defended;
 And with grave speech, and graceful amenance,
 Himself, his state, his spouse, to them commended:
 His lovely child, that by him pensive stands,
 And last delivers to their valiant hands;
 And her to thank the *Knights*, her champions, he commands.

X.

The God-like *Maid* awhile all silent stood,
 And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;
 While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,
 Which fir'd her lovely cheeks with rosy dyes;
 But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reigns,
 From her fair eye a show'r of crystal rains,
 Which with its silver streams, o'er-runs the beaut'ous plains.

XI.

As when the sun in midst of summer's heat
 Draws up thin vapours with his potent ray,
 Forcing dull waters from their native seat;
 At length dim clouds shadow the burning day:
 Till coldest air, soon melted into show'rs,
 Upon the earth his welcome fury pours,
 And heav'n's clear forehead now wipes off her former frowns.

XII.

At length, a little lifting up her eyes,
 While for her sorrows, sighs a vent did make,
 Which from her heart incessantly arise;
 And first in th' eye, then in the lip thus spake;

^c i. e. Behaviour.

Ah,

Ah, gentle *Knights*, how may a simple *Maid*,
With justest grief, and wrong so ill appay'd,
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly aid?

XIII.

But if my PRINCELY SPOUSE do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay.
And well requite this your so gentle deed:
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.

XIV.

By this the long-shut gate was open laid;
Soon out they rush in-order well arrang'd:
And viewing earnestly that heav'nly *Maid*,
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd!
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state,
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pity whets just revenge, and love's fire kindles hate.

XV.

Long at the gate the thoughtful *Intellect*
Stay'd with his fearful queen, and daughter fair;
But when the *Knights* were past their dim aspect,
They follow them with vows, and many a pray'r:
At last they climb up to the castle's height;
From which they view'd the deeds of ev'ry *Knight*
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

XVI.

As when a youth bound for the *Belgick* war,
Takes leave of friends upon the *Kentish* shore;
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so far
They see not now, and now are seen no more:

Yet

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Yet far off viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her vails,
And shaking them aloft, unto her son she hails.

XVII.

Mean time these *Champions* march in fit array,
Till both the armies now were come in fight:
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite.
Sound now ye trumpets, sound alarms loud;
Hark how their clamours whet their anger proud:
See, yonder are they met in midst of dusty cloud!

XVIII.

So oft the South with civil enmity
Musters his wat'ry forces 'gainst the West;
The threat'ning clouds come rolling up the sky
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest:
At length the flame breaks from th' impris'ning cold
With horrid noise tearing the limber mould:
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

XIX.

First did that warlike *Maid* herself advance;
And riding from amidst her company,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudest enemy:
Porneius^d soon his ready spear addrest,
And close advancing on his hasty beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty breast.

XX.

In vain the broken staff sought entrance there,
Where *Love* himself oft entrance sought in vain:
But much unlike the martial *Virgin's* spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dusty plain,

^d See canto vii. stanza 19.

Broaching with bloody point his breast before :
 Down from the wound trickled the purple gore,
 And bid pale death come in at that wide gaping door.

XXI.

There lies he now cover'd in lowly dust,
 And foully wallowing in clotted blood,
 Together breathing out his life and lust,
 Which from his breast swam in the steaming flood :
 In maids his joy, now by a *Maid* defy'd,
 His life he lost, and all his former pride :
 With women wou'd he live, now by a woman died.

XXII.

*Aelges**, struck with such a dismal sight,
 And to revenge his brother's sad decay,
 Spurr'd forth his flying steed with fell despite,
 And met the *Virgin* in the open way :
 His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
 Which to that face performing homage due,
 Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

XXIII.

The wanton boy had dreamt, that latest night,
 He well had learnt the liquid air to part,
 And swim along the heav'ns with pinions light ;
 Now that fair *Maid* taught him this nimble art :
 Who from his steed so far away she sent,
 Flying along the open firmament,
 That hardly yet he knew whither his course was bent.

XXIV.

The rest who saw with fear the ill success
 Of single fight, durst not like fortune try ;
 But round beset her with their num'rous prefs :
 Before, behind, they now upon her fly,

* See canto vii. stanza 23.

And

And every part with coward odds assail:
 But the redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
 Drove far their flying troops, and thresh'd with iron flail.

XXV.

As when a gentle greyhound set around
 With little curs, which dare his way molest,
 Snapping behind; soon as the angry hound
 Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
 And shaking in his fangs hath well nigh slain;
 The rest affrighted soon turn back again,
 And standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark in vain.

XXVI.

The subtil *Dragon*, that from far did view
 The waste and spoil made by this *Maiden Knight*,
 Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew
 All force was vain against such wondrous might:
 A crafty *Swain* well taught to cunning harms,
 Call'd *False Delight*, he chang'd with hellish charms,
 That true delight he seem'd, the self same shape and arms.

XXVII.

The watchfull'st fight, no difference cou'd descry;
 The same his face, his voice, his gait the same:
 Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh
 The *Maid*, who fierce pursues her martial game,
 He whets her wrath with many a guileful word,
 Till she less careful did fit time afford:
 Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful sword.

XXVIII.

Ye pow'rful heav'ns! and THOU their GOVERNOR!
 With what eyes can you view this doleful fight?
 How can you see your fairest conqueror
 So near her end by so unmanly flight?

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The dreadful weapon through the air doth glide ;
But sure you turn'd the hurtful edge aside :
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitor died.

XXIX.

Yet in her side's a wound of dreadful size ;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains :
From that wide spring long rivers took their rise,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains :
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recall,
And raise her fainting head, which down as oft wou'd fall.

XXX.

Just so a lily press'd with heavy rain,
Which fills her cups with show'rs up to the brinks ;
The weary stem no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burthen sinks :
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Which too hot scorching beams quite disarrays ;
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet decays.

XXXI.

Th' undaunted *Maid*, feeling her feet deny
Their wonted duty, to a tree retir'd ;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry.
As when a hunted stag, now well nigh tir'd,
Stay'd by an oak, he with his head doth play ;
The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,
But running round about, with yelping voices bay.

XXXII.

And now perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to list'ning heav'n her swimming eyes :
Thus whisp'ring soft, her soul to heav'n she sent ;
Thou chastest LOVE ! that rul'st the wandring skies,

More pure than purest heavens by thee mov'd;
 If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd;
 If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd,

XXXIII.

Let not this temple of thy spotless DOVE!
 Be with foul hand, and beastly rage defil'd:
 But when my spirit shall its camp remove,
 And to his home return, too long exil'd;
 Do thou protect it from the rav'nous spoil
 Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil
 Thy humble votary with loathsome spot to foil.

XXXIV.

With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
 To dew the fading roses of her cheek;
 That much HIGH LOVE was moved with those cries;
 Much more these streams his heart and patience break:
 Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,
 Quick to descend upon that bloody plain,
 And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause maintain.

XXXV.

Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,
 Where chaste *Agneia*^f and *Encrates*^g fought:
 See, see! he cries, where your *Parthenia*^h fair,
 The flow'r of all your army, hemm'd about
 With thousand enemies now fainting stands,
 Ready to fall into their murd'ring hands:
 Fly ye, oh, fly with speed! the HIGHEST LOVE commands.

XXXVI.

They casting round about their angry eyes,
 The wounded virgin almost sinking spy'd;
 Each spurs his steed, which straight like lightning flies:
 Their brother *Continence* runs by their side;

^f See Canto x. stanza 24.^g Ibid. stanza 21.^h Ibid. stanza 27.

Fair *Continnence*, that truly long before,
 As his heart's liege, this lady did adore :
 And now his faithful love kindled his heart the more.

XXXVII.

Enbrates and his spouse with flashing sword
 Affail the scatter'd troops, that headlong fly ;
 While *Continnence* a precious liquor pour'd
 Into the wound, and suppled tenderly :
 Then binding up the gaping orifice,
 Reviv'd the spirits, that now began to rise,
 And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

XXXVIII.

So have I often seen a purple flow'r,
 Fainting thro' heat, hang down her drooping head,
 But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
 Begins again her lively beauties spread,
 And with new pride her filken leaves display ;
 And while the sun doth now more gently play,
 Opens her beaut'ous bosom to the smiling day.

XXXIX.

Now rush they all into the flying trains ;
 Blood fires their blood, and slaughter kindles fight :
 The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
 Fall down as thick, as when a rustic wight
 From laden oaks the plent'ous acorns pours ;
 Or like the thicken'd air that sadly lowrs,
 And melts its sullen brow, and weeps sweet April show'rs.

XL.

The greedy *Dragon* that aloof did spy
 So ill success of this renewed fray ;
 More vex'd with loss of certain victory,
 Depriv'd of so assur'd and wish'd-for prey,

Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite :
 The burning sparks fly from his flaming fight,
 And from his smoking jaws steam forth a smould'ring night.

XLI.

Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,
 The swelling band that drunken *Methos* led ;
 And all the rout his brother *Gluttony*
 Commands, in lawless bands disordered :
 So now they bold restore their broken fight,
 And fiercely turn again from shameful flight ;
 While both with former loss sharpen their raging spite.

XLII.

Again these *Knights* assault these fresher bands,
 And with new battle all their strength renew :
 Down fell *Geloios* ⁱ by *Encrate's* hands ;
Agneia, *Mæchus* ^k and *Anagnus* ^l flew ;
 And seeing *Methos* ^m compass'd with the vine,
 His body pierc'd :—there lies the drunken swine,
 And casts his liquid soul out with his purple wine.

XLIII.

As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
 Breaks in at length into the harmless folds ;
 (So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread
 He drags the filly beasts : nothing controlls
 The victor proud ; he spoils, devours, and tears :
 In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers :
 Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent fears.

XLIV.

Such was the slaughter these three *Champions* made ;
 But most *Encrates*, whose unconquer'd hands
 Sent thousand foes down to th' infernal shade,
 With useless limbs strewing the bloody sands :

ⁱ See canto viii. stanza 52. ^k See canto vii. stanza 17. ^l Ib. stanza 16. ^m Ib. stanza 72.

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Oft were they succour'd fresh with new supplies,
But fell as oft:—the *Dragon* grown more wise
By former loss, doth now another way devise.

XLV.

Soon to their aid the *Cyprian* band he sent:
For easy shirmish clad in armour light:
Their golden bows in hand were ready bent,
And painted quivers furnish'd well for fight,
Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison stains;
Which dipp'd in *Phlegethon* by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painful deaths, and thousand deadly pains.

XLVI.

Thereto of substance strange, so thin, and slight,
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight;
Sooner the heart did feel, than eye cou'd see:
Far off they stood, and flung their darts around
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So safely, others hurt while they receive no wound.

XLVII.

Much were the *Knights* encumber'd with these foes;
For well they saw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back wou'd turn the borrow'd blows,
The light-foot troop, away more swiftly flies
Than do their winged arrows with the wind:
And in their course oft wou'd they turn behind,
And with their glancing darts their hot pursuers blind.

XLVIII.

As when by *Russian Volgha's* frozen banks,
The false-back *Tartars*, fear, with cunning feign,
And posting fast away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bows do rain

Whole

Whole storms of darts; so do they flying fight:
 And what by force they lose, they win by flight;
 Conquer'd by standing out, but conquerors by flight.

XLIX.

Such was the craft of this false *Cyprian* crew:
 Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearful pace,
 And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue;
 So wou'd they deeper wound in nearer space:
 In such a fight, he wins who fastest flies.
 Fly, fly, chaste *Knights*, such subtil enemies:
 The vanquish'd cannot live, the conqu'ror surely dies.

L.

The *Knights* oppress'd with wounds, and journey past,
 Did soon retire, and now were near to fainting:
 With that a messenger did travel fast,
 The GENERAL with this heavy news acquainting:
 He soon refresh'd their hearts that now did tire.
 But, let our weary muse awhile respire:
 Shade we our scorched heads from *Phæbus*' parching fire.

C A N T O XII.

I.

THE shepherds guarded from the sparkling heat
 Of blazing air, upon the flow'ry banks,
 (Where various flow'rs damask the fragrant seat,
 And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
 Securely sit them down, and sweetly play :
 At length, thus *Thirfil* ends his broken lay,
 Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

II.

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state !
 Tho' courts, his happy state, unhappy styles.
 His cottage low, and safely humble gate
 Shuts out proud fortune, with her frowns and smiles :
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep :
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep ;
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

III.

No *Serian* worms he knows, that with their thread
 Draw out their filken lives :—nor filken pride :
 His lamb's warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud *Sidonian* tincture dy'd :
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears affright ;
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite :
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

IV.

Instead of musick, and base flattering tongues,
 Which wait to greet rich lordlings when they rise ;
 The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
 And by her lively notes his ears surprise.

In

In country games is all the strife he uses;
 Or sing, or dance unto the rural muses;
 And but in musick's sports, all difference refuses.

V.

His happy state, that never can deceive him,
 Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
 The smooth leav'd beeches in the field receive him
 With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent:
 His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
 Of worldly care, nor lost in slothful ease:
 Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

VI.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
 While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
 His little son into his bosom creeps
 The lively picture of his father's face:
 Never his humble house or state torment him;
 Less he cou'd like, if less his God had sent him; [him.
 And when he dies, green turfs, with meanest tomb content

VII.

The world's GREAT LIGHT his lowly state hath blest'd,
 And left his heav'n to be a shepherd base:
 Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe address'd:
 Swift rivers stopp'd, beasts ran, rocks quit their place;
 And serpents flew to hear his softest strains:
 He fed his flock, on *Jordan's* fruitful plains;
 There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

VIII.

Then thou HIGH LIGHT! whom shepherds low adore,
 Teach me, oh, do thou teach thy humble swain
 To raise my creeping song from earthly floor!
 Fill thou my empty breast with lofty strain;

That

That singing of thy wars and dreadful fight,
 My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might ;
 And 'mongst the golden stars may take her tow'ring flight.

IX.

The MIGHTY GENERAL moved with the news
 Of those four famous *Knights* so near decay,
 With greatest speed the conqu'ring foe pursues ;
 At last he spies where they were led away,
 Forc'd to obey the victor's proud commands :
 Soon did he rush into the middle bands,
 And cut the slavish cords from their imprison'd hands.

X.

And as the *Knights* were faint, he quickly sent
 To *Penitence*, whom *Phæbus* taught his art ;
 Which she well knew by long experiment :
 For many a soul, and many a wounded heart
 Had she restor'd, and brought to life again ;
 The broken spirit, with grief and horror slain,
 Tho' oft reviv'd, yet died as oft with sharpest pain.

XI.

For she in sev'ral baths their wounds did steep ;
 The first of *Rue* which purg'd the foul infection,
 And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep :
 Then wou'd she make another strange confection,
 And mix it with *Nepenthe*^a sovereign ;
 Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling pain :
 Thus she the *Knights* restor'd, and wash'd from sinful stain.

XII.

Mean time the fight now fiercer grows than ever :
 (For all his troops the *Dragon* hither drew)
 The two *Twin-Loves*^b whom no place might dis sever ;
 And *Knowledge* with his train begins anew

^a A drug so called.^b See canto ix. stanza 32.

To strike fresh summons up, and hot alarms;
 In midst great *Fido*, clad in sun-like arms,
 With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

XIII.

So when the sun shines in bright *Taurus*' head,
 Returning tempests all with winter fill;
 And still successive storms fresh mustered,
 The timely year in his first springings kill:
 And oft it breathes awhile, then straight again
 Doubly pours out his spite in smoking rain:
 The country's vows and hopes swim on the drowned plain.

XIV.

The *Lovely Twins* ride 'gainst the *Cyprian* bands,
 Chasing their troops, but with no feigned flight:
 Their broken shafts lie scattered on the sands,
 Themselves for fear quite vanish'd out of sight:
 Against these conquerors *Hypocrisy*,
 And *Cosmo*'s^c hated bands, with *Echros*^d fly,
 And all that rout do march, and bold the *Twins* defy.

XV.

Elpinus^e, mighty enemies assail;
 But *Doubt* of all the other most infested;
 That oft his courage did begin to fail,
 More by his craft than odds of force molested:
 For oft the traitor chang'd his weapon light,
 Suddenly alt'ring his first kind of fight;
 And oft himself and shape transform'd with cunning flight.

XVI.

So that great river, with *Alcides* striving
 In *Oeneus*' court for the *Ætolian* maid,
 To divers shapes his fluent limbs contriving,
 From manly form in serpent's frame he stay'd,

^c See canto viii. stanza 4. ^d See canto vii. stanza 45. ^e See canto ix. stanza 30.

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Sweeping with speckled breast the dusty land;
Then like a bull with horns did armed stand:
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden sand.

XVII.

Such shapes and changing fashions much dismay'd him,
That oft he stagger'd with unusual fright;
Did not his brother *Fido* often aid him,
He there must fall in unacquainted fight:
But he wou'd still his wavering strength maintain,
And chace that monster through the sandy plain;
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

XVIII.

Yet him more strong and num'rous foes withstand,
Whom he with greater skill and strength defy'd:
Foul *Ignorance*, with all her owl-ey'd band;
Oft-starting *Fear*, *Distrust* ne'er satisfy'd,
Suspicion too, and thousand other foes;
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows,
And with his flaming sword their fainting army mows.

XIX.

As when blood-guilty earth for vengeance cries,
(If greatest things with less we may compare)
The MIGHTY THUNDERER through the air flies,
While furious whirlwinds open ways prepare:
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains o'er him;
And angels on their flaming wings up bore him:
Mean time the guilty heav'ns for fear fly fast before him.

XX.

There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,
Down with his fire some lofty mount he casts,
And fills the valley with its ruin'd sides;
He oft the forest with his lightning blasts;

And solemn temples awful ruins make ;
 Down fall the spires, the pillars fearful quake ;
 Nor sure to fall, or stand, with doubtful trembling, shake.

XXI.

With *Fido*, *Knowledge* went, who order'd right
 His mighty hands :—so now his scatter'd troops
 Make head again, filling their broken fight ;
 While with new change the *Dragon's* army droops,
 And from pursuing victors headlong run :
 Yet still the *Dragon* frustrates what is done ;
 And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly won.

XXII.

Out of his gorge a dreadful smoke he drew
 That all the fields with foggy mist enwraps :
 As when *Tiphæus* from his body threw
 Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder claps ;
 The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
 And bring dull night upon the smiling day :
 Thus burning *Etna* oft spreads darkness and dismay.

XXIII.

Yet cou'd his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly see
 In this dark *Chaos* :—they the seed of night :
 But these not so, who night and darkness flee ;
 For they the sons of day, rejoice in light :
 But *Knowledge* soon began a way devise,
 To bring again the day, and clear their eyes :
 So open'd *Fido's* shield, and golden vail unties.

XXIV.

Of one pure *Diamond*, celestial fair,
 That heav'nly shield by wisest hand was made ;
 Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,
 To brightest morn wou'd turn the western shade

And

And lightsome day beget before his time;
 Fram'd in heaven, free from all earthly crime,
 Dipp'd in the fiery sun, which burnt the baser slime.

XXV.

As when from marshy lands the heavy clouds
 With rising steams damp the bright morning's face;
 At length the piercing sun his team unshrouds,
 And with his beams the idle fog doth chase:
 The broken mist lies melted all in tears:
 So this bright shield the dismal darkness clears,
 And giving back the day, dissolves their former fears.

XXVI.

Which when afar, the fiery *Dragon* spies
 His flights deluded with so little pain;
 To his last refuge now at length he flies:
 Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to strain;
 And now, ah loathsome sight! at length he threw
 From belly foul a most deformed crew;
 The heav'ns all fled away from their most ugly view.

XXVII.

The first that crept from his detested maw,
 Was *Hamartia*^r, foul deformed wight;
 More foul, deform'd, the sun yet never saw;
 Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:
 A woman seem'd she in her upper part:
 To which she cou'd such lying gloss impart,
 That millions she had slain with her deceiving art.

XXVIII.

The rest (tho' hid) in serpent's form array'd,
 With iron scales, like to a plaited mail:
 Over her back her knotty tail display'd,
 Along the empty air did lofty sail;

^r Sin.

Whose

Whose end was pointed with a double fling,
 Which she with dreadful might was wont to fling,
 That nought cou'd help the wound, but blood of heav'nly
 [KING.

XXIX.

Of the first woman, her the *Dragon* got,
 (The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)
 Whom when she saw defil'd with monstrous spot,
 She strove her hidden shame and birth to smother;
 But she well nigh her mother's self had slain;
 And all who dare her kindly entertain:
 So some parts of her dam, more of her fire remain.

XXX.

Her snaky locks hung loose about her ears;
 And with a monstrous snake she them restrains,
 Which like a border on her head she wears:
 About her neck hang down long adder chains,
 In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded round;
 Which in her anger quickly she unbound,
 And darting far away wou'd sure and deadly wound.

XXXI.

Yet fair and lovely seems to fools dim eyes;
 But hell more lovely, *Pluto's* self more fair
 Appears, when her true form true light descries:
 Her loathsome face, blancht skin, and snaky hair;
 Her shapeless shape, dead life, and carrion smell;
 The worst of ills, the child, and dam of hell:
 Yet man, fool man for this, his precious soul doth sell!

XXXII.

The second in this rank was black, *Despair*,
 Bred in the dark womb of eternal night:
 His looks fast nail'd to *Sin*; long footy hair
 Cover'd his face, which wou'd himself affright:

His

His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head;
 Light, heav'n, and earth, himself, and all things fled:
 A breathing corpse he seem'd, wrapt up in living lead.

XXXIII.

His body all was fram'd of earthly paste,
 And heavy mould; yet earth cou'd not content him:
 Heav'n fast he flies, and heav'n fled him as fast;
 Tho' kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him:
 His very soul was nought but ghastly fright;
 With him went many a fiend, and ugly spright,
 Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

XXXIV.

Instead of feathers on his dangling crest
 A luckless raven spread her blackest wings;
 And to her croaking throat she gives no rest,
 But deathful verses and sad dirges sings:
 His hellish arms were all with fiends emboss'd,
 Who damned souls with endless torments roast,
 And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd ghost.

XXXV.

Two weapons, sharp as death he ever bore,
 Strict *Judgment*, which from far he ever darts;
Sin at his side, a two-edg'd sword he wore,
 With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts:
 Upon his shield *Alecto* with a wreath
 Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth:
 And round about was wrote, *Reward of sin is death.*

XXXVI.

The last two brethren were far different,
 Only in common name of death agreeing;
 The first arm'd with a scythe still mowing went;
 Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;

Born deaf, and blind:—nothing might stop his way:
 No pray'rs, no vows his deadly weapon stay,
 Nor beauty's self, his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

XXXVII.

No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;
 Down drop the young, and old, the boy, and maid:
 Nor beggar can intreat, nor king reprove him;
 All are his slaves in cloth of flesh array'd:
 The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
 And renders horrible all beauty's charms:
 Too well we know his pow'r by long experienc'd harms.

XXXVIII.

A dead man's skull supply'd his helmet's place,
 A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
 Some more, some less, fear his affrighting face;
 But most, who sleep on downy pleasure's bed:
 But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
 And dead to this, live to a life more high;
 Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet lie.

XXXIX.

The second far more foul in every part,
 Burnt with blue fire, and hottest sulphur streams;
 Which wrapping him around, so fill'd with smart
 His curst limbs, that direly he blasphemes:
 Most strange it seems, that burning thus for ever,
 No rest, no time, no place these flames dis sever,
 Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth never.

XL.

Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
 The sun his eye in blackest vapours drown'd,
 Scar'd at such horrid views; th' amazed light
 Sets in an early evening: earth astound,

Bids dogs with howls give warning: at whose sound
The fearful air doth start, seas break their bound,
And frighten'd fled away; no sands might them impound.

XLI.

The palsied troop like aspen leaves appear,
Till now their hearts congeal'd in icy blood,
Deaden the ghastly face:—locks stiffen'd stare:
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshal'd stood:
Their useless swords fell idly on the plain,
While those the triumph sound in lofty strain;
So conquering *Dragon* binds the *Knights* in slavish chain.

XLII.

As when proud *Phineus* in his brother's feast
Fill'd all with tumult and intestine broil;
Wife *Perseus* with such multitudes oppress'd,
Before him bore the *Snaky Gorgons* spoil:
The vulgar now seem'd all to marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks, like statues, were arrang'd;
Become more quiet guests, from former rage estrang'd.

XLIII.

The fair *Eclecta**, who with grief had stood,
Viewing the changes of this doubtful fight,
Saw now the field swim in her *Champion's* blood,
And from her heart, rent with deep passion, sigh'd;
Painting true sorrow in sad silent art.
Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavy smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

XLIV.

What *Dædal* art such griefs can truly shew,
Broke heart, deep sighs, loud sobs, incessant cries,
Baptising ev'ry limb in weeping dew?
Whilst briny tears inflame her swollen eyes,

* See canto xi. stanza 8.

Their crystals, rock ; coral, each lid appears ;
 Compass'd about with tides of grief and fears : [tears.
 Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief with

XLV.

At length sad sorrow, mounted on the wings
 Of loud breath'd sighs, his leaden weight uprears ;
 And vents itself in softest whisperings,
 Follow'd with deadly groans, usher'd by tears :
 While her fair hands, and watry shining eyes
 Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,
 Which seem'd with cloudy brow her grief to sympathize.

XLVI.

Long time the silent passion, wanting vent,
 Made flowing tears, her words, and eyes, her tongue ;
 Till faith, experience, hope, assistance lent
 To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong :
 The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow
 From firmest truth ; then beam'd the hopeful morrow :
 So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of sorrow.

XLVII.

Ah dearest LORD ! my heart's sole SOVEREIGN,
 Who sit'st exalted on thy burning throne ;
 Hear from thy heav'n, where thou dost safely reign,
 Cloth'd with the golden sun, and silver moon :
 Cast down awhile thy sweet and gracious eye,
 And low unvail that glorious MAJESTY,
 Deigning a gentle look on our sad misery.

XLVIII.

To thee, dear LORD ! I lift this watry eye,
 This eye which thou so oft in love^h hast prais'd ;
 This eye with which thouⁱ wounded oft wou'dst die ;
 To thee, dear LORD ! these suppliant hands are rais'd :

^h Canticles i. 15.ⁱ Ibid. iv. 9.

These to be lilies thou hast often told me;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee go, will never more unfold thee.

XLIX.

See how thy foes despiteful trophies rear,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays;
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest dear:
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring bays,
And all thy enemies become as clay?
When shall I see thy face, and glory's ray?
Too long thou stay'st my love; come then, no longer stay.

L.

Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or shut thy kindness up in just disdain?
Didst thou in vain those thousand injuries prove?
Are all those griefs, thy birth, life, death, in vain?
Oh! no;—of ill thou only dost repent thee,
And in thy greatest mercies most content thee:
Then why, with stay so long, so long dost thou torment me?

LI.

Reviving cordial of my dying fright,
The best elixir for soul's drooping pain;
Ah! now unvail thy face, uncloud thy fight;
See, ev'ry way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hell's troops my soul besiege; bow down thine ears;
And hear my cries pierce thro' my groans and tears:
Sweet SPOUSE! see not my sins; remove my doubts and fears,

LII.

Let frailty, favour; sorrow, succour move;
Anchor my soul in thy calm streams of blood:
Be thou my rock, tho' I poor changeling rove,
Toft to and fro with wayes of worldly flood;

Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where winds of earthly thoughts my sails misguide;
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

LIII.

Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,
Walk'd in her eyes that swims and sinks in woes;
See, see, as seas with winds do boisterous rise,
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes!
Dear SPOUSE! unless thy right hand even steers;
Oh! if thou anchor not these threat'ning fears;
Thy ark will fail as deep in blood, as now in tears.

LIV.

With that a thund'ring noise did shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels o'er stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boist'rous rage the swelling main,
Blown up by mighty winds, doth hoarsely roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling shore,
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks earth's rampart door.

LV.

And straight an *Angel*^{*} full of heav'nly might,
(Three sev'ral crowns adorn'd his royal head)
From northern coast raising his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the beast's and *Dragon's* thame:
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

LVI.

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great *Babel* lies as low as hell:

^{*} King *James I.*

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Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heav'n-exalted tow'rs in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud *Babel's* fall'n, and lies upon the ground.

LVII.

The broken heav'ns dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
When straight shrill trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight:
Well knew the *Dragon* that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghast.

LVIII.

Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Tho' oft he strove, and had been foil'd as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd:
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, tho' ever shew'd in vain.

LIX.

So he arose upon his outstretch'd sails
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So he arose, that th' air both starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath:
So he arose, as doth a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with shadows black doth shroud:
So he arose, and thro' the weary air he row'd.

LX.

Now his ALMIGHTY FOE far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms eclips'd the brightest day,
Confounding with their beams less glitt'ring skies,
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;

Like

Like thousand suns in one:—such is their light,
 A subject only for immortal spright;
 Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

LXI.

His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful flame,
 With which the thunderer arms his angry hand:
 Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous NAME,
 Which neither earth nor heav'n cou'd understand:
 A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beset around
 His conqu'ring head: well may they there abound,
 When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly crown'd.

LXII.

His armour all was dy'd with purple blood;
 (In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)
 In vain their stubborn pow'rs his arm withstood:
 Their proud necks chain'd, he them in triumph brings,
 And breaks their spears, and all their trait'rous swords:
 Upon whose arms and thigh in fairest words
 Was written, *The KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS.*

LXIII.

His snow white steed appear'd of heav'nly kind,
 Begot by *Boreas* on the *Thracian* hills;
 More strong and speedy than his parent wind:
 And (which his foes with fear and horror fills)
 Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he darts;
 Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,
 And with his keenest point unbrests the naked hearts.

LXIV.

The *Dragon*, wounded with HIS pow'rful hand,
 They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:
 Short was the fight, nor cou'd he long withstand
 HIM, whose appearance is his victory.

THE PURPLE ISLAND. 183

So now he's bound in adamantine chain;
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain;
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

LXV.

Thence by a *Mighty Swain* he soon was led
Unto a thousand thousand torturings:
His tail, whose folds were wont the stars to shed,
Now stretch'd at length, close to his body clings:
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,
And battle new, but all in vain, respire:
So there he deeply lies, burning in quenchless fires.

LXVI.

As when *Alcides* from forc'd hell had drawn
The three-head *Dog*, and master'd all his pride;
Basely the fiend did on his victor fawn,
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side:
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He shuts the day out from his dullard sight,
And swelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

LXVII.

Soon at this fight the *Knights* revive again,
As fresh as when the flow'rs from winter's tomb
(When now the sun brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb:
The primrose lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays:
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive plays.

LXVIII.

The Prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never ending liberty;
To meet the *VICTOR* from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,

Pours

Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise :
 But him the heav'nly SAVIOUR soon doth raise,
 And bids him spend in joy, his never ending days.

LXIX.

The fair *Ecclesia*, who with widow'd brow
 Her absent LORD long mourn'd in sad array,
 Now silken linen¹ cloth'd as white as snow,
 Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day :
 This shining robe her LORD himself had wrought,
 While he her love with thousand presents sought,
 And it with many a wound, and many a torment bought !

LXX.

And thus array'd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd
 (Drawing their beams from his most glorious face)
 Like to a precious *Jasper*^m, pure refin'd,
 Which with a *Crystal* mix'd, increase his grace :
 The golden stars a garland fair did frame
 To crown her head ; the sun lay hid for shame,
 And yielded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

LXXI.

Ah ! who that flame can tell ? Ah ! who can see ?
 Enough is me with silence to admire ;
 While higher joy, and humble majesty
 In either cheek had kindled graceful fire :
 Long silent stood she, while her former fears
 And griefs ran all away in flowing tears ;
 That like a wat'ry sun her gladsome face appears.

LXXII.

At length when joys had left her closer heart,
 To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue :
 First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
 Then forth i' th' musick of her voice they throng ;

¹ Rev. xix. 8.^m Ibid. xxi. 11.

My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my blifs,
(Whom to enjoy is heav'n, but hell to mifs)
What are the world's false joys, or all true joys to this?

LXXIII.

Ah, dearest LORD! does my rapt soul behold thee?
Am I awake? and sure I do not dream?
Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee?
Too much delight makes true things feigned seem.
Thee, thee I see; thou, thou thus folded art:
For deep thy stamp is printed in my heart,
And thousand untold joys stream in each melting part..

LXXIV.

While with glad sorrow she did thus complain,
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;
He, her with highest joys did entertain,
Herself, her *Champions*, highly all commending:
So all in triumph to his palace go;
Whose blifs in narrow words we cannot show:
For boundless thought is less than the high blifs they know.

LXXV.

There sweet delights, which know nor end, nor measure;
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding:
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure;
Pleasures full grown, and yet are ev'r breeding:
Fulness of blifs excludes not more receiving:
The soul replete with joy, yet still conceiving; [ing.
Beyond flow tongues report, beyond quick thoughts perceiv-

LXXVI.

There are they gone; there will they ever bide;
Drinking full draughts of joy, and heav'nly love:
He still a bridegroom, she a gladsome bride;
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant move:

No change, no grief, no age can them befall :
 Where they thus rest, we heaven justly call ;
 Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

LXXVII.

And as in state they thus in triumph ride,
 The boys and damsels their just praises chant ;
 The boys the bridegroom sing, the maids the bride,
 While all the hills glad *Hymens* loudly vaunt :
 Heav'n's winged hosts, greeting this glorious spring,
 Attune their higher notes, and *Hymens* sing :
 Each thought to pass, and each did pass thought's loftiest wing.

LXXVIII.

Upon HIS lightning brow LOVE stately sitting
 Flames out in pow'r, shines out in majesty ;
 There all his lofty spoils and trophies siting ;
 Displays the marks of HIGHEST DEITY :
 There full of strength in LORDLY arms he stands,
 And every heart, and every soul commands :
 No heart, no soul, his strength and LORDLY pow'r withstands.

LXXIX.

Upon her forehead thousand cheerful graces,
 Seated on thrones of spotless ivory ;
 There gentle love his armed hand unbraces ;
 His bow unbent disclaims all tyranny ;
 There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,
 Persuading more by simple modest smiles,
 Than e'er was won by force of arms, or crafty wiles.

LXXX.

Upon her cheek doth beauty's self display
 The freshest garden of her choicest flow'rs ;
 (So that if *Envy* ⁿ did but look that way,
 His eyes wou'd swell, and burst, and melt in flow'rs) :

ⁿ See Canto vii. stanzas 65, 66, and 67, wherein this hateful passion is fully described.

THE PURPLE ISLAND. 187

Thrice fairer both than ever fairest ey'd :
 Heav'n never such a bridegroom yet descry'd ;
 Nor ever earth so fair, so undefil'd a bride.

LXXXI.

Full of his FATHER shines his glorious face,
 As far the sun surpassing in his light,
 As doth the sun the stars, with flaming blaze :
 Sweet influence streaming from his quick'ning sight :
 His beams from nought did all this *All* display ;
 And when to less than nought they fell away,
 He soon restor'd again-by his new orient ray.

LXXXII.

All heav'n shines forth in her sweet face's frame :
 Her seeing stars (which we miscall bright eyes)
 More bright than is the morning's brightest flame,
 More faithful than the May-time *Geminies* :
 These, back restore the timely summer's fire ;
 Those, springing thoughts in winter hearts inspire,
 Inspiriting dead souls, and quick'ning warm desire.

LXXXIII.

These two fair SUNS in heav'nly spheres are plac'd,
 Where in the centre, joy triumphant sits :
 Thus in all high perfections fully grac'd,
 Her noon-tide bliss no future night admits ;
 But in the mirrors of her SPOUSE's eyes
 Her fairest self she dresses ; wherein lies
 All sweets, a glorious beauty to emparadise.

LXXXIV.

His locks like raven's plumes, or shining jet,
 Fall down in curls along his ivory neck ;
 Within their circlets hundred graces set,
 And with love-knots their comely hangings deck :

His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain °,
 All heav'n and earth, and all thereon sustain;
 Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain.

LXXXV.

Her amber hair like to the sunny ray,
 With gold enamelling the silver white;
 There heav'nly loves their pretty sportings play,
 Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
 Her beaut'ous neck, spread with that silver mould,
 Where double beauty doth itself unfold,
 In her own silver shines, and fairer borrow'd gold.

LXXXVI.

His breast a rock of purest alabaster,
 Where loves self-failing, shipwreck'd often sitteth.
 Hers a twin-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master;
 Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.
 Where better cou'd her love than here have nested?
 Or he his thoughts than here more sweetly feasted?
 Then both their love and thoughts in each are ever rested.

LXXXVII.

Run now you shepherd-swains; ah! run you thither,
 Where this fair bridegroom leads the blessed way:
 And haste you lovely maids, haste you together
 With this sweet bride, while yet the sun-shine day^p
 Guides your blind steps; while yet loud summons call,
 That every wood and hill refounds withal,
 Come *Hymen, Hymen* come, drest in thy golden pall.

LXXXVIII.

The sounding echo back the musick flung,
 While heav'nly spheres unto the voices play'd.
 But lo! the day is ended with my song,
 And sporting bathes with that fair ocean maid:

• *Atlas.*

p The glorious gospel-day.

THE PURPLE ISLAND. 189

Stoop now thy wing, my muse, now stoop thee low:
Hence may'st thou freely play, and rest thee now;
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough.

LXXXIX.

So up they rose, while all the shepherd-throng
With their loud pipes a country triumph blew,
And led their *Thirfil* home with joyful song:
Mean time the lovely nymphs in garlands new,
His locks in bay and honour'd palm-tree bound,
With lilies set, and hyacinths around;
And lord of all the year, and their May-sportings crown'd.

F I N I S.

Here now thy wing, my eagle, now flap thee low:
Hence may it then freely play, and tell thee now,
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough.

LXXIX.

To the day's rest, while all the shepherd throng
With their loud pipes a country music blow,
And let their Tally-ho's with joyful tone;
Mean time the lovely nymphs in garden's bow,
His looks in day and honour'd palm-tree bound,
With kisses set, and nuptials around;
And told of all the year, and their May-foolings crown'd.



C H R I S T ' s

V I C T O R Y

A N D

T R I U M P H.

CHRIST'S

VICTORY

AND



TRM.P.H.

C

H

VO

Corred

Printed

1*

CHRIST'S VICTORY

I N

HEAVEN, and on EARTH;

A N D

T R I U M P H

OVER, and AFTER DEATH.

A P O E M,

I N F O U R P A R T S.

By GILES FLETCHER.

—————In his blest *Life*,
I see the *Path*, and in his *Death*, the *Price*,
And in his great *Ascent*, the *Proof* supreme
Of Immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye Nations! hear it, O ye Dead!
He rose! He rose! He burst the Bars of Death.

The Theme, the Joy, how then shall *Man* sustain?
Oh the burst Gates! crush'd Sting! demolish'd Throne!
Last Gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and Heaven!
This *Sum of Good* to Man.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A N E W E D I T I O N,

Corrected and Revised; with an Introduction and additional Notes by
the EDITOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed by FRYS and COUCHMAN, Worship-Street, Upper-Moorfields.

M D C C L X X X I I I.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

IN

HEAVEN, and on EARTH

AND

TRIUMPH

OVER, and AFTER DEATH

A POEM

IN FOUR PARTS

By GILES FLETCHER



I see the Lamb,
And in his face
Of Innocence
Hate, O my Nations! here is O my Death!
He told me: He told me the hour of Death.

The Throne, the Joy, how often I have laboured
On the Lamb's great cross, I have seen the Throne,
The Gift, of Innocence, of Faith and Mercy!

How often I have seen the Lamb.

A NEW EDITION

with an Introduction and additional Notes
by the Editor.

LONDON

Printed by TAYLOR and COCHRAN, Whitehall, near the Horse Guards.
MDCCCLXXIII.

A N
I N T R O D U C T I O N

TO THE NEW EDITION OF THE

SCRIPTURAL POEM,

ENTITLED

CHRIST'S VICTORY, &c.

A GAIN this Work appears, and courts anew
Th' attentive Ear of the Judicious Few,
Who pious Sentiments in Verse admire,
And Sacred Truths, which noblest Thoughts inspire :
Thus for his Theme, this Author wisely took
The highest Subject of that blessed Book *,
Whence we our Faith, and Hope, and Joy obtain :
(Alas, that any shou'd that Book disdain !)

Well hath the Poet shew'n th' amazing Plan
Of LOVE DIVINE ! to rescue fallen Man ;
When *Justice* from her Throne began to rise,
And threaten Vengeance from the angry Skies !
But *Mercy*, soon her Voice did interpose,
To plead for him, who 'gainst his MAKER rose.
Justice the Honour of the *Law* maintains ;
And CHRIST in Heav'n the glorious *Vict'ry* gains !

* The Bible.

WHO

Who in due Time descending from Above,
 Doth in our Nature further *Conquests* prove :
 Born of a Virgin :—wholly free from Sin,
 See him on Earth his mighty Acts begin.
 To a waste Desert by the SPIRIT led,
 Where savage Beasts a deadly Terror spread ;
 Here forty Days he fasting did abide,
 While him with guileful Baits the *Tempter* try'd :
 But well the SAVIOUR that Deceiver knew,
 And all his dire Designs he overthrew.
 Now midst unnumber'd Throngs does CHRIST appear ;
 And makes the Blind to see, the Deaf to hear.
 Tho' other wondrous Deeds his Pow'r effect,
 Yet all his Miracles the *Jews* reject ;
 Nor will his GODHEAD own, nor him confess
 As the MESSIAH, born their Race to bless :
 Lo ! *Priests* and *Elders* wickedly combine ;
 Nor less than Murder is their black Design :
 Yea, all the Multitude together, cry
Barabbas spare, but *Jesus* crucify !
 Thus he to Death submits :—but, therein we
 The awful Price of our Redemption see !
 “ Strange *Conquest*, where the *Conqueror* must die,
 “ And he is slain who wins the *Victory*.”
 And yet another *Conquest* he must gain,
 Or all our Faith, and highest Hopes are vain.
 Low in the Earth those precious Spoils are laid ;
 The GREAT REDEEMER's number'd with the Dead !
 His Enemies now thought themselves secure ;
 A Watch they set, and Sepulchre made sure :

But,

INTRODUCTION.

v

But, short's the Triumph of Infernal Foes ;
On the third Day the MIGHTY SAVIOUR rose !
And soon to his Disciples he appear'd ;
Whom they, with Joy and Transport, saw and heard :
But lo ! a Cloud descends, which bears away
The GLORIOUS VICTOR to the Realms of Day !
Where all the Heav'nly Hosts their Voices raise,
And sing His Triumphs in Immortal Lays !

Ye mourning Saints, sojourning here below,
Dry up your Tears, and for your Comfort know,
He who ascended thus to Worlds on high,
Regards you ever with a Gracious Eye :
Who in like Manner will return again,
When you with HIM Eternally shall reign.

P. B.

DEDI-

1947

But, hark! the Trumps of Liberty
On the third Day, the March 24th, 1848, when
and from the Capitol he appeared;
Wilson then, with joy and triumph, low and heard;
and a Cloud between, which bore away the
The Congress, Victor in the Realm of Liberty,
There all the glory of their Voice was heard,
and the Triumphal Archway, low and heard.

DEDICATION,

By the AUTHOR.

To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL and REV. DR. NEVYLE,
DEAN of CANTERBURY, and MASTER of TRINITY
COLLEGE, Cambridge.

Right worthy and Rev. Sir,

AS I have always thought the place wherein I live, after heaven, principally to be desired, both because I most want, and it most abounds in wisdom; which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God (I mean yourself) that reached down, as it were, out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature, and price, than which, I could wish none (only heaven itself excepted) either more fruitful, and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all men's judgments (that have any judgment) *Europe* is worthily deemed the queen of the world; that garland both of learning and pure religion, being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since been withered in *Greece* and *Palesine*; so my opinion of this island hath always
been

been, that it is the very face, and beauty of all *Europe*: in which both true religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on earth) true learning sweetly flourisheth without ostentation: and what are the two eyes of this land, but the two *Universities*; which cannot but prosper in the time of such a prince, that is a prince of learning, as well as of people: and truly I should forget myself, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (King Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourself the repairer, of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in *Cambridge*: in which being placed by your favour only, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less, than acknowledge that debt, which I shall never be able to pay; and with old *Silenus*, in the Poet (upon whom the boys—*injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis*, making his garland his fetters) finding myself bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by yourself for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedom with a song, the matter whereof is as worthy the sweetest singer, as myself the miserable singer, unworthy so divine a subject: but the same favour that before rewarded no desert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; than which indulgence, when I regard myself, I can wish no more; when I remember you, I can hope no less.

So

So commending these few broken lines unto yours,
and yourself into the hands of the best physician, *Jesus*
Christ, with whom the most ill-affected man in the midst
of his sickness is in good health, and without whom, the
most lusty body, in his greatest jollity, is but a lan-
guishing carcase, I humbly take my leave, ending
with the same wish, that your devoted observer, and
my approved friend doth, in his verses presently se-
quent *, that your passage to heaven may be flow to us,
that shall want you here, but to yourself that cannot
want us there, most secure and certain.

Your *Worship's*,

In all Duty and Service,

GILES FLETCHER.

* The following verses,

B

THOMAS

D E D I C A T I O N

T H O M A S N E V Y L E,
M O S T H E A V E N L Y.

AS when the captain of the heav'nly host,
Or else that glorious army doth appear,
In waters drown'd with surging billows tost,
We know they are not, where we see they are;
We see them in the deep, we see them move,
We know they fixed are in heav'n above:

So did the Sun of righteousness come down,
Clouded in flesh, and seemed in the deep:
So do the many waters seem to drown
The stars, his saints, and they on earth to keep;
And yet this Sun from heaven never fell,
And yet these earthly stars in heaven dwell.

What if their souls be into prison cast
In earthly bodies? yet they long for heaven:
What if this worldly sea they have not past?
Yet fain they wou'd be brought into their haven:
They are not here, and yet we here them see,
For ev'ry one is there, where he wou'd be.

Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain.
Long may you here in heav'n, on earth remain,
And yet a heav'n in heav'n hereafter gain:
Go you to heav'n, but yet oh make no haste,
Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.

But when the *Nightingale* so near doth fit,
Silence the *Titmouse* better may besit.

F. NETHERSOLE.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE POEM
CALLED
CHRIST'S VICTORY, &c.

FOND lads! that spend so fast your posting time,
(Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)
To chant light toys, or frame some wanton rhyme
Where idle boys may glut their lustful taste;
Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime
With virgin's roses, and fair lilies chaste;
While itching bloods, and youthful ears adore it;
But wiser men, and once yourselves will most abhor it.

But thou (most near, most dear) in this of thine,
Hast prov'd the muses not to Venus bound,
Such as thy matter, such thy muse divine:
Or thou such grace with MERCY'S self hast found,
That she herself deigns in thy leaves to shine:
Or stol'n from heav'n thou brought'st this verse to ground,
Which frights the stupid soul with fearful thunder;
And soon with honey'd dews melts it 'twixt joy and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;
The glass through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eas'ly make a molehill, mountains seem!
His Praise dispraises, his Dispraises praise:
Enough, if best men, best thy labours deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise;
Whilst all the muses to thy song decree
VICTORIOUS TRIUMPH, TRIUMPHANT VICTORY!

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

PART I.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

I N H E A V E N.

I.

THE birth ^a of HIM who no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born;
And how the INFINITE far greater grew,
By growing less; and how the rising morn
Which sprang from heav'n, did back to heav'n return!
The obsequies of HIM who cou'd not die;
And death of life, end of eternity;
How worthily HE died, who died unworthily:

II.

How God and man, did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, heav'n and earth did kifs;
And how a virgin did become a mother,
And bear that SON, who the world's Father is;
And Maker of his mother; and how Blifs
Descended from the presence of the HIGH,
To clothe himself in naked misery;
Rising at length to heav'n, in earth ^b triumphantly,

^a The argument propounded in general: our redemption by Christ.

^b In man's nature.

III.

III.

Is the first theme, wherewith my purer muse
 Doth burn in heav'nly love, such love to tell.
 O THOU^c, who didst this holy fire infuse!
 And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of hell
 Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd; to swell
 With better thoughts; send down those lights, that lend
 Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end,
 The love that never was, nor ever can be pen'd.

IV.

Ye Sacred Writings! in whose antique leaves
 The wondrous deeds of heav'n recorded lie;
 Say, what might be the cause, that MERCY heaves
 The dust of sin above the starry sky,
 And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
 Could JUSTICE be of sin so over-woo'd,
 Or so great ill, be cause of so great good,
 That bloody man to save, man's SAVIOUR shed his blood?

V.

Or did the lips of MERCY drop soft speech^d
 For trait'rous man, when at th' eternal's throne,
 Incens'd *Nemesis*^e did heaven beseech
 With thund'ring voice, that vengeance might be shown
 Against the rebels, that from God were flown;
 O say! say how cou'd MERCY plead for those,
 Who scarcely made, against their Maker rose?
 Will any slay his friend, that he may spare his foes?

VI.

There is a place beyond that flaming hill,
 From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,
 A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
 Nor impure thought was ever harboured;

^c The author's invocation, for the better handling of it.

^d The argument, man's redemption, expounded from the cause, MERCY.

^e According to heathen mythology, the goddess of revenge.

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

3

But faintly heroes are for ever said
 To keep an everlasting sabbath's rest,
 Still wishing that, of which they're still possess;
 Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys best.

VII.

Here, when the ruin of that beaut'ous frame^f,
 Whose golden building shin'd with ev'ry star
 Of excellence, deform'd with sin became;
 MERCY^g rememb'ring peace in midst of war,
 Lift up the musick of her voice, to bar
 Eternal fate, lest it shou'd quite erase
 That from the world, which was the first world's grace,
 And all again into their nothing, *Chaos*, chafe.

VIII.

For what had all this *All*, which man in one,
 Did not unite; the earth, air, water, fire,
 Life, sense, and spirit; nay the pow'ful throne
 Of the Divinest Essence did retire,
 And his own Image into clay inspire:
 So that this creature well might called be,
 Of the great world, the small epitome;
 Of the dead world, the life, and quick anatomy.

IX.

But, JUSTICE had no sooner MERCY seen,
 Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow;
 But up she starts, and throws herself between:
 So when a vapour from a moory slough,
 Meeting the star of morn (that hath but now
 Open'd the world, which all in darkness lay)
 Doth heav'ns bright face of his rays disarray,
 And damps the smiling orient of the springing day.

^f Man being considered as the noblest part of the creation.

^g Pleading for man, now guilty.

X.

X. *And his sacred virginity*

She was a VIRGIN of austere regard;
 Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
 But as the eagle, which hath oft compar'd
 Her eye with heav'n's, so, and more brightly shin'd
 Her piercing sight: for she each wish cou'd find
 Within the solid heart; and with her ears,
 The silence of the thought, loud speaking hears.
 And in one hand a pair of even scales she bears.

XI. *And his sacred virginity*

No riot of affection revel kept
 Within her breast; but a still apathy
 Possessed all her soul; which softly slept
 Securely without tempest; no sad cry
 Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty
 Lifting his eyes to heav'n, swimming in tears,
 With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
 Whetting the blazing sword, that in her hand appears.

XII. *And his sacred virginity*

The forked lightning^a is her Mercury,
 And round about her mighty thunders found:
 Impatient of himself lies pining by
 Pale sickness, with his head in kerchief bound;
 And thousand noisome plagues attend her round:
 But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
 The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
 And lofty mountains shake, and frighten'd spectres howl.

XIII. *And his sacred virginity*

Famine; and meagre care; and bloody war;
 Want; and the want of knowledge how to use
 Abundance;—age, and fear that runs afar
 Before his fellow grief, that ayeⁱ pursues

^a The retinue of justice. ⁱ i. e. ever.

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

25

His winged steps;—for who wou'd not refuse
Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd spright,
That shrinks the cheeks, and palls the freshest sight;
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight.

XIV.

Before this cursed throng goes ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot see;
And after all, death doth his flag advance;
And in the midst strife still wou'd hurtful be,
Whose ragged flesh, and clothes did well agree;
And round about amazed horror flies;
And over all, shame veils his guilty eyes;
And underneath, hell's hungry throat still yawning lies.

XV.

Upon two * stony tables spread before her,
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard;
There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward;
There hung the score of all our debts; the card
Where good and bad, and life and death were painted:
Never was heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted,

XVI.

Witness the thunder that mount *Sinai* shook,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame;
And wond'ring *Israel* cou'd no longer look;
But blind with seeing, durst not touch the same;
And like a wood of shaking leaves became:
On this, dread JUSTICE! she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

* Her subject, the moral law, which was written on tables of stone.

XVII.

Dread LORD¹ of spirits! well thou didst devise
 To fling the world's rude dunghill and the dross
 Of the old *Chaos*, furthest from the skies
 And thine own feat; that here the child of loss,
 Of all the lower heav'n the curse and cross,
 That wretch, beast, caitiff, monster man, might spend,
 (Proud of the mire in which his soul is penn'd)
 Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

XVIII.

His body dust: where grew such cause of pride^m?
 His soul thy image: what cou'd he envy?
 Himself most happy, if he so wou'd 'bide:
 Now grown so wretched, who can remedy?
 He slew himself, himself the enemy:
 That his own soul wou'd his own murder wreak,
 If I were silent, heav'n and earth wou'd speak;
 And if all fail'd, these stones wou'd into clamours break.

XIX.

How many darts made furrows in his side,
 When she that out of his own side was made,
 Gave feathers to their flight?—Where was the pride
 Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade,
 When running from thy voice into the shade,
 He fled thy sight, himself of sight bereav'd;
 And for his shield a leafy armour weav'd, [ceiv'd?
 With which, vain man! he thought God's eyes to have de-

XX.

Yet well he might delude those eyes, that see,
 And judge by colours:—for who ever saw
 A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
 But those that from this stock their lives did draw,

¹ Her accusation of man's sin.^m And first, of Adam's sin.

Soon ⁿ made their father *godly*, and by law
 Proclaimed trees Almighty :—gods of wood,
 Of stocks, and stones with crowns of laurel stoo'd,
 Templ'd, and fed by fathers with their children's blood.

XXI.

The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
 And, like the stars of heav'n in midst of night,
 Black *Egypt*, as her mirrors doth behold;
 Are but the dens where idol snakes delight
 Again to cover *Satan* from their sight:
 Yet these are all their gods; with whom they vie
 The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly:
 Fit gods indeed, for such men to be served by.

XXII.

The fire, the wind, the sea, the sun, and moon;
 The flitting air, and the swift-flying hours;
 And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
 And centinel about the walled tow'rs
 Of the world's city, in their heav'nly bow'rs;
 And lest their pleasant gods shou'd want delight,
Neptune casts forth the lady *Aphrodite*;
 And but in heav'n, proud *Juno's* peacocks scorn to light.

XXIII.

The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat;
 And worse than all these, man, and worst of men
 Usurping *Jove*, and swelling *Bacchus* fat,
 And drunk with the vines purple blood; and then
 The *Fiend* himself they conjure from his den,
 Because he only yet remain'd to be
 Worse than the worst of men :—they fly from *THEE*;
 And wear his altar stones out with their pliant knee.

ⁿ Then of his posterity's, in all kinds of idolatry.

XXIV.

But let him in his cavern restless rest;
 The dungeon of dark flames, and scorching fire:
 JUSTICE in heav'n against man makes request
 To God, and of his angels doth require
 Sin's punishment:—If what I did desire,
 Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
 Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
 Then shou'd my speech, their sands of sins to mountains rear.

XXV.

Were not the heav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue;
 The judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him;
 The cause for sin, the punishment most due;
 Justice herself, the plaintiff to indite him;
 The angels holy, before whom I cite him;
He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure:
 Then might he sinful live and die secure,
 Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

XXVI.

The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd;
 The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues;
 The fault excus'd, or punishment delay'd;
 The party's self accus'd, that did accuse;
 Angels for pardon might their prayers use:
 But now no star can shine, no hope be got;
 Most wretched creature if he knew his lot;
 And yet, more wretched far, because he knows it not!

XXVII.

What shou'd I tell, how barren earth is grown,
 And that to starve her children? Didst not THOU
 Water with heav'nly show'rs her womb unfown,
 And drop down clouds of flow'rs; didst THOU not bow

* An awful effect of sin; which renders the sinner totally blind to his miserable condition.

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

9

Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow :

Long might he look, and look, and long in vain,

Might load his harvest in an empty wain,

And beat the woods to find the poor oak's hungry grain.

XXVIII.

The swelling sea seeths in his angry waves,

And smites the earth that dares the traitors nourish :

Yet oft his tempests their light bark outbraves ;

Ranging the mountains, on whose sides do flourish

Whole woods of garlands ; and their pride to cherish,

Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets display

To catch the flying winds, and steal away,

Coz'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble prey.

XXIX.

Who makes the sources of the silver fountains,

From the flint's mouth, and rocky vallies glide,

Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains ?

Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd

In their cold dens, making them hungry bide

Till man to rest be laid ?—Can beastly he,

That shou'd have most sense, only senseless be ;

And all things else, save he himself, so awful see.

XXX.

Were he not wilder than the savage beast ;

Prcuder than haughty hills, harder than rocks ;

Colder than fountains from their springs releast ;

Lighter than air, more blind than senseless stocks ;

More changing than the rivers curling locks :

If reason wou'd not, sense wou'd soon reprove^p him,

And unto shame, if not to sorrow move him,

To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard stones out-
love him.

^p For his ingratitude.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
 And swallow'd *Dathan*;—and the raging wind,
 And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
 For *Jonas*;—and the air did bullets find,
 And shot from heav'n a stony show'r to grind
 The five proud kings, that for their idols fought;
 The sun itself stood still to fight it out;
 And fire from heav'n came down, when sin to heav'n did shout.

XXXII.

Shou'd any to himself for safety fly?
 The way to save himself (if any were)
 Is to fly from himself^a.—Should he rely
 Upon the promise of his wife? What there,
 What can he see, but that he most may fear,
 A firen, sweet to death?—Upon his friends?
 Who what he needs, or what he hath not lends;
 Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends.

XXXIII.

His strength? 'Tis dust:—His pleasure? Cause of pain:
 His hope? False courtier:—Youth or beauty? Brittle:
 Intreaty? Fond:—Repentance? Late and vain:
 Just recompence? The world were all too little:
 THY love? He hath no title to a tittle:
 Hell's force? In vain her furies hell shall gather:
 His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
 His child (if good) shall judge; (if bad) shall curse his father.

XXXIV.

His life? That brings him to his end, and leaves him:
 His end? That leaves him to begin his woe:
 His goods? What good in that which so deceives him:
 His gods of wood? Their feet alas! are slow

^a Being destitute of all hope, or any remedy.

To go to help, which must be help'd to go :
 Honours, great worth? Ah! little worth they be
 Unto their owners:—Wit? That makes him see,
 He wanted wit, who thought he had it, wanting THEE.

XXXV.

What need I urge *, what they must needs confess?
 Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
 I crave no more, and THOU canst give no less,
 Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
 Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust :
 But if THY mercy needs will spare her friends,
 Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.
 'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right defends.

XXXVI.

She ended *, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
 Burning with zeal, now quickly marshall'd were;
 Like to an army that alarum cries,
 When ev'ry one doth shake his dreadful spear;
 And the Almighty's self, as he wou'd tear
 The earth and her firm basis quite asunder,
 Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder;
 Heav'n stole itself from earth, by clouds that gather'd under.

XXXVII.

As * when the cheerful sun, light spreading wide,
 Glads all the world with his diffusive ray,
 And woo's the widow'd earth afresh, to pride
 And paint her bosom with the flow'ry May;
 His silent sister steals him quite away,
 Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
 The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
 And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.

* He can expect nothing but a fearful sentence.

* Justice having ended her speech: the effect it had on the heavenly powers.

* Appealed by mercy.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

But soon as he unclouded is again,
 Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
 As tho' another day were now began;
 The cozen'd birds, industrious take their flight,
 And wonder at the shortness of the night:
 So MERCY once again herself displays
 Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
 Those sunshine looks, whose beams wou'd dim a thousand days.

XXXIX.

How may a worm " that crawls along the dust,
 Ascend the azure mountains thrown so high,
 And bring from thence thy fair idea just,
 That in those bright abodes doth hidden lie;
 Cloth'd with such light as blinds the angel's eye:
 How may weak mortal ever hope to file
 His unsmooth tongue, and his so uncouth style?
 O! raise thou from his corpse, thy now entomb'd exile.

XL.

If any ask " why roses please the sight?
 Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r;
 If any ask why lilies are so white?
 Because their blossoms in thy hand do flow'r;
 Or why sweet plants such grateful odours show'r?
 It is because thy breath so like they be;
 Or why the *Orient* sun so bright we see?
 What reason can we give, but from thine eyes and thee.

XLI.

Ros'd all in lively crimson are thy cheeks,
 Where beauties ever flourishing abide;
 And as to pass his fellow either seeks
 Both seem to blush at one another's pride:

" Our inability to describe this glorious attribute.

" Her beauty resembled by the creatures, which are all but frail shadows of her
 perfections.

And

And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
 Ten thousand graces * fit, and when they move
 To earth, their looks so beaut'ous, from above,
 They fly from heav'n, and on their wings convey thy love.

XLII.

As melting honey †, dropping from the comb,
 Distill the words that spring between thy lips;
 Thy lips, where smiling sweetness keeps her home,
 And heav'nly eloquence pure manna sips:
 He, that his pen but in that fountain dips,
 How nimbly will the golden phrases fly;
 And send forth strains of choicest poesy,
 That captivate the ear with their sweet harmony.

XLIII.

Like as the thirsty land, in summer's heat,
 Calls to the clouds, and opes at every show'r,
 As though her hungry clefts all heav'n wou'd eat;
 Which if High God into her bosom pour,
 Though much refresh'd, yet more she cou'd devour:
 So angels greed'ly hear those words so sweet,
 And every breath, a thousand longing meet;
 Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

XLIV.

Upon her breast, delight doth softly sleep,
 And with eternal joy is nourished;
 Those snowy mountainets, through which do creep
 The milky rivers, that are inly bred
 In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
 On weary travellers in heat of day,
 To quench their fiery thirst, and to allay
 With dropping *Nectar* floods the hardships of their way.

* Her attendants.

† Her persuasive power.

XLV.

If ^a any wander, thou dost call him back;
 If any be not forward, thou incit'st him;
 Thou dost expect, if any shou'd grow slack;
 If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him;
 Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'st him;
 Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies;
 Healing the sick, and quick'ning him that dies;
 Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the blind man's eyes.

XLVI.

So fair thou art, that all wou'd thee behold;
 But, none can thee behold, thou art so fair:
 Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold!
 That with poor shadows striveth to compare,
 And match the things which he knows matchless are:
 O thou bright mirror of celestial grace!
 How can frail colours, e'er portray thy face,
 Or paint in flesh thy beauty, in such semblance base?

XLVII.

Her upper garment ^a was a silken lawn,
 Richly with needle-work embroidered;
 Which she herself, with her own hand had drawn;
 And all the world therein had portrayed,
 With threads so fresh and lively coloured,
 As if the world she new-created there;
 And the mistaken eye wou'd rashly swear,
 The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living were.

XLVIII.

Low ^b at her feet the earth was cast alone,
 (As tho' to kiss her foot it did aspire,
 And gave itself for her to tread upon)
 With so unlike and different attire,

^a Her kind offices to man.

^a Her dress composed of all the creatures.

^b Earth.

That every one who saw it, did admire
 What it might be, was of such various hue;
 For to itself, it oft so diverse grew,
 That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd anew.

XLIX.

And here and there few men the scattered,
 (Who in their thoughts the world esteem but small,
 And themselves great) but she with one fine thread
 So short, and small, and slender wove them all,
 That like a sort of busy ants that crawl
 About some molehill, so they wandered;
 And round about the waving sea was shed:
 But for the silver sands, small pearls were there sprinkled.

L.

So curiously the under-work^c did creep;
 And curling circlets so well shadow'd lay,
 That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
 But those that near the margin pearls did play,
 Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway;
 As tho' they meant to lull the gentle ear,
 And hush the former that enlumber'd were;
 And here a dang'rous rock the flying ships did fear.

LI.

High^d in the airy element was hung
 Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
 (As tho' his purer waves from heaven sprung)
 To crawl on earth as doth the sluggish main:
 But it, the ground wou'd water with his rain,
 That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and season would;
 And oft the sun wou'd cleave the limber mould
 To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

^c Sea.^d Air.

LII.

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud
 Dropping with thicker dew did melt apace,
 And bent itself into a hollow shroud;
 On which if MERCY did but cast her face,
 A thousand colours did the bow enchain;
 That wondrous 'twas to see the silk distain'd,
 With the reflandance from her beauty gain'd;
 And *Iris* paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd,

LIII.

About her head a *Cyprus* wreath* she wore,
 Spread like a vail upheld with silver wire;
 In which the stars so burn'd in golden ore,
 As if the azure web was all on fire;
 But hastily to quench their sparkling ire,
 A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
 That on his curdled wave swift *Argus* bore;
 And the immortal *Swan* that did her life deplore.

LIV.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see
 Without a sun, to give their tapers light:
 Yet strange it was not, that it so shou'd be:
 For where the sun centers himself by right,
 Her face and locks did flame; that at the sight,
 The heav'nly vail, that else wou'd quickly move,
 Forgot his flight, and all inflam'd with love,
 With wonder and amazement, did her beauty prove.

LV.

Over her hung a canopy of state†;
 Not of rich tiffue, nor of spangled gold;
 But of a substance, tho' not animate,
 Yet of a heav'nly, and spiritual mould,

* The celestial bodies.

† The third heaven.

That only eyes of spirits might behold ;
 Such light as from vast rocks of diamond,
 Shooting their sparks at *Phabus*, wou'd rebound ;
 And little angels holding hands danc'd all around.

LVI.

It seem'd those little sprights, so swift and bold,
 The stately canopy bore on their wings :
 But them itself, as pendants did uphold ;
 Besides the crowns of many famous kings ;
 Amongst the rest there *David* ever sings ;
 And now, with years grown young, renews his lays
 Unto his golden harp ; and ditties plays,
 Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs, his MAKER's praise.

LVII.

Thou self-idea of all joys to come ;
 Whose love is such wou'd make the rudest speak ;
 Whose love is such, wou'd make the wisest dumb :
 O when wilt thou thy so long silence break,
 And overcome the strong to save the weak !
 If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
 Th' Almighty's self, that gaze upon the ground,
 As tho' some wondrous object there, did them confound.

LVIII.

Ah ! miserable abject * of disgrace,
 What happiness is in thy misery ?
 I both must pity and envy thy case :
 For SHE who is the glory of the sky,
 Leaves heaven blind, to fix on thee her eye :
 Yet her (tho' MERCY's self esteems not small)
 The world despis'd ; they her *Repentance* call ;
 And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

* Repentance.

LIX.

LIX.

Deeply, alas! *em*passioned she stood,
 To see a flaming brand, tost up from hell;
 Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,
 That oft for torment she wou'd loudly yell;
 Now she wou'd fighting sit, and now she fell
 Crouching upon the ground in sackcloth vile;
 Early and late she pray'd, fasting the while;
 And her dishevel'd hair, ashes and dust defile.

LX.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
 Of her own self she was;—disconsolate
 (As though herself were making funeral
 For her poor ghost) she in an arbour sat
 Of thorny brier, weeping her cursed state;
 And her before a hasty river fled,
 Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed;
 And all about, the grass with tears hung down its head.

LXI.

Her eyes, tho' blind abroad, at home kept fast;
 Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
 At which she often started as aghast,
 To see so fearful spectacles of dread;
 And with one hand her breast she martyred,
 Wounding her heart the same to mortify;
 The other a fair *Damsel*^h held her by,
 Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.

LXII.

But *Faith* was quick, and swift as is the heav'n,
 As if of love, and life, she all had been;
 And tho' of present sight she was bereav'n,
 Yet, she cou'd see the things cou'd not be seen

^h Faith.

Beyond the stars, as nothing were between ;
 She fix'd her sight, disdaining things below ;
 Into the sea she cou'd a mountain throw,
 And make the sun to stand, and waters backward flow.

LXIII.

Such, when as MERCY, her beheld from high,
 In a dark valley drown'd with her own tears ;
 One of her graces she sent speedily,
 Smiling *Eirene*, who a garland wears
 Of gilded olive, on her fairer hairs,
 To crown the fainting souls true sacrifice ;
 Whom, when as sad *Repentance* coming spies,
 The holy *Desperado* wip'd her swollen eyes.

LXIV.

But MERCY felt a kind remorse to run
 Thro' her soft veins, and therefore moved fast
 To put an end to silence, thus begun ;
 Aye honoured FATHER, if no joy thou hast
 But to reward desert ; reward at last
 The Devil's voice, who spoke with serpent's tongue,
 (Meet to hiss out the words, so deadly stung)
 And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly sung.

LXV.

He was the father^k of that hopeless season,
 When to serve other gods, men left their own ;
 The reason was, THOU wast above their reason :
 They wou'd have any gods, rather than none,
 A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone :
 And these as JUSTICE hates, so I deplore :
 But, the up-ploughed heart all rent and tore,
 Tho' wounded by itself, I gladly wou'd restore.

^k Her deprecativè speech for man, in which ^k she translates the principal fault unto the Devil.

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

LXVI.

He ¹ was but dust, why fear'd he not to fall?
 And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
 Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
 Cou'd he not take away, as well as give?
 Shou'd man deprave, and shall not God deprive?
 Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,
 (That, puffed up with pride of his own merit,
 Fell in his rise) that him of heav'n did disinherit.

LXVII.

He ^m was but dust: how cou'd he stand before him?
 And being fall'n, why shou'd he fear to die?
 Cannot the hand that made him first, restore him?
 Deprav'd by sin, shou'd he deprived lie
 Of grace?—Can he not hide infirmity,
 Who gave him strength? Unworthy the forsaking
 He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
 Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

LXVIII.

Who shall bring incense to thy temple more?
 Or on thy altar crown the sacrifice;
 Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor;
 Or why shou'd prayer deck with herbs and spice
 Her vials, breathing orisons of price?
 If ^a all must pay, that which all cannot pay?
 Oh! first begin with me, and MERCY slay,
 And thy thrice-honour'd SON, who now beneath doth stray.

LXIX.

But if, or HE, or I, may live, and speak;
 And heav'n rejoice to see a sinner weep,
 Oh! let not JUSTICE iron sceptre break
 A heart already broke, that low doth creep,

¹ Referring to justice's aggravation of man's sin. ^m Mitigates it first by a contrary inference. ^a By interesting herself in the cause of Christ.

And with humility her feet's dust doth sweep.

Must all go by desert, is nothing free?^a

Ah! if but those, who only worthy be;^b

None shou'd thee ever see, none shou'd thee ever see.

LXX.

What hath man done, that MAN shall not undo;

Since God to him is grown so near akin?

Did his foe slay him?—He shall slay his foe:

Hath he lost all?—He all again shall win:

Is sin his master?—He shall master sin:

Too ~~hasty~~ soul, with sin the field to try;

The only way to conquer, was to fly:

But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's self shall die.

LXXI.

CHRIST is a path,—if any be milled;

He is a robe,—if any naked be;

If any chance to hunger,—he is bread;

If any be a bondman,—he is free;

If any be but weak,—how strong is he?

To dead men, life he is;—to sick men, health;

To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;

A pleasure without loss;—a treasure without stealth.

LXXII.

Who can forget? Never to be forgot,

The time^p, that all the world in slumber lies;

When like the stars, the singing angels shot

To earth; and heav'n awaken'd all his eyes,

To see another SUN, at midnight rise:

On earth, was never fight of equal fame:

For God before, man like himself did frame;

But God himself, now like a mortal man became.

^a Christ being as sufficient to satisfy, as man was impotent.

^b Whom she celebrates from the time of his nativity.

LXXIII.

A child he was^a, and had not learnt to speak,
 Who with his word, the world before did make;
 His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
 Who with one hand the vaults of heav'n cou'd shake:
 See how small room my infant LORD doth take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
 Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
 Never such age so young, never a child so old.

LXXIV.

And yet but lately was this infant bred;
 And yet already he was fought to die;
 Yet scarcely born, already banished;
 Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly;
 But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
 The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd;
 And *Rachel* for her sons, with fury wild,
 Cries, O thou cruel king! and O my sweetest child!

LXXV.

Egypt his nurse became, where *Nilus* springs;
 Who straight to entertain the rising SUN,
 The hasty harvest in his bosom brings:
 But now for drought the fields are all undone;
 And now with waters all is overrun;
 So fast the *Cynthian* mountains pour'd their snow,
 When once they felt the SUN so near them glow;
 That *Nilus*, *Egypt* lost, and to a sea did grow.

LXXVI.

The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace;
 The curst *Oracles* were all struck dumb;
 To see their SHEPHERD, the poor shepherds prefs;
 To see their KING, the kingly *Sophies* come,

^a From the effects of it in himself.

And them to guide unto their MASTER's home,
 A star comes dancing up the orient,
 And springs for joy over the strawy tent;
 Where gold, to make their PRINCE a crown, they all present.

LXXVII.

Young *John*, glad child, before he cou'd be born,
 Leap'd in the womb, his joy to prophesy;
 Old *Anna*, tho' with age all spent and worn,
 Proclaims her SAVIOUR to posterity;
 And *Simeon* fast his dying words doth ply;
 Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
 It is the SIRE of heav'n thou dost embrace,
 Sing, *Simeon*, sing; sing, *Simeon*, sing apace!

LXXVIII.

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
 From God's outstretched arm^r; now milder grown
 And melted into tears; as if to pray
 For pardon, and for pity, it had known;
 Which shou'd have been for sacred vengeance thrown:
 Thereto th' angelic armies all had vow'd
 Their former rage:—but, all to MERCY bow'd,
 And broken weapons at her feet, they gladly strow'd.

LXXIX.

Bring, bring ye graces all your silver flasks^r,
 Painted with every choicest flow'r that grows,
 That I may soon unload your fragrant baskets,
 To strew the fields with odours, where he goes;
 Let whatfoe'er he treads on be a rose.
 So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
 Upon the rivers of bright *Palestine*;
 Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers flow with wine.

^r The effects of MERCY's speech. ^r A transition to Christ's second victory.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

And them to guide unto their Master's home,
A far corner dancing up the orient,
And longing for the dawn of day;
Which gold to make their Prince a crown, they all prefer.

LXXVII.

When, from that child, before he could be born,
Laid in the womb, his joy to prophesy,
O'ercome, tho' with age all spent and worn,
To show his power to posterity;
And declare his dying words shall live;

Oh, how he belted about his waist,
It is the sign of heav'n's most dear embrace,
Sing, Zion, sing; sing, Sion, sing; sing, Sion, sing;

LXXVIII.

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unsifted ann; now thunder grown
And melted into rain; as if to pay
For pardon, and for pity, it had known;
Which shoud have been for sacred vengeance shown;
Therein, all angelic armies all had won;
Then former rage; but, all to sterner bow'd,
The broken weapons as he foot, they shall flow.

LXXIX.

Bring ye grace, all you that love the Lord,
Faint with every choicest flow that grows,
That I may soon unload your fragrant buds;
To show the fields with odours, where he goes;
Let whoso'er he meets on be a robe,
So down the far her eyelids fall, to show
Upon the rivers of bright Jordan,
Whole woods drop honey, and her rivers flow with wine,
The world of man's speech, a mansion to Christ's second voice.

III.

PART II.

CHRIST'S VICTORY

ON EARTH.

I.

THERE^a by himself alone, remain'd awhile
 In shady darkness a poor traveller;
 Who now had measur'd many a weary mile,
 Thro' a waste desert, where th'Almighty Sire
 And his own will him brought; (a place how dire!)
 Whom to devour, as he to rest began,
 The hungry beasts of the wild forest ran,
 And all with open throat, wou'd swallow whole the MAN.

II.

'Tis sure that MAN cou'd have destroyed all,
 Whom to devour, the beasts now made pretence:
 For him their savage thirst cou'd nought appal,
 Tho' weapons none he had for his defence:
 What arms for innocence, but innocence?
 But when they saw their LORD's bright cognizance
 Shine in his face, soon did they cease t'advance;
 And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

^a Christ brought into the place of combat, the wilderness, amongst the wild beasts. Mark i. 13.

III.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood^b,
 And he himself fell down in conges law;
 Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood:
 Sometimes he kiss'd the grafs where he wou'd go;
 And, as to wash his feet he well did know,
 With fawning tongue he lick'd away the dust;
 And every one wou'd nearest to him thrust;
 And every one with new, forgot his former lust.

IV.

Unmindful of himself, to mind his LORD,
 The lamb stood gazing by the tyger's side,
 As tho' between them they had made accord;
 And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
 Regardless of the roughness of the hide:
 If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited;
 But if he walk'd, they all in order waited;
 And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited.

V.

Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,
 Where woody primroses now flourished;
 And over him the wanton shadows play'd
 Of a wild olive, which her boughs so spread,
 That with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head;
 And her green arms t'embrace the PRINCE of peace:
 The SUN so near, needs must the winter cease;
 The SUN so near, another spring seem'd to increase.

VI.

His hair was black^c, and in small curls did twine,
 As tho' it were the shadow of some light;
 And underneath, his face, as day did shine;
 But sure the day ne'er shined half so bright,

^b Whom the creatures cannot but adore.

^c The beauty of his body. Cant. v. 11.

Nor the sun's shadow made so dark a night:
 Under his lovely locks, her head to shroud,
 Wou'd make humility herself grow proud:
 Hither, to light their lamps, did all the graces crowd.

VII.

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
 That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds complain;
 Sweet are the wounds of LOVE, however sore,
 Ah, might he often slay me so again!
 He never lives, that thus is never slain.

What boots to watch? Those eyes, for all my art,
 Mine own eyes-looking on, have stole my heart;
 In them LOVE bends his bow, and dips his flaming dart.

VIII.

His cheeks as snowy apples, dipt in wine,
 Had their red roses quencht with lilies white^d;
 And like to garden strawberries did shine,
 Wash'd in a bowl of milk; or rose-buds bright,
 Unbosoming their breasts against the light:
 Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and made
 Sweet-smelling posies, that can never fade:
 But, worldly eyes him thought more like some living shade^e.

IX.

For laughter never sat upon his brow,
 Tho' in his face all smiling joys abide;
 No filken banners did about him flow:
 Fools make their fetters ensigns of their pride;
 He was best cloth'd, when naked was his side.
 A LAMB he was, and woollen fleece he bore,
 Wove with one thread; his feet low sandals wore;
 But bare were both his legs, so went the times of yore.

^d Cant. v. 10. • Isa. liii. 2.

X.

As two white marble pillars that uphold
 God's holy place, where he in glory sets;
 And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
 To bear his temple on their ample jets,
 Vein'd ev'ry where with azure rivulets:
 Whom all the people on some holy morn,
 With boughs and flow'ry garlands do adorn;
 Of such, tho' fairer far, this temple was upborne^f.

XI.

Twice had *Diana* bent her golden bow,
 (And shot from heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
 The sluggish beasts that dwell in dens below,
 And all the day in lazy covert drowse)
 Since him the silent wilderness did house:
 The heav'n his roof, and harbour shelter was;
 The ground his bed, and his moist pillow, grafs:
 But fruits there none did grow, nor rivers none did pass.

XII.

At length an aged *Sire*^g far off he saw
 Come slowly footing; ev'ry step he guess'd
 One of his feet he from the grave did draw;
 Three legs he had, that made of wood, was best;
 And all the way he went, he ever blest
 With benedictions, and with prayers store;
 But, the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more:
 And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

XIII.

A good old *Hermit* he now seem'd to be,
 Who for devotion had the world forsaken;
 And now was travelling some saint to see,
 Since to his beads he had himself betaken;

^f Cant. v. 16.^g Christ meeting his adversary the Devil, disguised as an hermit.

Where

Where all his former sins he might awaken;
And them might wash away with tears of brine,
And alms, and fasts, and churches discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

XIV.

But when he nearer came, he bowed low
With prone obeisance, and with court'fy kind;
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What need he now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither stray!
What care they for the beasts, or for the weary way?

XV.

Soon the old *Palmer* his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems, mod'lated in time;
For well that aged *Sire* cou'd tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and rhyme;
And smoothe his rugged speech with phrases prime.
Ay me! quoth he, how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the sun of heav'n have seen!
Certes the SON of heav'n, they now behold I ween.

XVI.

Ah, might my humble cell so blessed be!
As heav'n to welcome in its lowly roof;
And be the temple for thy Deity!
Lo! how my cottage worships thee aloof;
That under ground hath hid its head, in proof
It doth adore thee, with the ceiling low.
Here's milk and honey; and here chesnuts grow;
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

F

XVII.

XVII.

But oh! he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep;
 The heav'ns, alas, too envious are grown,
 Because our fields thy presence from them keep;
 For stones now grow, where corn was lately sown:
 (So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
 But thou with corn canst make this stone to ear:
 What need we then the angry heav'ns to fear?
 Let them envy us still, so we enjoy thee here.

XVIII.

Thus on they wander'd; but, those holy weeds,
 A monstrous serpentⁱ, and not man do cover;
 So under greenest herbs the adder feeds:
 And round about that loathsome corpse did hover
 The dismal prince of gloomy night; and over
 His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
 Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard;
 And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

XIX.

He was the son of blackest *Acheron*,
 Where many damned souls loud wailing lie;
 And rul'd the burning waves of *Phlegethon*,
 Where many more in flaming sulphur fry;
 At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die:
 Where nothing can be heard, but the sad cry
 Of oh! alas! and oh! alas! that I!
 Or once again might live, or once at length might die!

XX.

Ere long they came near to a baleful bow'r^k,
 Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
 Which gaping stood all comers to devour;
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,

ⁱ Closely tempting him to despair of God's providence.

^j Being what he seem'd not, *Satan*.

^k The tempter would lead Christ to *Desperation*; characterised by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. in the five following stanzas.

That still for carrion carcases doth crave.

The ground no herbs but venomous, did bear;

The trees all leafless stood; and ev'ry where

Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hang'd were.

XXI.

Upon the roof, the bird of sorrow sat,

Keeping back joyful day with her sad note;

And through the shady air the flutt'ring bat

Did wave her leathern sails, and blindly float;

While with her wings the fatal screech-owl smote

Th' unblest house; there on a craggy stone

*Celano*¹ hung, and made a direful moan;

And all about the murder'd ghosts did shriek and groan.

XXII.

Like cloudy moon-shine in some shadowy grove,

Such was the light in which *Despair* did dwell;

But he himself with night for darkness strove:

His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell

About his face; thro' which as brands of hell

Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,

Which made him deadly look;—their glimpses show

Like cockatrices eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

XXIII.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd fast;

And as he musing lay, into a fright

A thousand wild chimeras wou'd him cast:

So when a fearful dream in midst of night

Disturbs the mind, and to the astonish'd fight

Some phantom brings; straight doth the hasty foot

Assay to flee, but can't itself up-root;

The voice dies in the tongue; the mouth gapes without boot^m.

¹ One of the harpies, See Virgil's *Aeneid*.

^m This is descriptive of what is vulgarly called the Night-mare.

XXIV.

Now he wou'd dream, that he from heav'n fell,
 And then wou'd snatch the air, afraid to fall;
 And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
 And then wou'd grasp the earth; and now his stall
 To him seem'd hell, and then he out wou'd crawl:
 And ever as he went wou'd squint aside,
 Lest he shou'd be by fiends from hell espy'd;
 And forc'd, alas! in chains for ever to abide.

XXV.

Therefore he softly shrunk and stole away,
 Nor ever dared to draw his breath for fear,
 Till to the door he came, and there he lay
 Panting for breath, as tho' he dying were;
 And still he thought he felt their grapples tare
 Him by the heels back to his ugly den;
 Out, fain he wou'd have leap'd, but then
 The heav'ns, as hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

XXVI.

Within the gloomy den of this pale wight,
 The serpent woo'd him with his charms, to inn;
 That he might bait by day, and rest by night;
 But under that same bait, a fearful gin
 Was ready to entangle him in sin:
 But he upon *Ambrosia* daily fed,
 That grew in *Eden*; thus he answered;
 So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

XXVII.

Well knew our SAVIOUR this the *Serpent* was;
 And the old *Serpent* knew our SAVIOUR well;
 Never did any *this* in fallhood pass;
 Never did any HIM in truth excell:

With

With HIM we fly to heav'n; from heav'n we fell
 With *this* :—but now they both together met
 Upon the sacred pinnacle, that threat
 With its aspiring top *Astrea's* starry feat.

XXVIII.

Here did *Presumption* her pavilion spread,
 Over the temple the bright stars among;
 (Ah, that her foot shou'd trample on the head
 Of that revered place!)—and a lewd throng
 Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
 Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace;
 And every one her dearly did embrace;
 And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

XXIX.

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous price
 With God, as if in paradise she were;
 But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
 She might have seen more reason to despair:
 But him°, she like some ghastly fiend, did fear;
 And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell,
 Under the bowels, in the heart of hell,
 So she above the moon, amidst the stars wou'd dwell.

XXX.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ceil'd aloft,
 And so exceeding shone with a false light,
 That heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
 Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
 But clouds without a heav'n it was aright:
 And as her house was built, so wou'd her brain
 Build castles in the air, with idle pain:
 But heart she never had, in all her body vain.

• The tempter would lead Christ to *Presumption*; characterised by her place, attendants, &c. in the seven following stanzas.

• *Despair*, before described

XXXI.

Like to a ship, in which no ballast lies,
 Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
 Fairly along with wind and water flies;
 And painted masts with filken sails, so braves,
 That *Neptune's* self the bragging vessel faves,
 To laugh awhile at her so proud array;
 Her waving streamers loofely she lets play,
 That with their colours shine, as bright as smiling day.

XXXII.

But, ah! so soon as heav'n his brows doth bend,
 She vails her banners, and pulls in her beams;
 The empty bark the raging billows send
 Up to th' *Olympic* waves; and *Argus* seems
 Again to ride upon our lower streams;
 Just so *Presumption* did herself behave,
 Tossed about with every stormy wave;
 And in white lawn she went, most like an angel brave.

XXXIII.

Gently our SAVIOUR she began to task,
 Whether he were the SON of God, or no;
 For any other she disdain'd to ask;
 And if he were, she bid him, fearless throw
 Himself to ground, and therewithal did show
 A flight of little angels, that await,
 Upon their glittering wings to catch him straight,
 And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

XXXIV.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
 Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
 But him the angels on their feathers caught,
 And to a lofty mountain swiftly bore;

Whose

Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
 Restless *Olympus* seem'd to rest upon,
 With all his swimming globes:—so both are gone,
 The *Dragon* with the LAMB.—Ah, unmeet paragon!

XXXV.

All suddenly the hill his snow devours;
 Instead of which a goodly garden grew,
 As if the snow had melted into flow'rs;
 Which their sweet breath in subtil vapours threw,
 That all around perfumed spirits flew:
 For whatsoever might aggrate the sense
 In all the world, or please the appetite,
 Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

XXXVI.

Not lovely *Ida* might with this compare,
 Tho' with his streams his banks were silvered;
 Tho' *Xanthus* with his golden sands he bear;
 Nor *Hibla*, tho' his thyme when gathered,
 As fast again with honey blossomed;
 Nor *Rhodophe*, nor *Tempe's* flow'ry plain;
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
 Tho' *Plato* on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

XXXVII.

For in all these, some one thing most wou'd grow;
 But in this one, grew all things else beside,
 For sweet variety herself did throw
 On every bank; here, all the ground she dy'd
 In lily white; there, pinks were spread so wide,
 They damask'd all the earth; and here, she shed
 Blue violets; and there, came roses red;
 And every sight the yielding sense, as captive led.

Satan tempts *Christ* by *Vain Glory*; poetically described from the place where
 her court stood, a garden.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

The garden like a lady fair, was cut,
 That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
 The azure fields of heav'n, in semblance right,
 Was a large circle, set with flow'rs of light;
 The *Flower-de-luce*, and the bright drops of dew
 That hung upon the azure leaves, all shew
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the heav'ns so blue.

XXXIX.

Upon a lofty bank her head she cast,
 On which was built the bow'r of *Vain Delight*;
 White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
 And for her tresses, marigolds so bright;
 Which broadly she display'd, t'attract the sight,
 Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd;
 Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
 That with green fillets, in their pretty cauls were bound.

XL.

What shou'd I here depict her lily hand,
 Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
 Which there in orient colours living stand;
 Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest;
 Or how her watchman, arm'd with branchy crest,
 A wall tho' hidden, in his bushes bears;
 Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
 Whilst she supinely sleeps, nor to be waken'd fears?

XLI.

Over the hedge depends the branching elm,
 Whose greener head empurpl'd was with wine,
 That seem'd to wonder at his bloody helm,
 And half suspect the bunches of the vine;

Left

Left they, perhaps, his strength shou'd undermine;
 For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
 But her weak arms embraced him the more,
 And with her ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

XLII.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
 A fountain rose, where *Pangloretta* uses
 (When her some flood of fancy overwhelms,
 And one of all her favourites she chuses)
 To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses,
 And from his wanton body draws his soul;
 Which drown'd in pleasure, in that juicy bowl,
 And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

XLIII.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
 Upon the floor a herd of beasts were spread;
 Which she secure in golden chains did keep,
 And them in willing bondage fettered.
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
 And turn'd to beasts; so fabled *Homer* old,
 That *Circe* with her potion, charm'd in gold,
 Was wont men's souls in beastly bodies to infold.

XLIV.

Thro' this false *Eden* to his *Leman's*^a bow'r^b
 (Which thousand souls devoutly idolize)
 The first *Destroyer* led our SAVIOUR.
 There in the lower room in solemn guise
 They danc'd around, and pour'd their sacrifice
 To plump *Lyæus*^c; and amongst the rest,
 The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
 Chanted their *Orgies* wild in honour of the feast.

^a A harlot or concubine.

^b Further described, from her court and courtiers.

^c A surname of *Bacchus*.

XLV.

Others^t within their arbours drinking fat,
 (For all the room about was arbour'd)
 With laughing *Bacchus*, who was grown so fat,
 That stand he could not, but was carried;
 And every evening freshly watered
 To quench his fiery cheeks; and all about
 Small pipes broke through the wall, and poured out
 Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that swilling rout.

XLVI.

This their imbruted souls esteem'd their wealth,
 To crown the bousing can from day to night;
 And sick they drink themselves, with drinking health:
 Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
 Hence, to a loft^u, carv'd all in ivory white
 They came, where many wanton ladies went;
 Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
 And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

XLVII.

Fly, fly thou HOLY CHILD! that wanton room;
 And thou my chaster muse, those harlots shun;
 And with HIM to a higher story come^w,
 Where gold and silver to vast heaps are grown:
 The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
 Starve in their store, and 'midst their plenty pine;
 Rolling themselves upon their golden mine;
 Glutting their famish'd souls with the deceitful shine.

XLVIII.

Ah! who was he such precious perils found?
 How strongly nature did her treasures hide;
 And cast upon them mountains of thick ground
 Dark'ning their ore y lustre:—but since pride

^t 1st, *Pleasure-in-drinking.* ^u 2^d, *Luxury.* ^w, 3^d *Avarice.*

Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side;
 And gauge the deep, to search for glitt'ring shells,
 In whose bright bosom spumy *Bacchus* swells;
 Not either heav'n, or earth, henceforth in safety dwells.

XLIX.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye!
 Whose need hath end, but no end, *Avarice*;
 Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
 That having all things, nothing can suffice:
 How thou the fancy tak'st of men most wise!
 The poor man wou'd be rich; the rich man great;
 The great man king; the king in God's own seat
 Enthron'd, with mortal arm, dares flames and thunder threat.

L.

Therefore above the rest, *Ambition* sat*;
 Whose court with shining pearl around was wall'd;
 And there upon the wall in chairs of state,
 And most majestic splendour were install'd
 A hundred kings, whose temples were empal'd
 In golden diadems, set here and there
 With diamonds, and gems that num'rous were;
 And with their splendid sceptres, gorgeously appear.

LI.

High over all *Panglory's* blazing throne,
 In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
 Like *Phabus'* lamp in midst of heav'n shone:
 Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
 Self-arching columns to uphold were taught:
 In which her image still reflected was
 By the smooth crystal, which like her own glass,
 In beauty and in frailty, did all others pass.

* 4th, *Ambitious honour.*

LII.

A silver wand the *Sorcereſs* did ſway,
 And for a crown of gold, her hair ſhe wore;
 Only a garland of roſebuds did play
 About her locks; and in her hand ſhe bore
 A hollow globe of glaſs, which long before
 With her own hands ſhe wholly emptied;
 And all the world therein had pictured;
 Whoſe colours, like the rainbow, ever vaniſhed.

LIII.

Such wat'ry images young boys do blow
 Out from ſome ſlender tube, and much admire
 The ſwimming world; which tenderly they row
 With eaſy breath, till it be waved high'r;
 But if they chance too roughly to reſpire,
 The painted bubble inſtantly doth fall.
 Here when HE came, ſhe did for muſic call,
 And ſung this wooing ſong to welcome him withal.

'Tis *Love* ^y that makes the heav'ns to move;
 And the ſun doth burn in *Love*.
Love the ſtrong and weak doth yoke;
 And makes the ivy climb the oak:
 Under whoſe ſhadow lions wild,
 Soften'd by *Love*, grow tame and mild.
Love no med'cine can appeaſe;
 He burns the fiſhes in the ſeas:
 Not the moſt ſkill'd his wounds can ſtench;
 Not all the ſea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody ſpear,
 Once a leafy coat to wear;
 Whilſt in his leaves there ſhrouded lay
 Sweet birds, for *Love*, that ſing and play:

^y From her temptation.

And

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

41

And of all *Love's* joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me;
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flow'rs that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow;
And of all, the virgin rose
Like to bright *Aurora* shows;
How they all do leafless die,
Losing their virginity:
Like unto a summer's shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay.
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of *Tagus* shore,
Into my bosom casts his ore.
All the valleys ripen'd corn,
To my house is yearly borne.
Every grape of every vine,
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine.
Whilst ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bow'd:
And the stars in heav'n that shine,
With ten thousand more are mine.

LIV.

Thus fought the dire *Enchantress* in HIS mind,
Her guileful baits to have embosomed;
But HE her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished;

And

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

And all her optic glasses shattered :
 So with her *Sire*, to hell she took her flight ;
 (The starting air flew from the damned spright)
 Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

LV.

But, to their LORD, now musing in his thought,
 A heav'nly host of swiftest angels flew ;
 And from his FATHER, him a banquet brought
 Thro' the fine element ; for well they knew,
 After so long a fast, he hungry grew ;
 And, as he fed, the holy choirs agree
 To sing a hymn of the CELESTIAL THREE !
 Which by the heart of man cou'd ne'er conceived be.

LVI.

The birds, sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
 Attempter'd to the lays angelical ;
 And to the birds, the winds attune their noise ;
 And to the winds, the waters softly call ;
 And *Echo* back again returned all,
 That the whole valley rung with VICTORY !
 But now our LORD to rest doth homewards fly :
 For lo, the night comes hast'ning from the mountains high.

* The effect of this victory on *Satan*.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH
OVER DEATH.

I.

SO down the silver streams of *Eridan*^a,
On either side bank'd with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophesies his fall,
Diving unto his wat'ry funeral:
But *Eridan* to *Cedron*^b, must submit
His flow'ry shore; nor can he envy it,
If when *Apollo* sings, his swans all silent sit.

II.

That HEAV'NLY VOICE^c I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe; or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear;
Or whistling reeds, that *Jordan's* river laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraces;
To chide the winds; or roving bees, that fly
About the laughing blooms of fallow,
Rocking asleep the lazy drones that thereon lie.

^a A celebrated river in Italy.

^b A brook between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet. John xviii. 1.

^c Christ's triumph over death on the cross, expressed first in general by his joy to undergo it; singing before he went to the garden, Matth xxvi. 30.

III.

III.

And yet, how can I hear THEE singing go,
 When men incens'd with hate, thy death do threat?
 Or else why do I hear thee fighting so,
 When thou, inflam'd with love, their life dost get?
 That love and hate, and fights and songs are met;
 But thus, and only thus thy love did crave,
 To send thee singing for us to thy grave,
 Whilst *we* fought thee to kill, and THOU fought'st us to save.

IV.

When I remember CHRIST our burden bears^d,
 I look for glory,—and find misery;
 I look for joy,—and find a sea of tears;
 I look that we should live,—and see him die;
 I look for angels songs,—and hear him cry:
 Thus what I seek, I cannot find so well;
 Or rather, what I find, I cannot tell;
 These banks so narrow are, those streams so high do swell.

V.

CHRIST suffers,—and in this, his tears begin;
 Suffers for us,—and joy on us bestows;
 Suffers to death,—here is his manhood seen;
 Suffers to rise,—and hence his Godhead shows:
 For man that cou'd not by himself have rose
 Out of the grave, doth by the Godhead rise;
 And God, that cou'd not die, in manhood dies,
 That we in both might live, by that sweet sacrifice.

VI.

Go giddy brains, whose wits are thought so fresh;
 Pluck all the flow'rs that nature forth doth throw;
 Go flick them on the cheeks of wanton flesh;
 Poor idol! (forc'd at once to fall and grow)

^d Secondly, by his grief in undergoing it.

Of fading roses, and of melting snow:
 Your songs exceed your matter;—this of mine,
 The matter which it sings, shall make divine;
 As stars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties shine.

VII.

Who^e doth not see drown'd in *Deucalion's* name,
 (When earth his men, and sea had lost his shore)
 Old *Noah*? and in *Nisus* lock, the fame
 Of *Sampson* yet alive; and long before
 In *Phaetons*, mine own fall I deplore:
 But he that conquer'd hell, to fetch again
 His virgin widow by a *Serpent* slain,
 Another *Orpheus* was, than dreaming poets feign:

VIII.

THAT taught the hardest stones to melt for passion,
 And dormant sea, to hear him, silent lie;
 And at his voice, see how the wat'ry nation
 All crowd, as if they deem'd it cheap, to buy
 With their own deaths his sacred harmony:
 The while the waves stood still to hear his song,
 And steady shore wav'd with the reeling throng
 Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

IX.

What better friendship^t, than to cover shame?
 What greater love, than for a friend to die?
 Yet this is better, to assume the blame;
 And this is greater, for an enemy:
 But more than this, to die not suddenly,
 Not with some common death, with little pain;
 But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
 O wondrous LOVE! which to unfold, all words are vain.

- By the obscure fables of the Gentiles typifying it.
- By the cause of it in him, his love.

H

X.

X.

And yet the SON is humbled for the slave,
 And yet the slave is proud before the SON :
 Yet the CREATOR for his creature gave
 Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run
 From his CREATOR, and self-good doth shun :
 And yet the PRINCE, and GOD himself doth cry
 To man his traitor, *pardon, not to fly*;
 Yet doth the traitor man, his GOD and PRINCE defy.

XI.

Who is it sees not^z, that he nothing is,
 But he that nothing sees? What weaker breast,
 Since *Adam's* armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
 Who, made by God, of all his creatures best,
 Straight made himself the worst of all the rest :
 If any strength we have, it is to ill ;
 But all the good is God's, both pow'r and will :
 The dead man cannot rise, tho' he himself may kill.

XII.

A tree was first the instrument of strife^b,
 Where *Eve* to sin her soul did prostitute ;
 A tree is now the instrument of life,
 Tho' ill that trunk, and CHRIST's fair body suit ;
 Ah, curst tree ! and yet, oh blessed fruit !
That death to HIM, *this* life to us doth give ;
 Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
 And the *Physician* dies to make his *Patient* live.

XIII.

Sweet *Eden* was the arbour of delight ;
 Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew :
 Sad *Gethsemane's*ⁱ the bow'r of baneful night ;
 Where CHRIST a health from poison for us drew :

^z By the effect it should have on us.

^b By the instrument, the tree of knowledge, &c.

ⁱ Expressed in particular by his sore passion in the garden.

Yea, all our honey in that poison grew:
 So we from sweetest flow'rs cou'd draw our bane;
 And CHRIST from bitter venom cou'd again
 Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

XIV.

A man was first the author of our fall;
 A MAN is now the author of our rise;
 A garden was the place we perish'd all;
 A garden is the place HE pays our price;
 And the old *Serpent* with a new device,
 Hath found a way, himself for to beguile:
 So he that all men tangled in his wile,
 Is now by one MAN caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

XV.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
 So mantled all the earth, that the stiff ground
 Sparkled in ice; only the LORD, that made
 All for himself, himself dissolved found;
 Sweat without heat, and blood without a wound:
 Of heav'n and earth, and God, and man forsook;
 Thrice begging help of those whose sins he took;
 And thrice deny'd of one^k;—whose treatment he did brook.

XVI.

Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,
 Or had his body been embroil'd alone
 In fierce assault; he might, perhaps, have taken
 Some joy in soul, when all joy else was gone;
 But that with God, to highest heav'n is flown:
 And hell itself out from her grave doth rise,
 Black as the starless night;—and with them flies,
 Yet blacker far than both, the son of blasphemies.

^k The apostle Peter.

XVII.

As when the planets with unkind aspect,
 Call from her caves the meagre pestilence;
 The pois'nous vapour, eager to infect,
 Obeys the voice of the sad influence,
 And spreads abroad a thousand noxious scents;
 The fount of life, flaming his golden flood
 With the sick air, fevers the boiling blood,
 And poisons all the body with contagious food.

XVIII.

The bold physician, too incautious,
 By those he cures, himself is murdered;
 Kindness infects, pity is dangerous;
 And the poor infant yet not fully bred,
 There, whence he shou'd be born, lies buried;
 So the dark *Prince*, from his infernal cell,
 Casts up his horrid torturers of hell,
 And whets them to revenge, with this insulting spell.

XIX.

See how the world smiles in eternal peace;
 While we the harmless brats, and rusty throng
 Of night, our snakes in curls do prank, and dress:
 Why sleep our drowfy scorpions so long?
 Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong?
 Are we ourselves; or are we graces grown?
 The sons of hell, or heav'n? 'Twas never known
 Our whips so uselefs were; and brands so lifelefs blown.

XX.

O long-desir'd! but never hop'd-for hour,
 When our tormentor shall our torments feel!
 Arm, arm yourselves, ye *Demons* with my pow'r;
 And make our judge for pardon to us kneel,

Whilst

Whilst we do tear him with our whips of steel :
 Myself in honour of so noble prize,
 Will pour you reeky blood, shed with the cries
 Of hasty heirs, who their own fathers sacrifice.

XXI.

With that a flood of poison black as hell,
 Out from his filthy gorge, the beast did spew,
 That all about HIS blessed body fell ;
 And thousand flaming *Serpents* hissing flew
 About his foul, and hellish sulphur threw ;
 And every one-brandish'd his fiery tongue,
 And round about him violently clung ;
 But he their stings tore out, and to the ground them flung.

XXII.

So have I seen a rock's heroick breast,
 Against proud *Neptune*, that his ruin threats,
 When all his waves he hath to battle prest,
 (And with a thousand swelling billows beats
 The stubborn stone, and foams, and chafes, and frets,
 To heave him from his root) their force withstand ;
 And tho' in heaps the threat'ning surges band,
 Yet broken they retire, and wash the yielding strand.

XXIII.

So may we oft a tender father see,
 To please his wanton son, his only joy,
 Coast all about, to catch the roving bee ;
 And stung himself, his busy hands employ
 To save the honey for the wamefome boy :
 Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth erase,
 Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
 Or with his little hands her swelling crest embrace.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thus CHRIST himself to watch and sorrow gives,
 While dew'd in easy sleep dead *Peter* lies;
 Thus man in his own grave securely lives,
 While CHRIST alive with thousand horrors dies;
 Yet he for *ours*, not *his* own pardon cries:
 No sins he had, yet all our sins he bear;
 So much doth God for others evils care,
 And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

XXV.

See¹ drowfy *Peter*, see where *Judas* wakes;
 Where *Judas* kisses him whom *Peter* flies;
 O kifs, more deadly than the sting of snakes!
 False love, more hurtful than true injuries!
 Ah me! how dearly God his servant buys!
 For God his man at his own blood doth hold;
 And man his God for thirty pence hath sold:
 So tin for silver goes, and dunghill drofs for gold.

XXVI.

Yet was it not enough for sin to chuse
 A servant to betray his LORD to them;
 But that a subject must his king accuse;
 But that a *Pagan* must his God condemn;
 But that a FATHER must his SON contemn;
 But that the SON must his own death desire;
 That prince, and people, servant, and the SIRE,
 Gentile and Jew, and HE against himself conspire?

XXVII.

Was this the oil^m, to make thy saints adore thee,
 The frothy spittle of the rascal throng?
 Are these the trophies that are borne before thee,
 Base whips of cord, and knotted all along?

¹ By his passion itself, amplified from the general causes.

^m Parts and effects of it.

Is this thy golden sceptre against wrong,
 A reedy cane?—Is that the crown adorns
 Thy shining locks, a crown of sharpest thorns?
 Are these the angels hymns, the priests blasphemous scorns?

XXVIII.

Who ever saw honour before asham'd;
 Insulted majesty; debased height;
 Innocence guilty; honesty defam'd;
 Liberty bound; health sick; the sun in night?
 But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,
 Our night is day, our sickness health is grown;
 Our shame is hid;—this now remains alone
 For us, since HE was ours, that we be not our own.

XXIX.

Night was ordain'd for restⁿ, and not for pain;
 But they, to pain their LORD, their rest contemn;
 Good laws to save, what bad men wou'd have slain,
 And not bad judges; with one breath by them
 The innocent to pardon, and condemn:
 Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
 Of guiltless blood;—but now, all headlong sway
 Man's murderer to save, man's SAVIOUR for to slay.

XXX.

Frail multitude, whose law, is as you list;
 Whose best applause is windy flattering;
 Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
 No sooner blown, but as soon vanishing,
 As much desir'd, as little profiting;
 Which makes the men who have it, oft as light
 As those who give it; which the proud invite,
 And fear:—the bad man's friend;—the good man's hypocrite.

ⁿ From the particular causes.

XXXI.

XXXI.

It was but now their sounding clamours fung,
Blessed is he that comes from the Most High!
 And all the mountains with hofannas rung;
 But now, *Away with him, away, they cry!*
 And nothing can be hear'd but, *Crucify:*
 It was but now, the crown itself they save,
 And pow'rful name of King unto him gave;
 And now, no King, but only *Cæsar*, they will have.

XXXII.

It was but now, they gather'd blooming *May*;
 And of his arms depriv'd the branchy tree,
 To strew with boughs, and blossoms, all thy way;
 But now the branchless trunk's a cross for thee;
 And of sharp thorns thy coronet must be:
 It was but now, they did with kindness throw
 Their own best garments, where thy feet shou'd go;
 And now, thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds do show.

XXXIII.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
 O fearful day! HE dead, what hope of living?
 See where the hopes of all our lives are buying;
 O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
 Love now for hate, and death for life is giving:
 Lo! how his arms are stretch'd abroad to grace thee;
 And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee,
 Why stay'st thou then my soul; O fly! fly thither, haste thee.

XXXIV.

His tender back, with bloody whips they gore;
 His radiant head, with pungent thorns doth smart;
 His hands and feet, with rugged nails they bore;
 And with a spear they pierce his side and heart:

And

And to afflict his grieved soul the more,
 Rejoiced at his pains, and made their game;
 His naked body too, expos'd to shame,
 That all might come to see, and all might see who came.

XXXV.

Whereat ° the heav'n put out his guilty eye,
 That durst behold so execrable sight;
 And cover'd all with black the vaulted sky;
 And the pale stars struck with unwonted fright,
 Quenched their everlasting lamps in night:
 And at his birth, as all the stars heav'n had,
 Were not enough, but a new star was made;
 So now both new, and old, and all away did fade.

XXXVI.

Th' amazed ♀ angels shook their fiery wings,
 Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne;
 One, down his eyes upon the manhood flings;
 Another, gazes on the Godhead; none,
 But surely thought, his wits were not his own:
 Some flew, to look if it were very HE;
 But when God's arm, unarmed they did see,
 Altho' they saw it was, they thought it cou'd not be.

XXXVII.

The ♀ fadden'd air hung all in cheerless black,
 Through which the gentle winds soft sighing flew;
Jordan did into such vast sorrows break,
 (As if his holy stream no measure knew)
 That all his narrow banks he overthrew;
 The trembling earth with horror inly shook;
 And stubborn stones, such grief unus'd to brook,
 Soon burst; and ghosts awaking, from their graves did look.

• The effects of it in the heavens.

♂ In the heavenly spirits.

♀ In the inanimate creatures.

XXXVIII.

The wise *Philosopher** cry'd, all aghast!
The God of nature surely languished;
 The sad *Centurion* cried out as fast,
The Son of God! the Son of God was dead!
 The wicked *Jew* hung down his pensive head,
 And homewards hied; and ever, as he went,
 He smote his breast, half desperately bent:
 The very woods, and beasts, all seem his death lament.

XXXIX.

The graceless *Traitor** round about did look;
 (He look'd not long, the Devil quickly met him)
 To find a halter, which he found, and took;
 Only a gibbet now he needs must get him,
 So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him,
 And help'd to fit the rope, and in his thought,
 A thousand *Furies*, with their whips, he brought;
 So there he stands, ready to hell to make his vault.

XL.

For him a waking blood-hound, yelling loud,
 (That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
 A guilty conscience, barking after blood)
 Pursued eagerly, nor ever stay'd,
 Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd;
 Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to wind;
 But change of place cou'd never change his mind;
 Himself he flies to lose, and follows but to find.

XLI.

There are but two ways for this soul to have,
 When parting from the body; forth it springs,
 To fly to heav'n, or fall into the grave,
 Where whips of scorpions, with their painful flings,

* *Dionysius*, who being then at *Athens*, far distant from *Jerusalem*, is reported to have thus cried out.

* *Judas*,

Torture the howling ghosts; whose loud wailings,
 Are ceaseless heard within this cave of night;
 Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light;
 And fire torments, but not destroys the damned spright.

XLII.

There lies the captive soul, aye sighing fore,
 Reck'ning a thousand years since her first bands;
 Yet stays not there, but adds a thousand more,
 And at another thousand never stands,
 But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands;
 And now the stars are told, and sands are run,
 And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
 And yet, but now, alas! but now, all is begun.

XLIII.

With that a flaming brand a *Fury* catcht,
 And shook, and tost it round in his wild thought;
 So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatcht,
 With every star of hope, while *Judas* fought,
 (With present fear, and future grief distraught^c)
 To fly from his own heart; and aid implore
 Of HIM, the more he gives, that hath the more;
 Whose storehouse is the heav'ns, too little for HIS store.

XLIV.

Stay wretch on earth! cry'd *Satan*, restless rest;
 Know'st thou not justice lives in heav'n; or can
 The worst of creatures live amongst the best;
 Amongst the blessed angels cursed man?
 Will *Judas* now become a Christian?
 Whither will hope's long wings transport thy mind;
 Or can'st thou not thyself a sinner find;
 Or cruel to thyself, wou'dst thou have MERCY kind?

^c i. e. distracted.

XLV.

HE gave thee life:—why shou'dst thou seek to slay him?
 He lent thee wealth:—what, for thy avarice?
 He call'd thee friend:—what, that thou shouldst betray him?
 He kiss'd thee, tho' he knew his life the price.
 He wash'd thy feet:—shou'dst thou his sacrifice?
 He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood;
 And at thy heart to enter in, he stood;
 But I, then enter'd in, and all my *Snaky* brood.

XLVI.

Such horrid *Gorgons*, and mishapen forms
 Of damned *Fiends*, possessed all his heart;
 That now, unable to endure their storms,
 Fly, fly, he cries, thyself, whate'er thou art;
 Hell doth already burn in every part.
 Thus into his *Tormentor's* arms he fell,
 That ready flood his funeral to knell,
 And in a cloud of night, to waft him quick to hell.

XLVII.

Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung:
 So when the senses half enslumber'd lie,
 The headlong body, ready to be flung
 By the deluding fancy, from some high
 And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
 And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep;
 And as from heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
 Feels a cold sweat through ev'ry trembling member creep.

XLVIII.

There let him hang, embowel'd in his blood;
 There let not any gentle shepherd feed
 His harmless flock; nor ever heav'nly flood
 Fall on the curst ground; nor wholesome feed,

That

That may the least delight or pleasure breed :
 Let no sweet flow'rs adorn his habitation ;
 But noxious weeds, and all that cause vexation,
 With thorns and briers grow ; sad signs of desolation.

XLIX.

There let the dragon make his dread abode ;
 And putrid carcases be thrown avaunt ;
 There may the screech-owl dwell, and loathsome toad ;
 Fawns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs chant ;
 And ever let some restless spirit haunt,
 With hollow sound, and clanking chains, to scare
 The passenger, and eyes, like to the star
 That sparkles in the crest of angry *Mars* afar.

L.

But let the blessed dews for ever show'r
 Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy
 The bloody ensign of our SAVIOUR :
 Strange conquest, where the conqueror must die,
 And he is slain, who wins the victory :
 But HE^u, who living, had no proper room,
 Now had no grave, but *Joseph* gives his tomb :
 Ye faints then hither haste ; with spice the place perfume.

LI.

And ye glad spirits, that now fainted sit
 On your celestial thrones in glory drest ;
 Tho' I your tears recount, O let not it
 With after-sorrow wound your tender breast !
 Or with new grief disquiet your soft rest :
 Enough for me your plaints to sound again,
 That never cou'd myself enough complain ;
 Sing then, O sing aloud, thou *Arimatheatan* swain !

In the blessed saints, *Joseph*, &c.

LII.

LII.

So long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
 The fairest spoil heav'n ever forfeited,
 With such a silent passion grief unfolding;
 That had the sheet but on himself been spread,
 He for the corpse might have been buried.
 And with him was the fated happy *Thief*
 (Who seem'd of mercy's miracles the chief):
 Whilst for their LORD, fat holy *Marys* drown'd in grief.

LIII.

At length (kissing his lips, before he spake,
 As if from thence he fetch'd again his ghost)
 To *Mary* thus, with tears, his silence break:
 Ah woful soul! what joy in all our coast,
 When him we hold, we have already lost?
 Once didst thou lose thy SON, but found'st again;
 Now find'st thy SON, but find'st him lost, and slain:
 Ah me! though HE cou'd death, how canst *thou* life sustain!

LIV.

Where'er dear LORD, thy shadow hovereth,
 Blessing the place wherein it deigns t'abide;
 Look how the earth dark horror covereth,
 Clothing in mournful black her naked side;
 Willing her shadow up to heav'n to glide,
 To seek, if it may meet thee wand'ring there;
 That so, if now herself must miss thee here,
 At least her shadow may her duty to thee bear.

LV.

See how the sun in day-time clouds his face;
 And lagging *Vesper*, loosing his late team,
 Forgets in heav'n to run his nightly race,
 But, sleeping on bright *Oeta's* top, doth dream

The

The world a *Chaos* is ; no joyful beam
Looks from his starry bow'r ; the heav'ns do moan ;
And trees drop tears, lest we shou'd grieve alone ;
The winds have learnt to sigh, and waters hoarsely groan.

LVI.

And ye sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
Whose happy states a thousand souls envy ;
Did ye your own felicities but know,
Yourselves unpluck'd wou'd to his funeral hie ;
Ye never cou'd in better season die :
O that I might into your places glide !
The gate of heav'n stands open in his side ;
Therein my soul shou'd run, and all her faults shou'd hide.

LVII.

Are these the eyes, that made all others blind ;
Ah ! why are they themselves now blemished ?
Is this the face, in which all beauty shin'd ?
What blast hath thus his flow'rs so withered ?
Are these the feet, that on the wat'ry head
Of the unfaithful ocean, passage found ;
Why go they now so lowly under ground ;
Washt with our worthless tears, and their own precious wound ?

LVIII.

One hem but of the garment that he wore,
Cou'd quickly heal whole countries of their pain ;
One touch of this pale hand cou'd life restore ;
One word from these cold lips revive the slain :
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain :
What tho' the fullen *Pharisees* repin'd ?
He that shou'd both comparé, at length wou'd find,
The *Blind Man* only saw, the *Seers* all were blind.

LIX.

LIX.

Why shou'd they think thee worthy to be slain?
 Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes;
 Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again;
 Or that thou heal'dst their sick mens maladies;
 Or mad'st their dumb to speak; and dead to rise?
 O cou'd all these but any grace have won!
 What wou'd they not to save thy life have done?
 The dumb man wou'd have spoke, and lame man wou'd have run.

LX.

Let me, O let me near some fountain lie!
 That through the rock lifts up its foamy head;
 Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
 Whose hollow root, and baser parts are spread
 On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
 That I their streams, and they my tears may feed;
 Or clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,
 Spend all my days, in weeping for this cursed deed.

LXI.

The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
 The love, in which I once did live, I loath;
 I hate the light, that did my light bereave;
 Both love, and life, I do despise you both;
 O that one grave might both your ashes clothe!
 A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
 Able to make my age grow young again,
 Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

LXII.

Thus spend we tears, that never can be spent,
 On him, that sorrow never more shall see:
 Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
 To him that died to live, and wou'd not be,

To

To be there where he wou'd.—Here bury we
 This heav'nly earth, here let it softly sleep,
 The fairest SHEPHERD of the fairest *Sheep*.
 So all the body kiss'd, and homewards went to weep.

LXIII.

So home their bodies went, to seek repose,
 But at the grave they left their souls behind;
 O who the force of love celestial knows!
 That can the chains of nature's self unbind,
 Sending the body home, without the mind.
 Ah, blessed *Virgin*! what high angel's art
 Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
 When every nail that pierc'd him, did pierce thy heart?

LXIV.

So *Philomel*^w, perch'd on an aspen sprig,
 Weeps all the night her lost virginity;
 And sings her sad tale to the list'ning twig,
 That dances at such joyful misery:
 Nor ever lets sweet rest invade her eye,
 But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
 For fear soft sleep shou'd steal into her breast,
 Expresses in her song, grief not to be express'd.

LXV.

So when the *Lark*, poor bird! afar espys
 Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
 She strives in vain) slain by the fatal sithes;
 Which from the meadow the green grafs doth shave;
 That their warm nest is now become their grave:
 The woful mother up to heaven springs,
 And all about her plaintive notes she flings;
 And their untimely fate, most pitifully sings.

^w The nightingale.

K

END OF PART III.

PART IV.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH

AFTER DEATH.

I.

BUT^a now the second morning, from her bow'r,
Began to glisten with her beams; and now
The roses of the day began to flow'r
In th' eastern garden; for heav'n's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy began to show:
The early sun came lively dancing out,
And the glad lambs ran merrily about;
That heav'n and earth appear'd in triumph both to shout.

II.

The gladden'd spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to blazon from her leafy bed;
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep;
And every bush was deeply coloured
With violets:—the wood's late wintry head,
Wide flaming primroses, set all on fire;
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds do quire.

^a Christ's triumph after death: 1st, in his resurrection, manifested by the effects of it in the creatures,

III.

Say earth, why hast thou gotten new attire,
 And stick'st thy garment full of daisies red?
 As if to some high thought thou didst aspire,
 And some new found out bridegroom meant'st to wed;
 Tell me ye trees so fresh apparelled,
 (Nor ever may the spiteful canker waste you;
 Nor ever may the heav'n's with lightning blast you)
 Why go you now so neatly drefs'd, or whither haste you?

IV.

Answer me *Jordan*, why thy crooked tide,
 So often wanders from his nearest way;
 As tho' some other way thy stream wou'd glide,
 And fain salute the place where something lay?
 And you sweet birds, screen'd from the heat of day,
 Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
 The while the lambs to hear you, dance and play;
 Tell me sweet birds, what is it you so fain wou'd say?

V.

And thou fair spouse of earth, that every year
 Get'st such a num'rous issue of thy bride,
 How com'st thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near?
 Sure thou somewhere, some worthy sight hast spy'd,
 That in one place for joy thou can't abide:
 And you dead swallows that so swiftly now,
 Thro' the thin air your winged passage row,
 How cou'd new life into your frozen bodies flow?

VI.

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
 Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
 And woo men's hands to pluck you from your sets,
 As tho' somewhere you wou'd be carried,
 With

With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?

But ah, I need not ask, 'tis surely so,

You all wou'd to the SAVIOUR'S triumph go,
There wou'd ye all await, and humble homage do.

VII.

There shou'd the earth herself with garlands new,

And lovely flow'rs embellished adore;

Such roses never in her garland grew;

Such lilies never in her breast she wore;

Like beauty never yet did shine before:

There shou'd the sun another SUN behold,

From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,

That kindle heav'n and earth, with beauties manifold.

VIII.

There might the violet and primrose sweet,

Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,

Arising from their beds of incense, meet;

There shou'd the swallow see new life embrace

Dead ashes; and the grave unvail his face,

To let the living from his bowels creep,

Unable longer his own dead to keep:

There heav'n and earth, shou'd see their LORD awake from sleep.

IX.

Their LORD, before by others judg'd to die,

Now Judge of all himself; before forsaken

Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,

Now by the faints into their armies taken;

Before for an unworthy man mistaken,

Now worthy to be God confest; before

With blasphemies by all the basest tore;

Now worshipped by angels, that HIM low adore.

X.

So ^b long HE wander'd in our lower sphere,
 That heav'n began his cloudy stars despise;
 Half envious, to see on earth appear
 A greater LIGHT than flam'd in his own skies:
 At length it burst, whence instantly there flies
 A host of winged angels, swift as thought;
 That on their beaut'ous feathers, lively caught
 This glorious SUN; which to their azure fields they brought.

XI.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
 With eyes lift up, as greedy to be fed,
 And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw:
 So when the Trojan Boy was ravished,
 As through th' *Idalian* woods they say he fled,
 His aged guardians stood all dismay'd;
 Some lest he shou'd have fallen back afraid;
 And some made hasty vows; some timely prayers said.

XII.

Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And let the PRINCE of glory enter in!
 At whose high *Pæan* 'mongst fideral states,
 The sun did blush, the stars all dim were seen,
 When springing first from earth, he did begin
 To soar on angels wings.—*Then open hang*
Your crystal doors.—So all the chorus sang
 Of heav'nly birds, as to the skies they nimbly sprang.

XIII.

Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands;
 The pleasant vallies singing for delight;
 And lofty mountains^c dance about the lands;
 The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,

^b adly, In his ascension to heaven; whose joys are described.

^c Psal. cxiv. 4.

Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight;
 The trees laugh with their blossoms; and the sound
 Of the triumphant shouts of praise, that crown'd
 The LAMB of God! rising to heaven, hath passage found.

XIV.

Forth sprang the ancient *Patriarchs*, all in haste,
 To see the pow'rs of hell in triumph led,
 And with small stars a garland interlac'd
 Of olive leaves they bore, to crown HIS head,
 That was before with thorns so injured;
 After them flew the *Prophets*, brightly stol'd^d
 In shining lawn, with foldings manifold;
 Striking their ivory harps, all strung with chords of gold.

XV.

To which the *Saints* victorious carols sung;
 Ten thousand strike at once, that with the sound,
 The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung:
 The *Cherubines* their music did confound
 With all the rest, and clapp'd their wings around:
 Down from their thrones the *Dominations* flow,
 And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw;
 And all the *Princely Souls* fell on their faces low.

XVI.

Nor can the *Martyrs* wounds stay them behind,
 But out they rush amongst the heav'nly crowd,
 Seeking their heav'n, out of their heav'n to find;
 Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
 That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud:
 And all the *Virgin* souls in white array,
 Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
 So HIM they thus conduct unto the courts of day.

^d i. e. robed.

XVII.

XVII.

Now him they brought unto the realms of bliss,
 Where never war, nor wounds, await him more;
 For in that place abides eternal peace:
 Where many souls arrived long before,
 Whose lives were full of troubles great and fore^e;
 But now, estranged from all misery,
 As far as heav'n and hell afunder lie;
 And ev'ry joy is crown'd with immortality.

XVIII.

Gaze^f but upon the house, where man doth live,
 With flow'rs, and verdure to adorn his way:
 Where all the creatures due obedience give;
 The winds to sweep his chambers every day,
 And clouds that wash his rooms; the cieling gay
 With glitt'ring stars, that night's dark empire brave;
 If such an house, God to another gave,
 How shine those splendid courts, he for himself will have.

XIX.

And if a heavy cloud, opaque as night,
 In which the sun may seem embodied,
 Depur'd of all its dregs, we see so white,
 Burning in liquid gold his war'ry head,
 Or round with ivory edges silvered:
 What lustre supereminent will HE^h
 Lighten on those, who shall his sunshine see,
 In that all glorious court, in which all glories be.

XX.

If but one sun with his diffusive fires,
 Can fill the stars, and the whole world with light,
 And joy, and life, into each heart inspires;
 And every faint shall shine in heav'n as bright

^e Psal. lxxi. 20. Rev. vii. 14.^f The beauty of the place.

As doth the sun in his transcendent might ;
 (As faith may well believe, what truth once says ^a)
 What shall so many suns united rays
 But dazzle all the eyes, that now in heav'n we praise ?

XXI.

Here let my LORD hang up his conq'ring lance,
 And bloody armour with late slaughter warm ;
 And looking down on his weak militants,
 Behold his faints amidst their hot alarm
 Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm ;
 And in this lower field when straying wide
 Through Satan's wiles, who wou'd their sails misguide,
 Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

XXII.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
 And who (before they were invested thus)
 In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds ;
 Pitch round about, in order glorious,
 Their sunny tents, and houses luminous :
 All their eternal day in songs employing ;
 Joy is their end, without end of their joying :
 While their ALMIGHTY PRINCE, destruction is destroying.

XXIII.

Full ^b, yet without satiety, of that
 Which whets, and quiets greedy appetite ;
 Where never sun arose, nor ever set ;
 But one eternal day, and endless light,
 Gives time to those, whose time is infinite ;
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee ;
 Beholding HIM, whom never eye cou'd see,
 And magnifying HIM, who cannot greater be.

^a Matt. xiii. 43.^b The impletion of the appetite.

XXIV.

How can such joy as this want words to speak ?

And yet what words can speak such joy as this ?

Far from that world which wou'd their quiet break,

Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,

With holy raptures on their seats of bliss ;

And drinking *Nectar* torrents, ever hold

Their eyes on HIM, whose graces manifold,

The more they do behold, the more they wou'd behold.

XXV.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes ;

They breathe sweet incense, which can never cloy,

That on God's altar ever burning lies ;

Their hungry ears feed on the heav'nly voice

Of angels, singing forth their untold joys ;

Their understandings, naked truth ; their wills,

The all, and self-sufficient goodness fills ;

That nothing here is wanting ;—but the *want* of ills.

XXVI.

No¹ sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow ;

No bloodless malady empales the face ;

No age drops on their hairs his silver snow ;

No nakedness their bodies does embase ;

No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace ;

No fear of death the joy of life devours ;

No unchaste sleep their precious time deflow'rs ;

No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours.

XXVII.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold ;

And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain ;

The infant wonders how he came so old ;

The old man how he came so young again ;

¹ By the absence of all evil.

Still resting, tho' from sleep they still refrain;
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they show;
 And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
 All full, and yet no time on food do they bestow.

XXVIII.

For things that pass, are past; and in this field,
 The spring indefinite, no winter fears;
 The trees together fruit and blossoms yield;
 Th' unfading lily, leaves of silver bears,
 The crimson rose, a scarlet garment wears:
 And all of these on the faint's bodies grow,
 Not as they wont, on baser earth below.
 Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

XXIX.

About ^k the holy city rolls a flood^l
 Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass;
 On which bright stream a strong foundation stood,
 Of living diamonds the building was;
 That all things else, it wholly did surpass.
 Her streets, the stars, instead of stones did pave,
 And little pearls for dust, it seem'd to have,
 On which soft streaming manna like pure snow did wave.

XXX.

In ^m midst of this city celestial,
 Where the eternal temple shou'd have rose,
 Lighten'd th' idea beatificalⁿ,
 End and beginning of each thing that grows;
 Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows;
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
 That no where is contain'd, and yet is ev'ry where.

^k By the possession of all good in the glory of the holy city.

^l Rev. xxii. 1.

^m In the beatifical vision of God,

ⁿ Rev. xxi. 22, 23.

XXXI.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
 Before, and after all, the first and last;
 Who, moving all, is yet immovable;
 Great, without quantity; in whose forecast,
 Things past are present, things to come are past;
 Swift without motion; unto whose broad eye
 The hearts of wicked men all open lie,
 At once, absent and present to them, far and nigh.

XXXII.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
 No sweet content; or well-tim'd harmony;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
 Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast;
 A harmony, that sounds within the breast;
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

XXXIII.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;
 A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place;
 A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,
 That no satiety can e'er debase:
 Receiv'd into so high a favour, there
 The saints, with their compeers, whole worlds outwear;
 And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

XXXIV.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss, tho' great, is cause of greater gains;
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless evening that remains,

Amongst

Amongst those white *Flocks*, and celestial *Trains*,
 That feed upon their SHEPHERD's eyes; and frame
 That heav'nly music of so wondrous fame,
 Psalming aloud the holy honours of his NAME!

XXXV.

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song;
 Were every verse as smooth as smoothest glass;
 And every member turned to a tongue;
 And every tongue were made of sounding brass;
 Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas!
 Shou'd it presume t'adorn (were misadvis'd)
 The place, where *David* hath new songs devis'd,
 As on his shining throne he sits emparadis'd.

XXXVI.

Most happy prince, whose eyes those stars behold,
 Treading ours under feet, now mayst thou pour
 That overflowing skill, wherewith of old
 Thou wont'st to smooth rough speech; now mayst thou show'r
 Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bow'r,
 Which well we heav'n call, not that it rolls,
 But that it is the heaven of our souls:
 Most happy prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight beholds!

XXXVII.

Ah, foolish *Shepherds*! who were wont t'esteem,
 Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to be;
 And yet far wiser *Shepherds* than ye deem,
 For who so poor (tho' who so rich) as HE,
 When sojourning with us in low degree,
 He wash'd his flocks in *Jordan's* spotless tide;
 And that HIS dear remembrance might abide,
 Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

But now such lively colours did embeam

His sparkling forehead; and such shining rays
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream
In curls along his neck, where sweetly plays
(Singing his wounds of LOVE in sacred lays)

His dearest SPOUSE, SPOUSE of the dearest LOVER,
Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

XXXIX.

Fairest of FAIRS, that at HIS eyes doth dress
Her glorious face; those eyes, from whence are shed
Attractions infinite; where to express
His LOVE, HIGH GOD! all heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
And on those eyes, the angels all do gaze,
And from those eyes, the lights of heav'n obtain their blaze.

XL.

But let the *Kentish* lad^o, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young *Thyrflis*; and for his music brought
The willing spheres from heav'n, to lead around
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sung, and crown'd
Ecclesia's hymen^p with ten thousand flow'rs
Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial paramours.

XLI.

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast,
Of fair *Ecclesia*, and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:
But my green muse, hiding her younger head,

* The author of the Purple Island.

v i. e. marriage.

Under old *Camus'* flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own watry shadows wanton play;
Dares not those high amours, and love-sick songs assay.

XLII.

Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain;
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly fight!
So heav'nly fight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:
Cou'd any yet compare with INFINITE?
Infinite sure those joys; my words but light;
LIGHT is the palace where she dwells.—O then, how bright!

F I N I S.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH

Under old trees, by my hand, that press
Their willow locks around, and all the day
With their own wavy tresses wander there;
Does not their high anoint, and love-luck hang
Still
In vain alas to tell to heart's light
So heavy's light, so none can greater bring
Than when in that last hour of greatest night
Could any yet compare with Iphigeneia
Indignant that she, not worth her light
Lies in the place where the dead lie, O then, how bright



